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THE CHILDREN'S
SERVICE BOOK
A Martin Hart

THE

CHILDREN'S SERVICE BOOK

THE

CHILDREN'S SERVICE BOOK

For Church and Home

WITH CHANTS, HYMNS, TUNES, AND

SERMONS

By the Rev. H. MARTYN HART, M.A.
INCUMBENT OF ST. GERMANS CHAPEL, BLACKHEATH

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PREFACE.

IN compiling a Service Book for Children, I have been guided, as far as is practicable, by the following considerations.

It is unwise to give children prayers and hymns to which they cannot attach at least some meaning. I have, therefore, omitted such prayers and collects as contain expressions beyond the comprehension of the young. But much necessarily remains which requires explanation, and this should always be given before the Services are used. The clergyman may profitably do this when he collects the children on Saturday afternoon to practise the hymns for the following day. They ought to be encouraged to learn the hymns and psalms by heart; and, by repeating or reading them aloud collectively, they will become familiar with the words, and be the better fitted to join heartily in the service.

The Litany, Office No. 2, according to the "Act of Uniformity Amendment Act" (1872), may be used at the afternoon service in any church where there is full morning and evening service; but to use Offices

No. 1 and No. 8, the permission of the Ordinary ought to be obtained.

These offices are constructed in conformity with the requirements of the Act—that is, they are wholly from the Book of Common Prayer—and do not contain any part of the Communion Service.

The BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER, SALISBURY, and RIPON have authorised their use in their dioceses, and the BISHOP OF LONDON has signified his readiness to grant his permission to any clergyman in his diocese who wishes to use the "Children's Service Book."

It is advisable to use these offices in turn; for there is danger, by the frequent repetition of one Office, of reducing the service to a mere routine. Every endeavour should be made to preserve reality. Reality in religion is salvation.

Schools and families are often prevented from going to church: a home-service for such occasions is provided, the prayers dealing with the circumstances of child-life, religion in the nursery, in the schoolroom.

These prayers may also be found useful for the private devotion of the young.

May it please Almighty God to water with the dew of his grace the seed sown in tender hearts, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

MONTPELIER HOUSE SCHOOL,
BLACKHEATH, *January*, 1875.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT PREFACE.

I TENDER my thanks to the following authors for so kindly permitting me to insert their hymns :— The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (38), the Rev. John Chandler (51), the Rev. S. Baring Gould (25 and 29), the Rev. J. Daniell (22), the Rev. Dr. Littledale (52, 53), the Rev. T. B. Pollock (54, 55), and especially to Mrs. Alexander for 10, and her moiety of 3, 9, 35, 42, 43, the other moiety of permission having been purchased from Messrs. Masters. Permission has also been purchased from the Sunday School Union for 39 and 50. I believe the rest of the hymns are either from American sources or are not copyright.

Should I be mistaken, however, and a copyright hymn is still unacknowledged, I trust the owner of the copyright will believe that I would willingly have sought his permission had I been able to trace the authorship.

I am indebted to the following musicians for their cordial help: to J. T. Field, Esq., for the tunes of hymns 51, 53, the Arrangement No. 1 of the Litany,

and many useful suggestions as to harmonies of other tunes; to the Rev. E. V. Hall for the Arrangement No. 2 of the Litany; to the Rev. S. Baring Gould (25); Mrs. E. A. Curteis (1 and 34); Mrs. Sprague (45); T. H. Walker, Esq. (41); J. Langran, Esq. (38); the Rev. J. Hope, for allowing me to adapt his Litany chant to 26; J. T. Cooper, Esq. (14).

The tunes to hymns 4, 17, 22, 29, and 54 are by "permission." The use of 13 and 19 has been purchased from Dr. Gauntlett, 42 and 43 from Messrs. Masters, 39 and 50 from the Sunday School Union, and 55 from Mr. T. Morley.

My thanks are also due to Sir G. J. Elvey for chant 4 and permission to print Dr. Elvey's chant, 6; Sir J. Goss for 7; J. Turle, Esq., for 16; Messrs. Novello for the use of Mr. Turle's chant, 2; and Dr. E. G. Monk for "The York Procession Chant" (9).

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PUBLIC SERVICE FOR CHILDREN.

OFFICE No. 1.

At the beginning of this Office the Minister shall say,

DEARLY beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness: Wherefore I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me;

A general Confession to be said of the whole Congregation after the Minister, all kneeling.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have

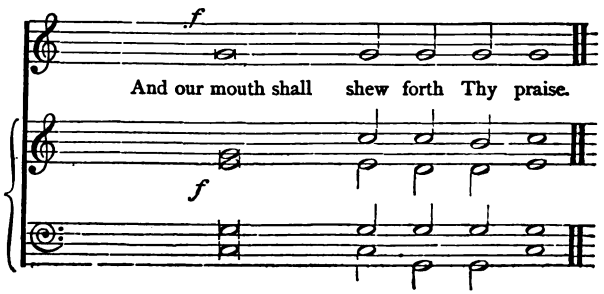
done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

Then shall the Minister say,

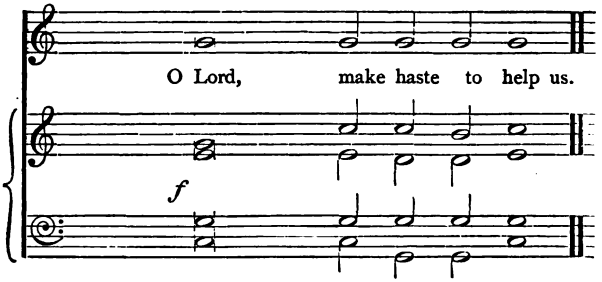
O LORD, we beseech Thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their sins unto Thee; that they whose consciences by sin are accused, by Thy merciful pardon may be absolved, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then likewise he shall say:

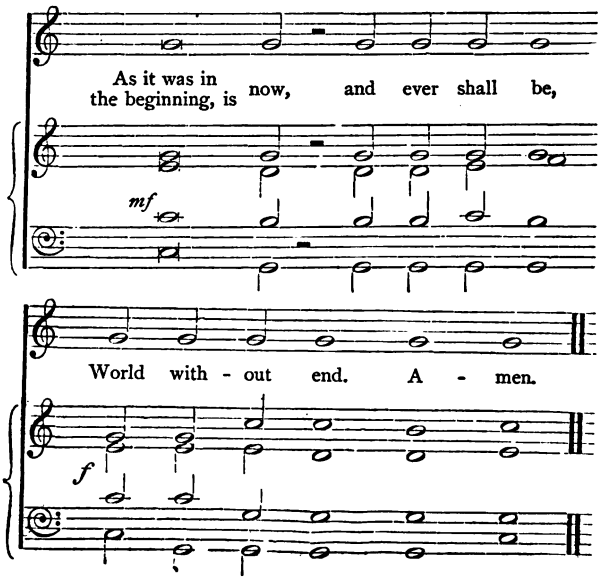
Priest.—O Lord, open thou our lips.

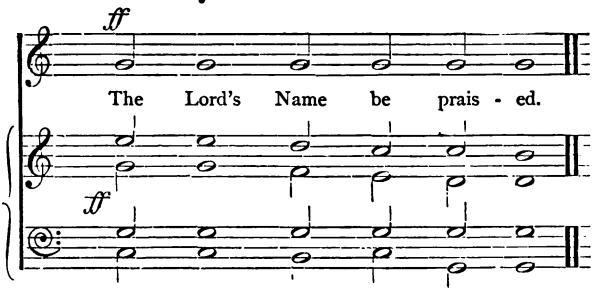


Priest.—O God, make speed to save us.



Here all standing up, the Priest shall say,

Priest.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

Priest.—Praise ye the Lord.



Then shall be said or sung one or more of these Psalms—95, 8, 15, 23, *or the Benedictus* (*Nos.* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5).

Then shall be read distinctly, with an audible voice, a Lesson taken out of the Old or New Testament.

Note.—That before every Lesson the Minister shall say, "Here beginneth such a chapter or verse of such a chapter of such a book. *And after every Lesson,* "Here endeth the Lesson."

Then shall be said or sung one or more of these Psalms—100, 103, 121, 136, *and* 51, *or the Magnificat* (*Nos.* 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11).

Then shall be sung or said the Apostles' Creed by the Minister and the People, standing.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

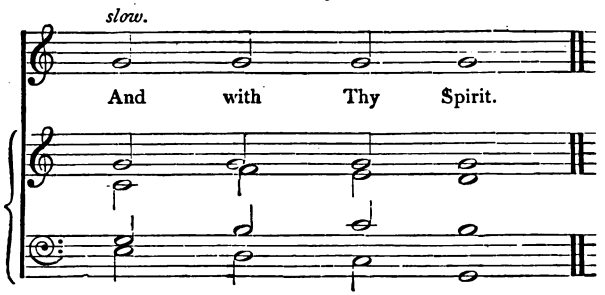
And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried, He descended into hell; The third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the

Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body, And the life everlasting. Amen.

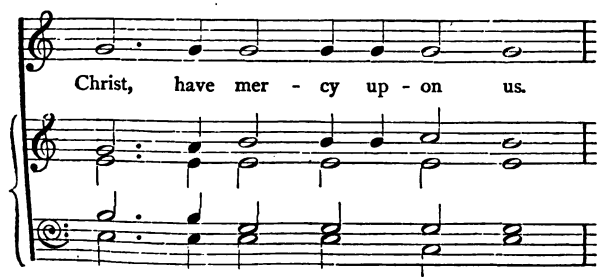
And after that these Prayers following, all devoutly kneeling, the Minister first pronouncing with a loud voice,

The Lord be with you.



Priest.—Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.



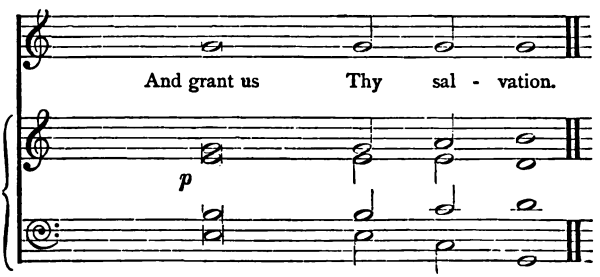
Lord, have mercy upon us.

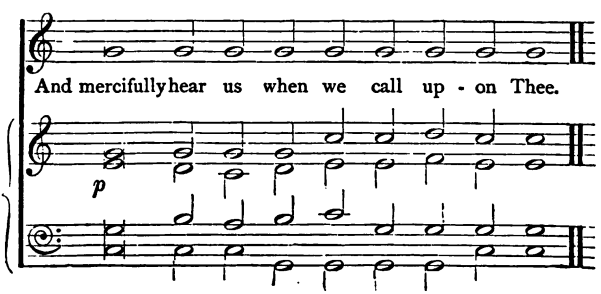
Then the Minister, Clerks, and People shall say the Lord's Prayer with a loud voice.

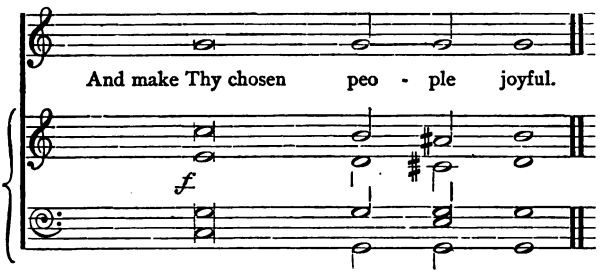
OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

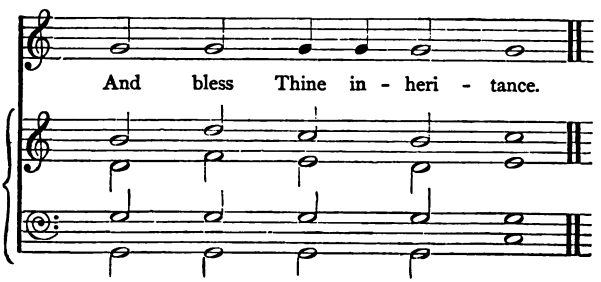
Then the Priest, standing up, shall say,

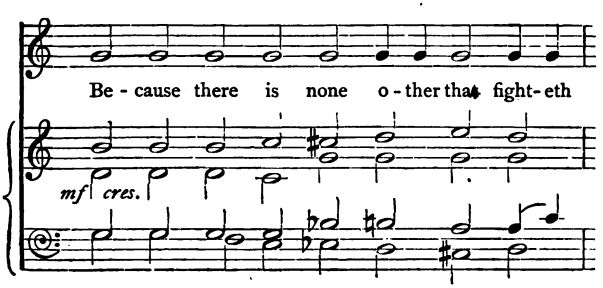
O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us;

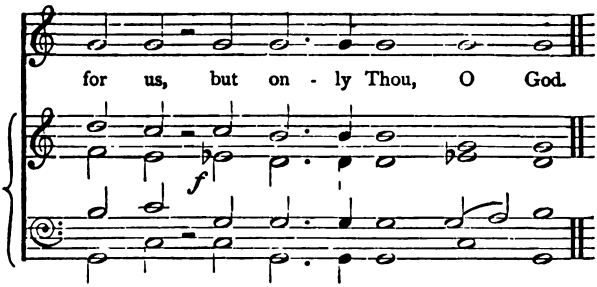


Priest.—O Lord, save the Queen.

Priest.—Endue thy Ministers with righteousness.

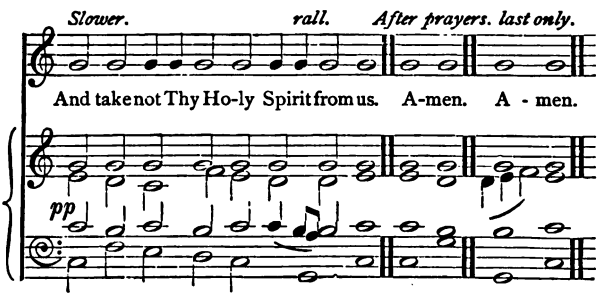


Priest.—O Lord, save thy people.

Priest.—Give peace in our time, O Lord.





Priest.—O God, make clean our hearts within us.



Then shall follow one or more of these Collects.

O LORD, who never failest to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in thy stedfast fear and love: Keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O GOD, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; Increase and multiply upon us thy mercy; that, thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. *Amen.*

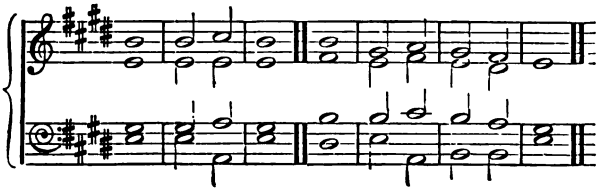
LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O GOD, forasmuch as without thee we are not able to please thee; Mercifully grant, that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

Here may be sung a Hymn; after which may follow the Sermon.

THE PSALMS USED IN OFFICE No. 1.

No. 1.

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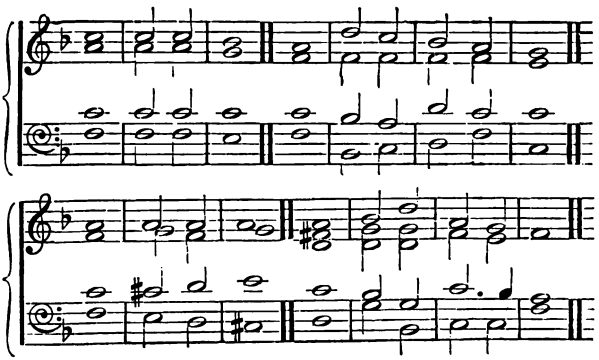

No. 1. (PSALM XCV.)

O COME, let us **sing** | unto the | Lord: let us heartily **rejoice** in the | strength of | our sal- | -vation.

2 Let us come be**fore** his | presence with | thanks-giving: and **shew** ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the **Lord** is a | great — | God: and a **great** | King a- | -bove all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the **cor**ners | of the | earth: and the **strength** of the | hills is | his — | also.

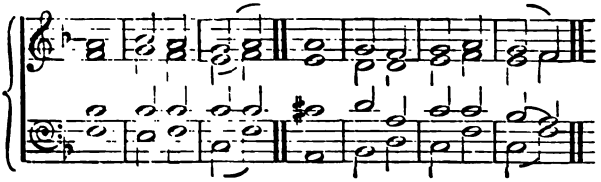
5 The sea is **his**, | and he | made it: and his **hands** pre- | -pared the | dry — | land.

6 O come let us **wor**ship, and | fall — | down: and **kneel** be- | -fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For **he** is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his **pas**ture, and the | sheep — | of his | hand.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 3.

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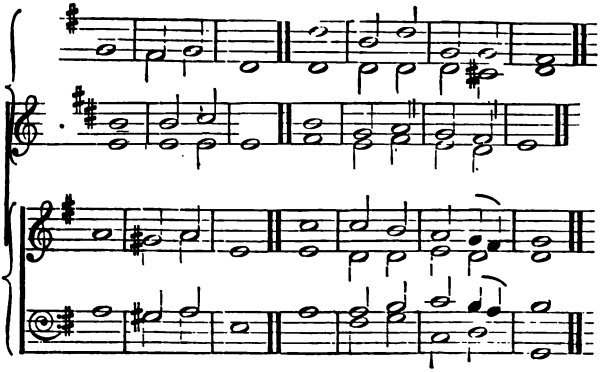
No. 2. (PSALM viii.)

O LORD our Governor, how excellent is thy **Name** in | all the | world: thou that hast **set** thy | glory a- | -bove the | heavens!

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings **hast** thou ordained strength, be**cause** | of thine | enemies: that thou mightest **still** the | enemy, | and the a- | -venger.

3 For I will consider thy heavens, even the **works** | of thy | fingers: the moon and the **stars,** | which thou | hast or- | -dained.

4 What is man, that **thou** art | mindful | of him: and the son of **man,** | that thou | visitest | him?

5 Thou that madest him **lower** | than the | angels: to **crown** | him with | glory and | worship.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion of the **works** | of thy | hands: and thou hast put all **things** in sub- | -jection | under his | feet;

7 **All** | sheep and | oxen: **yea,** and the | beasts — | of the | field;

8 The fowls of the air, and the **fish**es | of the | sea: and whatsoever walketh **through** the | paths — | of the | seas.

9 **O** | Lord our | Governour: how excellent is **thy** | Name in | all the | world!

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

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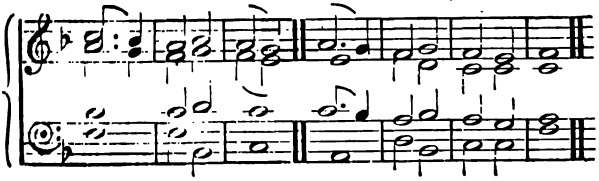
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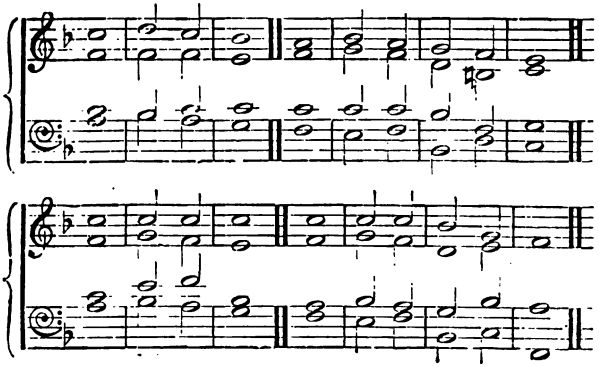

No. 3 (PSALM XV.)

LORD, who shall **dwell** | in thy | tabernacle; or who shall **rest** up- | -on thy | holy | hill?

2 Even he, that **lead**eth an | uncorrupt | life; and doeth the thing which is right, and **speak**eth the | truth — | from his | heart.

3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done **evil** | to his | neighbour: and **hath** not | slander- | -ed his | neighbour.

4 He that setteth not by himself, but is **lowly** in his | own — | eyes: and maketh **much** of | them that | fear the | Lord.

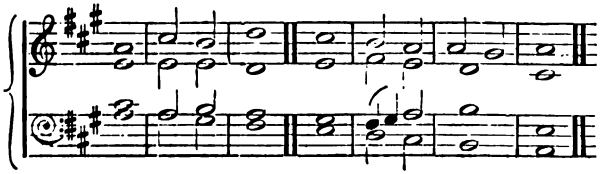
5 He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and **dis**ap- | pointeth him | not: **though** it | were to his | own — | hindrance.

6 He that hath not given his **mon**ey up- | -on — | usury: nor taken **reward** a- | -gainst the | inno- | -cent.

7 **Who**so | doeth these | things: **shall** | ne- — | — -ver | fall.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | **shall be**: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 7.

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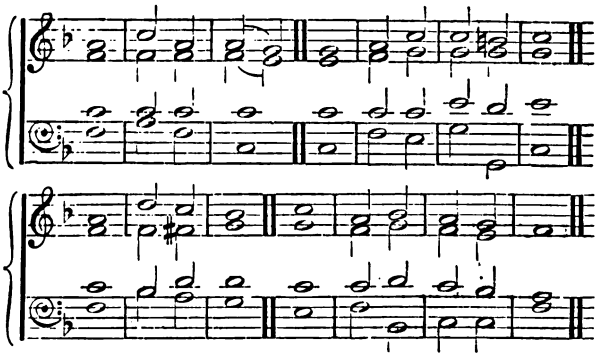

No. 4. (PSALM xxiii.)

THE **Lord** | is my | Shepherd: **there**fore | can I | lack — | nothing.

2 He shall feed me **in** a | green — | pasture: and lead me **forth** be- | -side the | waters of | comfort.

3 **He** shall con- | -vert my | soul: and bring me forth in the **paths** of | righteousness, | for his | Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the

shadow of **death**, I will | fear no | evil: for thou art with me; thy **rod** and thy | staff — | comfort | me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against **them** that | trouble | me: thou hast anointed my head with **oil,** | and my | cup shall-be | full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me **all** the | days of-my | life: and I will **dwell** in the | house of-the | Lord for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 5. BENEDICTUS.—ST. LUKE i. 68—72.

BLESSED be the **Lord** | God of | Israel: for He hath **visited,** | and re- | -deemed his | people;

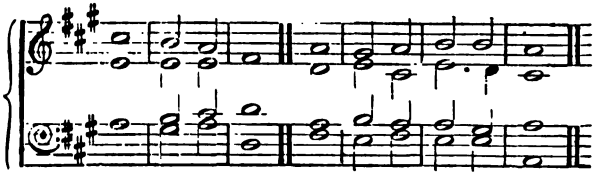
2 And hath raised up a **mighty** sal- | -vation | for us: in the **house** | of his | servant | David;

3 As He spake by the **mouth** of his | holy | Prophets: which have **been** | since the | world be- | -gan;

4 That we should be **saved** | from our | enemies: and **from** the | hands of | all that | hate us;

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 9.

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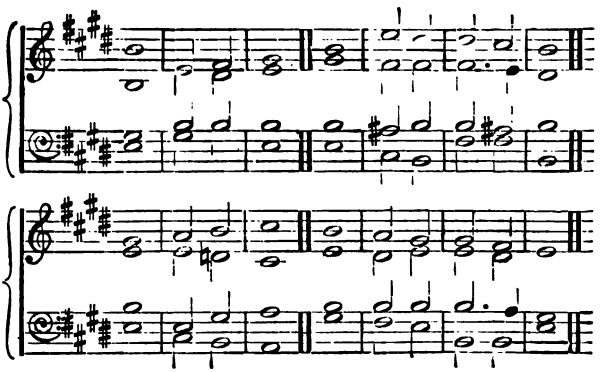

No. 6. MAGNIFICAT.—ST. LUKE i. 46—54.

MY soul doth **magni-** | -fy the | Lord: and my spirit **hath** re- | -joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For **He** | hath re- | -garded: the **low**li- | -ness of | his hand- | -maiden.

3 **For** be- | -hold from | henceforth: **all** gene- | -rations shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is **migh**ty hath | magni-fied | me: **and** | holy | is his | name.

5 And his mercy **is** on | them that | fear Him: **through**- | -out all | gene- | -rations.

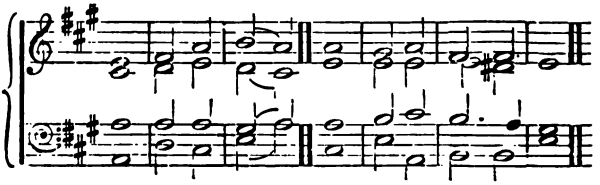
6 He hath shewed **strength** | with his | arm: He hath scattered the proud in the **imagi-** | -nation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the **migh**ty | from their | seat: and **hath** ex- | -alted the | humble and | meek.

8 He hath filled the **hun**gry | with good | things: and the **rich** | He-hath sent | empty a- | -way.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 11.

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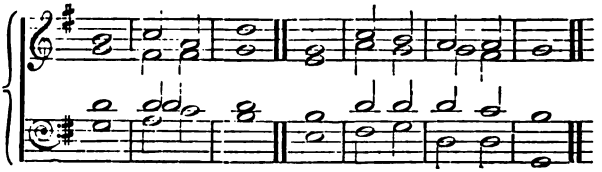

No. 7. (PSALM c.)

O BE joyful in the **Lord,** | all ye | lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come be**fore** his | presence | with a | song.

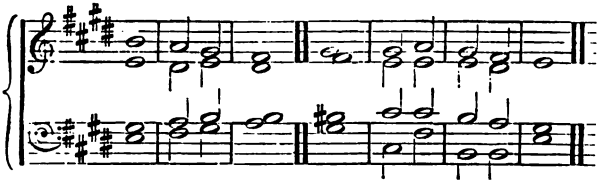
2 Be ye sure that the **Lord** | he is | God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, **and** the | sheep — | of his | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and **into** his | courts with | praise: be thankful unto him, and **speak** | good — | of his | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his **mer**cy is | ever- | -lasting: and his truth endureth from **gener**- | -ation to | gener- | -ation.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 13.

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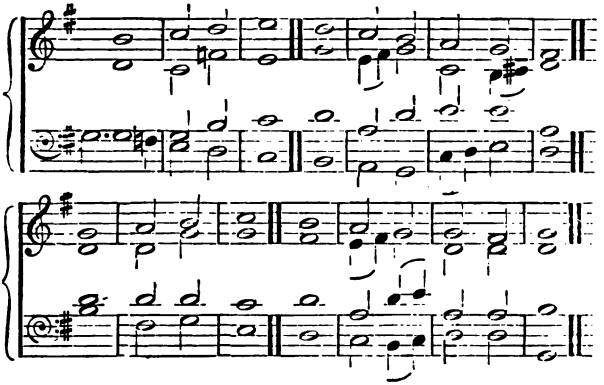

No. 8. (PSALM ciii.)

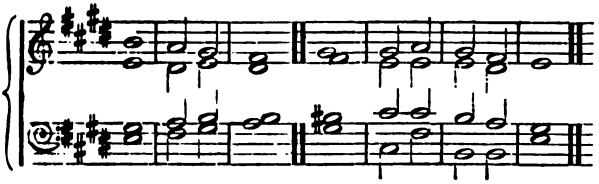
PRAISE the **Lord,** | O my | soul: and all that is within **me** | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the **Lord,** | O my | soul; **and** for- | -get not | all his | benefits;

3 Who forgive**th** | all thy | sin: and **heal**eth | all — | thine in- | -firmities;

4 Who saveth thy **life** | from de- | -struction: and crowneth **thee** with | mercy and | loving- | -**kind**ness.

5 Who satisfieth thy **mouth** with | good— | things: making thee **young** and | lusty | as an | eagle.

No. 18.

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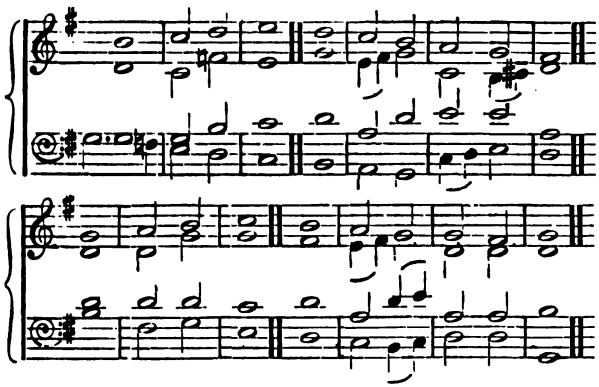

6 The Lord executeth **righteous-** | -ness and | judgment: for all **them** that | are op- | -pressed with | wrong.

7 He shewed his **ways** | unto | Moses: his **works** | unto the | children of | Israel.

8 The Lord is **full** of com- | -passion and | mercy: long-**suffering**, | and of | great — | goodness.

9 He will **not** | alway be | chiding: neither **keep**eth | he his | anger for | ever.

10 He hath not dealt with **us** | after our | sins: nor re**warded** us ac- | -cording | to our | wicked-nesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in com**parison** | of the | earth: so great is his mercy also to**ward** | them that | fear — | him.

12 Look how wide also the **east** is | from the | west: so **far** hath he | set our | sins from | us.

13 Yea, like as a father **piti**eth his | own — | children: even so is the Lord **mer**ciful | unto | them that | fear him.

14 For he knoweth where**of** | we are | made: he re**mem**bereth | that we | are but | dust.

15 The days of **man** are | but as | grass: for he **flour**isheth as a | flower | of the | field.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it | it is | gone: and the **place** thereof shall | know — | it no | more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and **ever** upon | them that | fear him: and his **right**eous- | -ness upon | children's | children;

18 Even upon **such** as | keep his | covenant: and **think** upon | his com- | -mandments to | do them.

19 The Lord hath pre**pared** his | seat in | heaven: and his **king**dom | ruleth | over | all.

20 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, **ye** that ex- | -cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his com-**mandment**, and **hear**ken | unto the | voice of | his words.

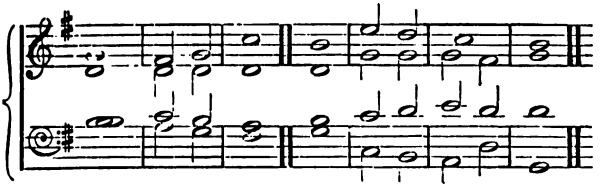
21 O praise the Lord, **all** | ye his | hosts: ye **ser**vants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all **pla**ces of | his do- | -minion: praise **thou** the | Lord —, | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be; world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 15.



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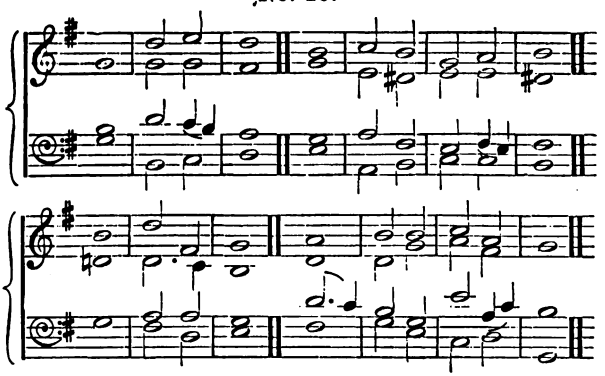

No. 9. (PSALM cxxi.)

I WILL lift up mine **eyes** | unto the | hills: **from** | whence — | cometh my | help.

2 My help cometh **even** | from the | Lord: **who** hath | made — | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy **foot** | to be | moved; and **he** that | keepeth thee | will not | sleep.

4 Behold **he** that | keepeth | Israel: **shall** | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5 The Lord him**self** | is thy | keeper: the **Lord** is thy | defence | upon thy | right hand;

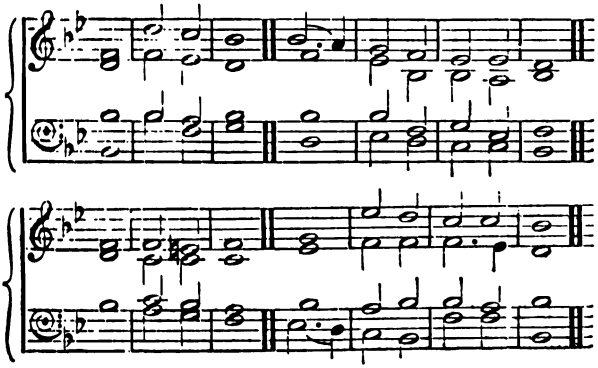
6 So that the sun shall not **burn** | thee by | day; **nei**ther the | moon — | by — | night.

7 The Lord shall pres**erve** thee | from all | evil: yea, it is even **he** | that shall | keep thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going **out**, and thy | coming | in: from **this** time | forth for | ever- | -more.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 17.

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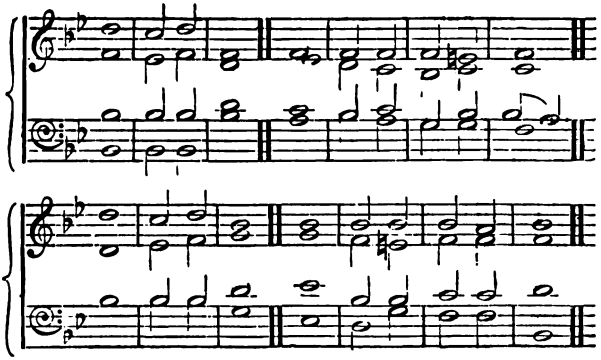

No. 10. (PSALM CXXXVI.)

O GIVE thanks unto the **Lord**, for | he is | gracious: **and** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

2 O give thanks unto the **God** | of all | gods: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

3 O thank the **Lord** | of all | lords: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

4 Who **only** | doeth great | wonders: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

5 Who by his excellent **wis**dom | made the | heavens: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

6 Who laid out the **earth** a- | -bove the | waters: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

7 **Who** hath | made great | lights: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

8 The **sun** to | rule the | day: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

9 The moon and the **stars** to | govern the | night: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

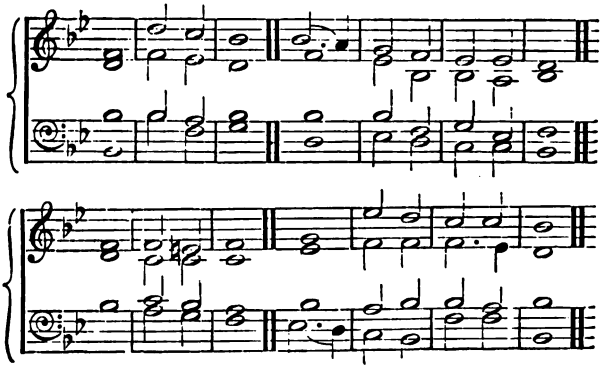
10 Who smote **Egypt** | with their | first-born: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

11 And brought out **Israel** | from a- | -mong them: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

12 With a mighty **hand**, and | stretched-out | arm: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

13 Who divided the Red **Sea** | in two | parts: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

14 And made Israel to go **through** the | midst of | it: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

No. 17.

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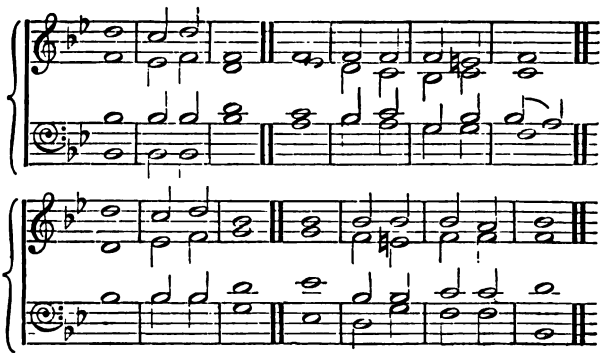

15 But as for Pharaoh and his hosts, he over**threw** them | in the | Red Sea: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

16 Who led his **peo**ple | through the | wilderness: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

17 **Who** | smote great | kings: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

18 Yea, and **slew** | mighty | kings: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

19 Sehon **king** of the | Amor- | -ites: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

20 And **Og** the | king of | Bashan: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

21 And gave away their **land** | for an | heritage: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

22 Even for an heritage unto **Isra-** | -el his | servant: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

23 Who remembered us **when** we | were in | trouble: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

24 And hath delivered **us** | from our | enemies: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

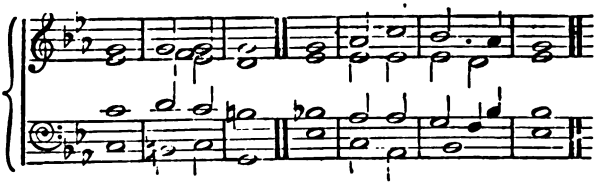
25 Who giveth **food** | to all | flesh: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

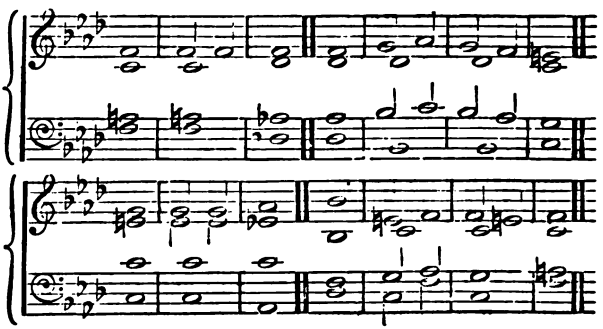
26 O give **thanks** unto the | God of | heaven: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

27 O give **thanks** unto the | Lord of | lords: **for** his | mercy en- | -dureth for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | **shall be**; world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

No. 19.

No. 20.

MINOR. "Gloria" in the MAJOR

No. 11. (PSALM li. *For Lent.*)

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, **af**ter | thy **great** | goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies, **do** a- | -way — | mine of- | -fences.

2 Wash me thoroughly **from** my | wicked- | -ness: **and** | cleanse me | from my | sin.

3 For **I** ac- | -knowledge my | faults: **and** my | sin is | ever be- | -fore me.

4 Against thee only have I sinned, and done this **evil** | in thy | sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy **say**ing, and | clear when | thou art | judged.

5 Behold, I was | shapen in | wickedness: and in sin hath my | mother con- | -ceived | me.

6 But lo, thou requirest truth in the | inward | parts; and shalt make me to under- | -stand — | wisdom | secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean: thou shalt wash me, and I | shall be | whiter than | snow.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of | joy and | gladness: that the bones which thou hast | broken | may re- | -joice.

9 Turn thy face | from my | sins: and put | out all | my mis- | -deeds.

10 Make me a clean | heart, O | God: and re- | -new a right | spirit with- | -in me.

11 Cast me not away | from thy | presence: and take not thy | holy | Spirit from | me.

12 O give me the comfort of thy | help a- | -gain: and stablish | me with | thy free | Spirit.

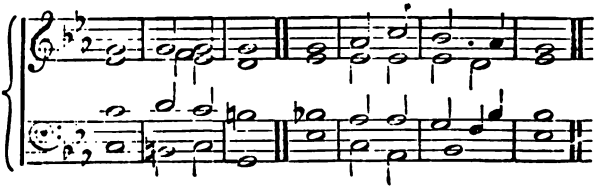
13 Then shall I teach thy ways | unto the | wicked: and sinners shall be con- | -verted | unto | thee.

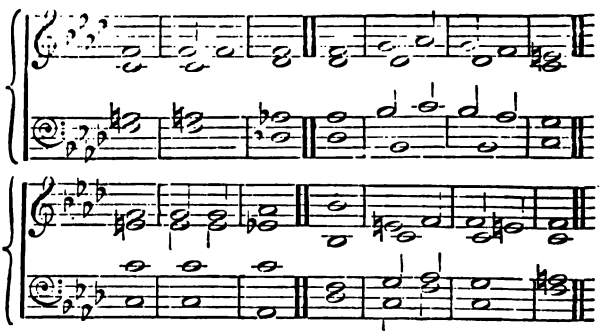
14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God | of my | health: and my tongue shall | sing — | of thy | righteousness.

15 Thou shalt open my | lips, O | Lord: and my | mouth shall | shew thy | praise.

16 For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I | give it | thee: but thou delightest | not in | burnt — | -offerings.

17 The sacrifice of God is a | troubled | spirit: a

No. 19.

No. 20.

MINOR. "Gloria" in the MAJOR.

broken and contrite heart, O **God,** | shalt thou | not de- | -spise.

18 O be favourable and **gra**cious | unto | Sion: build **thou** the | walls — | of Je- | -rusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-**offer**ings | and ob- | -lations: then shall they **offer** young | bullocks up- | -on thine | altar.

Glory be to the Father, **and** | to the | Son: **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

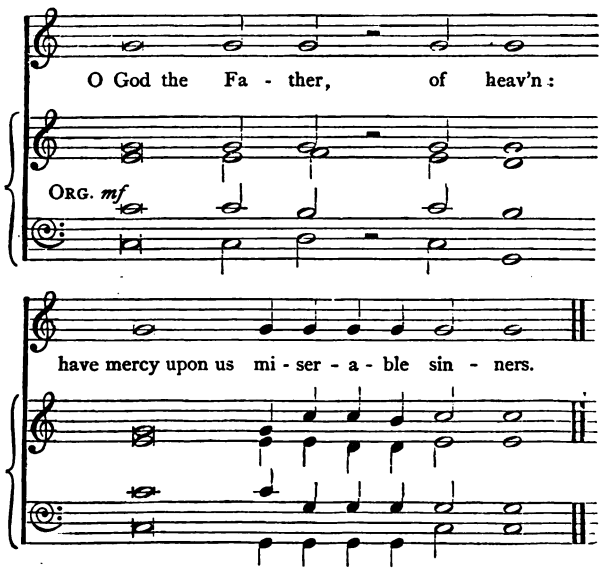
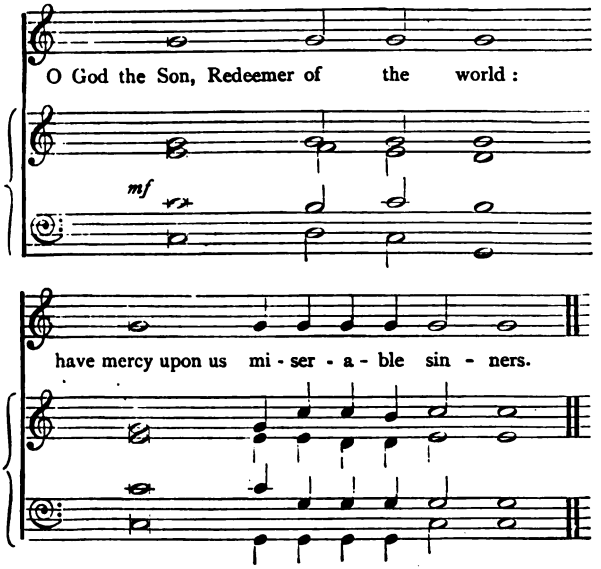
As it was in the beginning, is now, **and** | ever | shall be: world without **end.** | A- — | — — | -men.

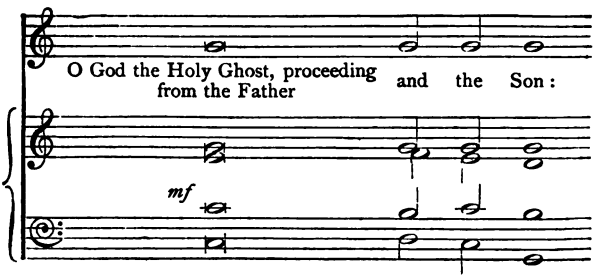
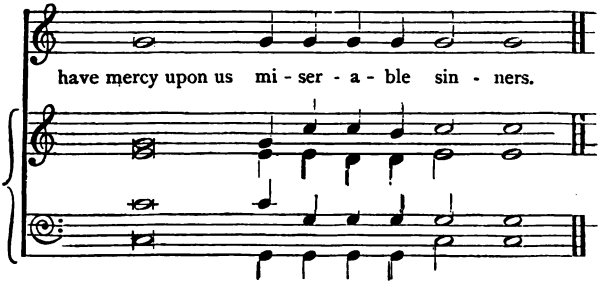
OFFICE No. 2

A Hymn having been sung, the Litany shall be sung or said,

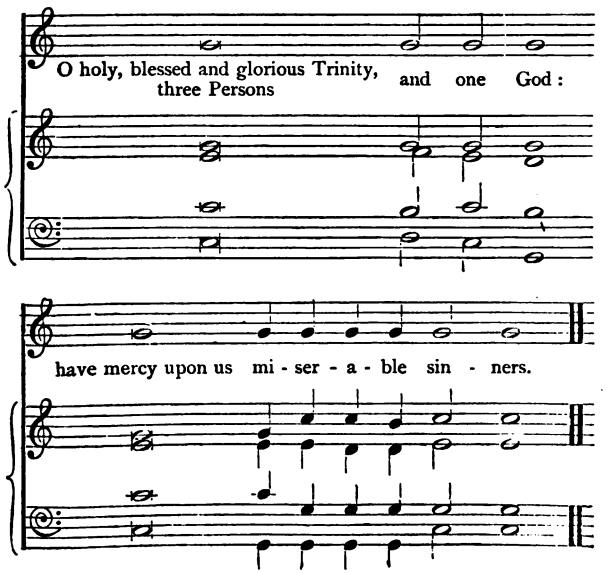
Note.—The Litany may be sung as in arrangement No. 1 or No. 2.

Arrangement No. 1.

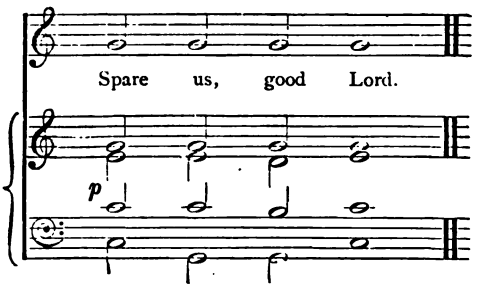
O GOD the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

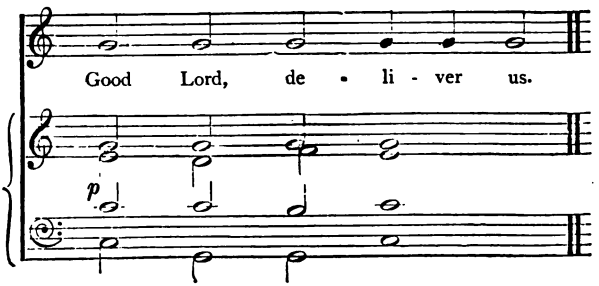


O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.



Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.



From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

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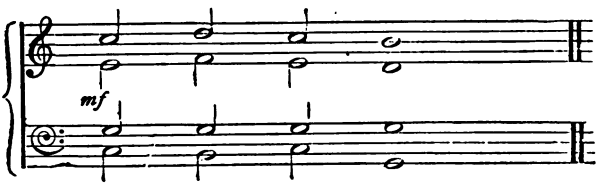

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From fornication, and all other deadly sin; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

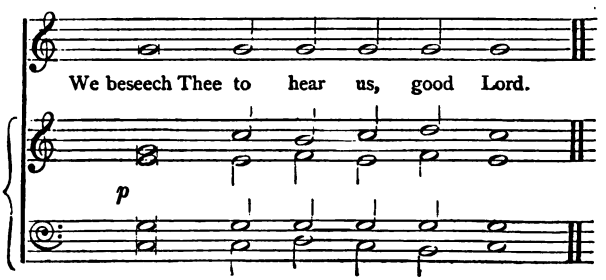
By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way;



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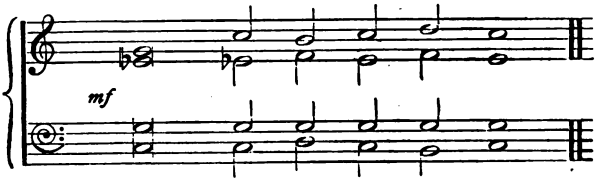


That it may please thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshipping of thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, thy servant *VICTORIA*, our most gracious Queen and Governour;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to rule her heart in thy faith, fear, and love, and that she may evermore have affiance in thee, and ever seek thy honour and glory;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to be her defender and keeper, giving her the victory over all her enemies;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve *Albert Edward* Prince of *Wales*, the Princess of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and shew it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all the Nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep the Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all nations, unity, peace, and concord;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and dread thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up them that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children—and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts;

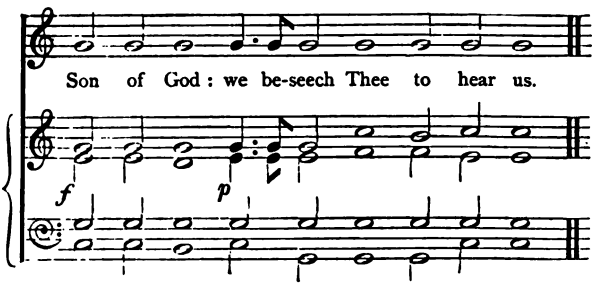
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

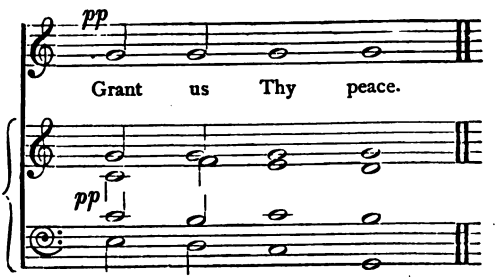
That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them;

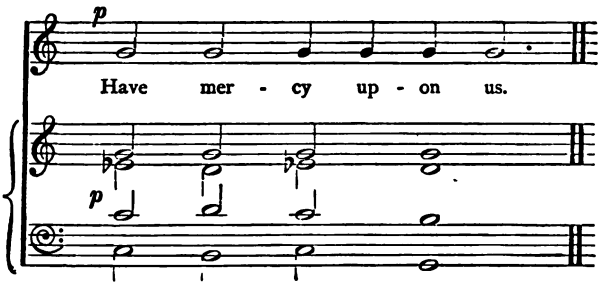
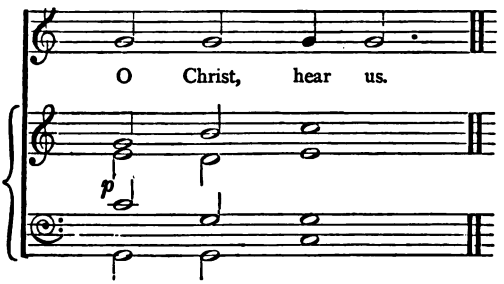
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

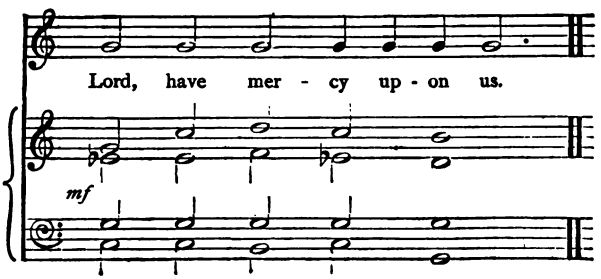
That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

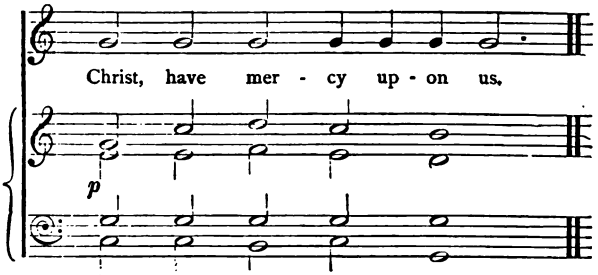
Son of God: we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world;

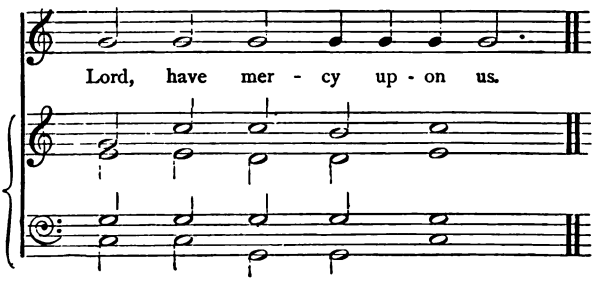


O Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world;

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

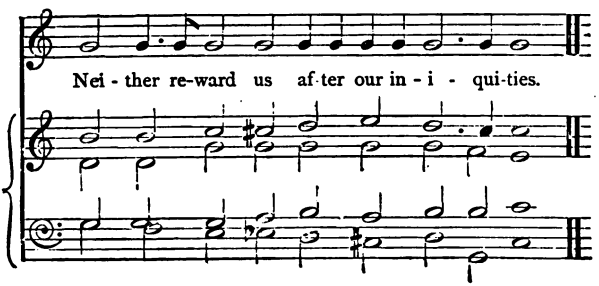


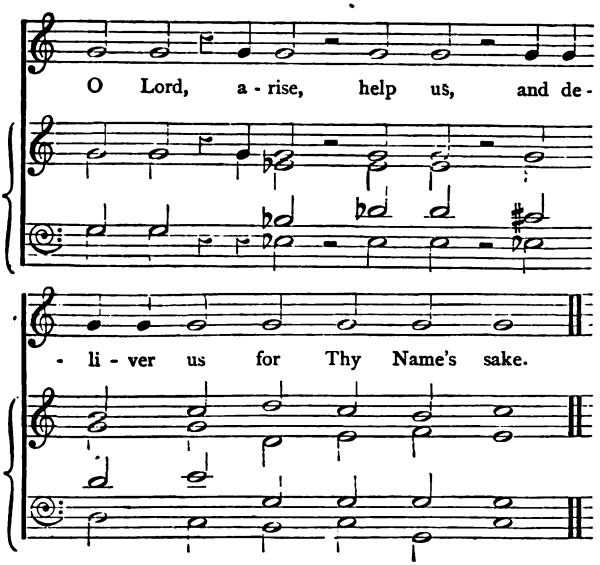
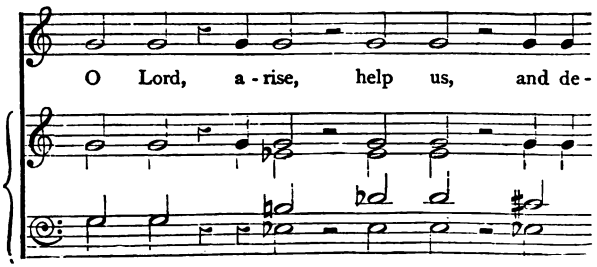
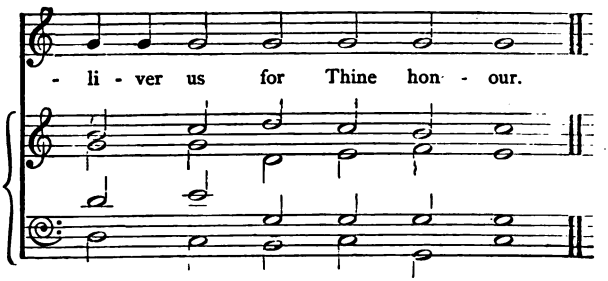
Christ, have mercy upon us.

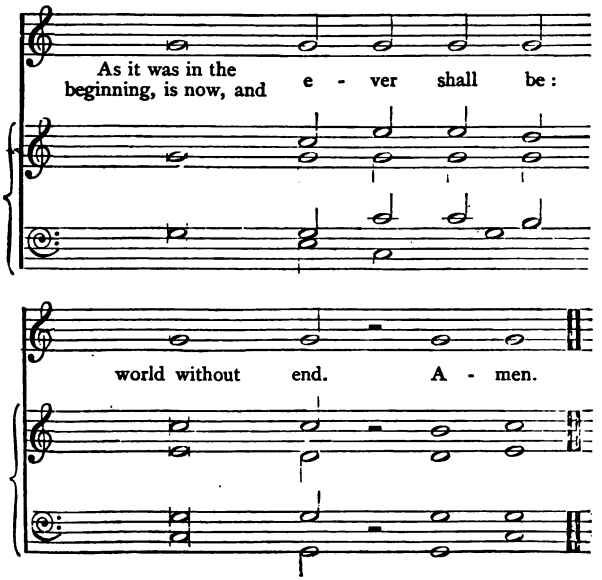


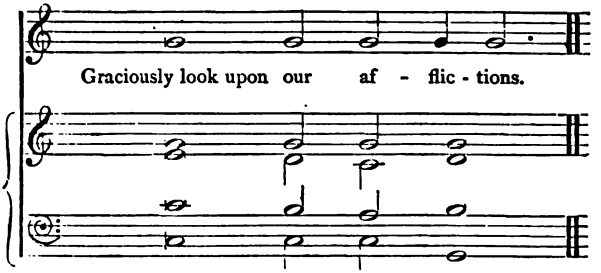
Lord, have mercy upon us.

Then shall the Priest and the People with him say the Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

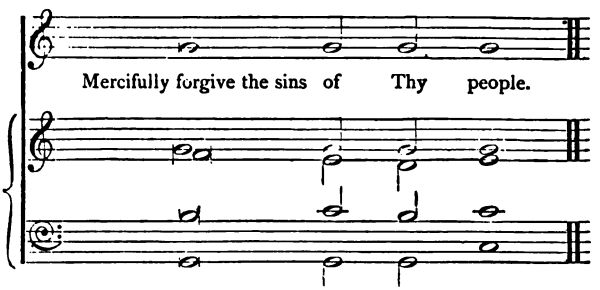
Priest.—O Lord, deal not with us after our sins.

Let us pray.

O GOD, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought; and by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O GOD, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.



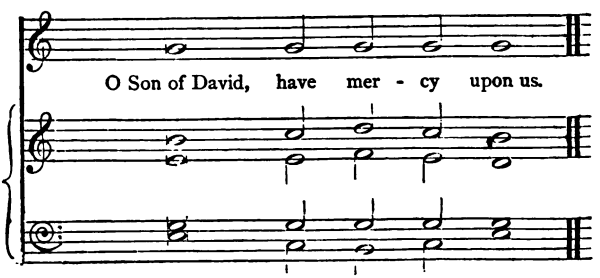
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

From our enemies defend us, O Christ.



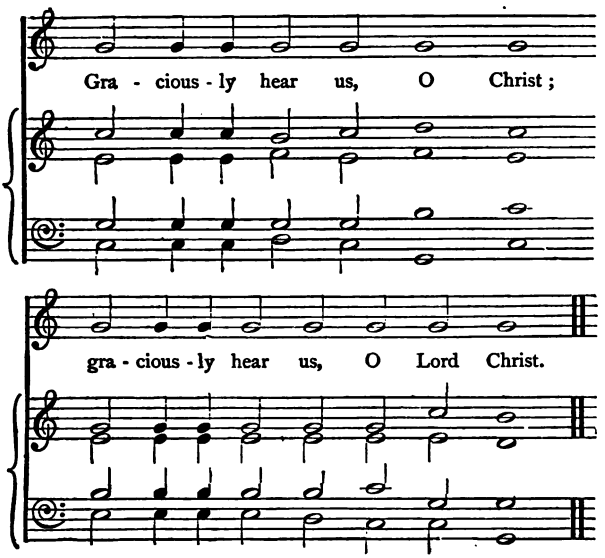
Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.

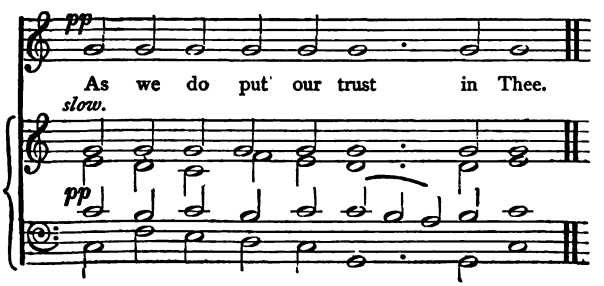
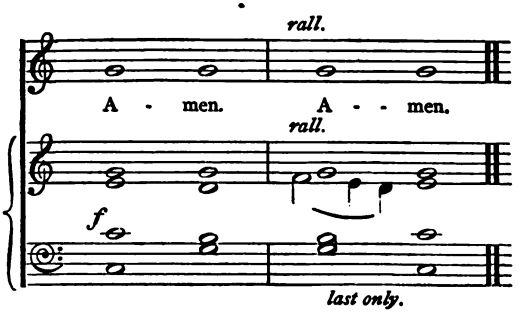


Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.



Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.



Priest.—**O Lord, let thy mercy be shewed upon us.**

Let us pray.

WE humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of thy Name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved; and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

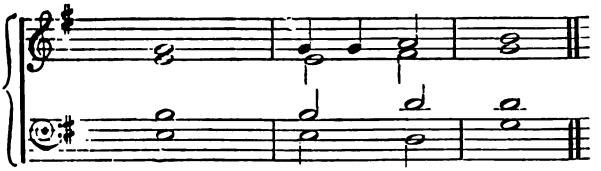
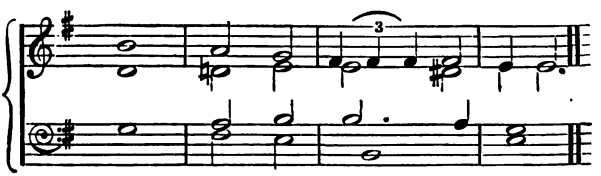
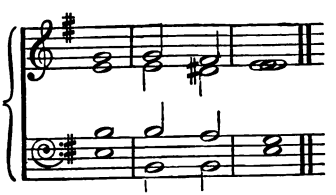
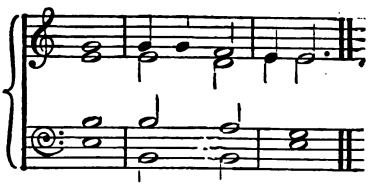
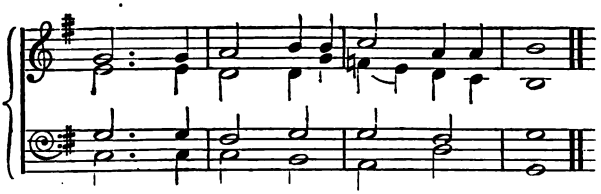
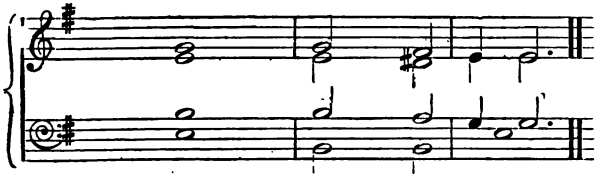
ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires

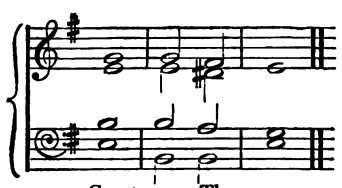
and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

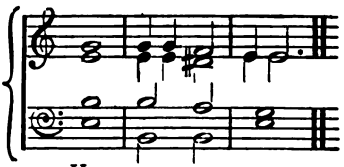
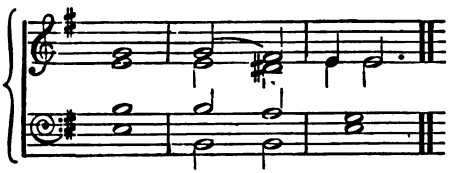
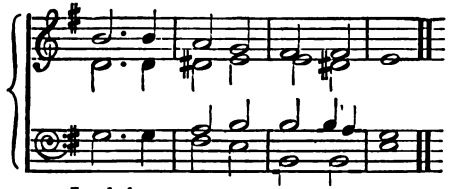
2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

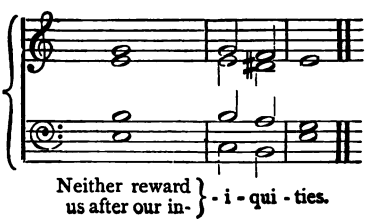
THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

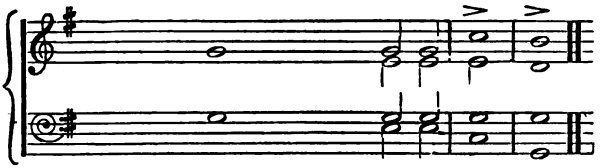
Here may be sung a Hymn, after which may follow the Sermon.

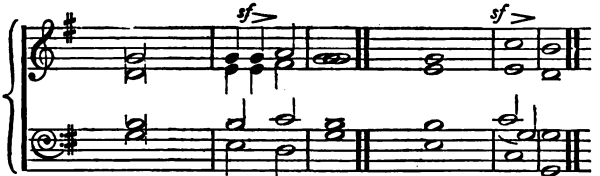
Arrangement of Litany No. 2.

Good Lord, de - liv - er us.

We be - seech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us.

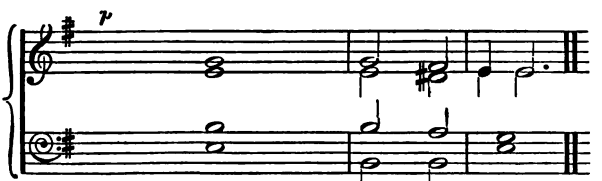


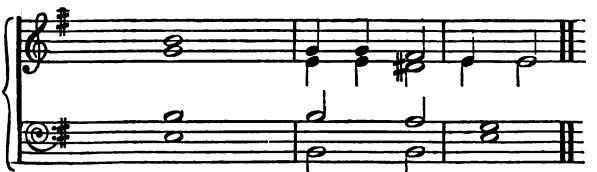
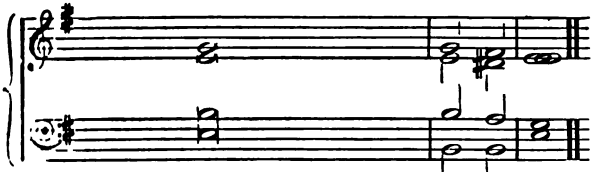
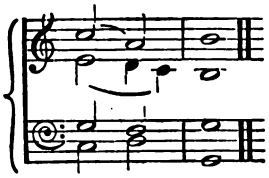
Grant us Thy peace.

Have mer-cy up - on us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mer- cy up- on us.
Christ, have mer- cy up- on us.
Lord, have mer- cy up- on us.


Neither reward us after our in- - i - qui - ties.



O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us, for Thy Name's sake.
O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us, for Thine hon - our.

As it was in the be-
ginning is now, and } ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men.



Graciously look upon our af - flic - tions.
Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy people.

O Son of David, have mer - cy up - on us.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.
As we do put our trust in Thee.

A - - - men.

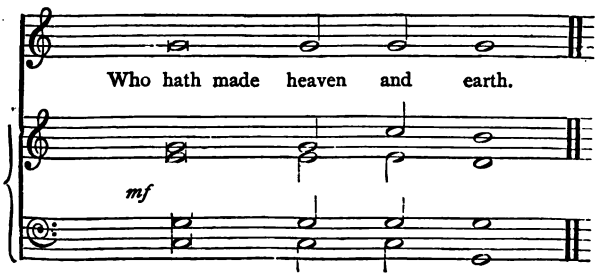
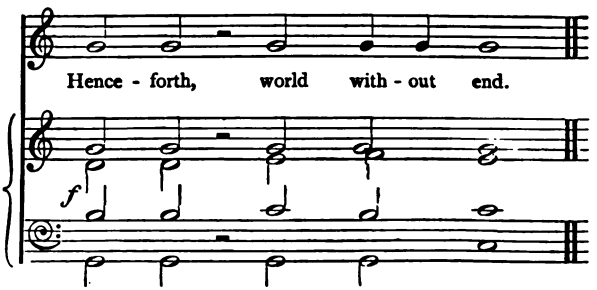
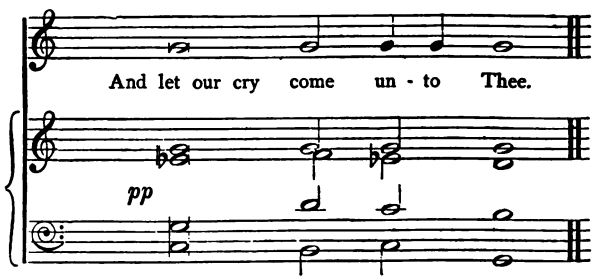
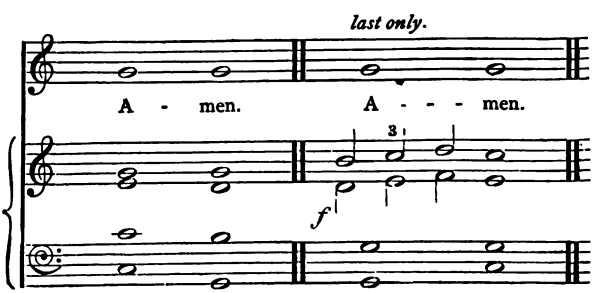
OFFICE No. 8.

A Hymn having been sung, the Minister shall say,

Let us pray.

Then the Minister, Clerks, and People shall say the Lord's Prayer with a loud voice.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

Minister.—Our help is in the Name of the Lord;

Minister.—Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Minister.—Lord, hear our prayers;

Then shall the Minister say these Collects.

O GOD of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, bless these thy children, and sow the seed of eternal life in their hearts; that whatsoever in thy holy Word they shall profitably learn, they may in deed fulfil the same. Look, O Lord, mercifully upon them from heaven, and bless them, that they obeying thy will, and always being in safety under thy protection, may abide in thy love unto their lives' end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

Here shall be sung a metrical Litany—No. 52, 53, 54, or 55, all still kneeling.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast promised to hear the petitions of them that ask in thy Son's Name; we beseech thee mercifully to incline thine ears to us that have made now our prayers and supplica-

tions unto thee; and grant, that those things, which we have faithfully asked according to thy will, may effectually be obtained, to the relief of our necessity, and to the setting forth of thy glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you, and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

Here may be sung a Hymn, after which may follow the Sermon.

PRIVATE SERVICE.

PRIVATE SERVICE.

HINTS FOR THE CONDUCT OF THE SERVICE.

ARRANGE the children so that they do not crowd each other; the elder ones next to the little ones; the restless by the quiet. Let them understand it is *their* service. The presence of the servants will tend to make them attentive. Remind them to say the responses and Amens in a loud voice. If they have no books to hold, make them fold their hands before them; and all rise, or sit, or kneel together. Order gives children a sense of reverence. All being seated, give out a hymn. Play over the tune, telling the children to stand as soon as the tune is finished. To ensure all beginning at once, strike the soprano note first distinctly, and then let all begin when you bring in the rest of the chord. Do this at the beginning of each verse.

All continuing standing, say,

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. *Mark*, in the tenth Chapter, at the thirteenth Verse.

THEY brought young children to Christ, that He should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those

that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Let us pray.

All kneeling, say,

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Ans. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Then shall all unite in saying the Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. *Amen.*

Then shall follow one or more of the following collects.

O GOD, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee; mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify Thee by their deaths; mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by thy grace, that by the innocency of our lives, and constancy of our faith even unto death, we may glorify thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of Thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD, who never failest to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in Thy stedfast fear and love, Keep us, we beseech Thee, under the protection of Thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

For Forgiveness of Sins.

O GOD, whose nature it is to forgive sin, we beseech Thee to make us, Thy children, pure and clean, even as Thy holy ones in heaven, through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, which He shed for us on Calvary's cross. Teach us to see our need of a Saviour, for we know we are not

clean in Thy sight; and show us Thy Son Jesus Christ, that we may find in Him a living Friend, and by Him be saved. Hear us, O our Heavenly Father, for his sake who loved little children, and died for them. *Amen.*

For love to Parents and to each other.

O THOU who art the God of love, give us soft and tender hearts that we may love our father and mother, our brothers and sisters, our school-fellows and friends: help us to show that we love them by always trying to do those things which we know will please them, and by praying for them, even as Thy Son Jesus prayed for his friends. And this we ask for his dear sake. *Amen.*

For Obedience.

O BLESSED JESUS, who wast Thyself obedient in all things, give us Thy Holy Spirit, that we may follow the blessed steps of Thy most holy life. Make us to obey, instantly and cheerfully; keep us from answering rudely, or showing that we dislike to obey; make us thoughtful to keep the rules of our household (or school), and always to remember that to be obedient is to be like Thee, and to show our love for Thee, who died for us, that we might live in heaven. Help us in this for Thy Name sake. *Amen.*

For breaking off Bad Habits.

O GREAT and Almighty God, in whose eyes nothing is small, nothing unworthy of notice, who hast placed us in this life to form good habits, and hast ordained that we shall take nothing out of this world but the habits we have formed, grant us Thy Holy Spirit, that we may overcome all wrong habits; that we may carefully avoid doing those things for which we are reproved [*especially untidiness, want of cleanliness, coming down late, laziness, unpunctuality, making careless noises which disturb the sick or the sleeping, bullying, being cruel to animals*], and ever remember to perform those things which are required of us with care and diligence, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

For Help to learn Lessons.

O MERCIFUL FATHER, who givest Thine angels charge to watch over us and to help us, be pleased to enable us to learn our lessons as for Thee and in Thy sight. Teach us to be accurate; give us to understand them, and enable us to be diligent in learning them, not wasting our time in play or idleness; and as Thy Holy Spirit can "call all things to our remembrance," grant that He may strengthen our memories. And for those of our tasks which are distasteful and unpleasant to us, be pleased to give us grace and help, so that we may learn to like them, and thus by patiently bearing our cross, may follow the

Lord Jesus, and finally reach everlasting life; for his sake. *Amen.*

For Modesty, Purity of Thought and Language.

O GRACIOUS GOD, without whom nothing is pure, nothing is holy, send down Thy pure Spirit into our hearts, and create in us clean hearts and right spirits, that we may think, and say, and do only such things as be pure; keep us from bad companions, from immodest sights, from impure books, from wrong thoughts and words, and grant that we may shrink from every evil way; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

For conquering our Tempers.

O THOU who dost hearken to all our words, and who hast said that Thou wilt call us to account before Thy great judgment throne for every word we say; be pleased to set a watch at the door of our lips; keep us from saying angry words, provoking words, hard words, or unkind words. Make us remember that the blessed Lord Jesus is close at our side, and give us grace ever to pray to Him to calm our tempers and keep down our rising passion; so shall we grow meek and lowly in heart, and more and more like Him, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. Hear us, O Father, for his sake. *Amen.*

For Gentleness and Kindness.

O GOD, who by Thy gentleness dost lead us who err and stray all our lives long, be pleased to take from us all hardness of heart; make us kind and forbearing, gentle and loving; teach us to think of others more than of ourselves; never let us say unkind words, but enable us so to conquer our evil natures, that if there be any whom we dislike, or even hate, we may learn to love them, and try to be kind to them; and so shall we grow like Thee, who sendest Thy sun to shine upon the evil as well as upon the good. And this we beg for his sake, who died for us even while we were yet sinners; even Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

For Unselfishness.

O GOD, who didst not withhold from us even Thy dearly beloved Son, that we might be made full of peace and happiness; we pray Thee send us Thy Spirit, that we may grow to be unselfish, willing to give up anything that we have for the good and the pleasure of others. Make us know that all that we possess is only lent to us by Thee; that we may use our playthings, our books, our money, our time, not for ourselves, but for others; and may all our efforts be to make others happy. And this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

For Truthfulness.

O GOD of truth, who hast said that no liar shall enter Thy glorious city to live with Thee for ever; forgive, we beseech Thee, the untruths we have told and acted; make us sorry for these our sins; give us grace never to yield to temptation, but ever bravely and honestly to speak that which is strictly true; and enable us so to live that we may always appear to be that which we really are; that we may ever have a "conscience void of offence," and so hallow Thy great name; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Thanksgiving.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, accept the thanks of us, Thy children, since out of the mouths of even babes Thou canst have praise. We would offer to Thee, the great and good Father, our thanks for Thy kindness to us. Thou givest us all things; our parents, our brothers and sisters, our friends. Thy loving kindness it is which sends us health, and clothes, and food. Thou makest us happy, and everything which gives us pleasure comes from Thee. Oh! make us grateful for all Thy care and goodness; and may we show that we love Thee, by always striving to be good, and doing readily and cheerfully those things which we know to be right; for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

Prayers for Schools.

O LORD Jesus Christ, who didst pray for Thy disciples, not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil, we beseech Thee to defend us in the snares which surround us in this school, the world of our youth, and keep us safe from the temptations of evil example, evil companions, and, above all, the evil of our own heart. Hear us, O Lord Christ, who didst die for us once, and livest for us for ever. *Amen.* (BISHOP COTTON.)

ALMIGHTY GOD, our merciful Saviour, in whom all the families of the earth are blessed; hear us when we pray for all in this household, that in our several stations we may all show forth Thy glory and the honour of Thy holy name. May *masters* bear rule with firmness, long-suffering, and love; may *boys* study and obey with readiness and diligence; may servants labour with singleness of heart, activity, and faithfulness, and may we all fulfil the duties of a Christian family, growing in grace daily, and daily drawing nearer to the happiness of heaven. And this we beg for Thy Name's sake. *Amen.*

For Evening.

O LORD, who art the author of every good gift to body and soul, we pray Thee, if it please Thee, to grant us the blessing of refreshing rest, that, when

we wake up, we may be the better fitted to serve Thee; for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. *Amen.* (BISHOP COTTON.)

Should there be time, a short portion of Scripture may be read here, and the children questioned upon it. They will be taught to reply readily, if the same questions be frequently asked, until each can repeat them.

Questions may also be given, the answers to which the children may find during the week. A prize for the most correct answers will stimulate the search.

A variation in the service may be made by using only one or two prayers after the Lord's Prayer, and then singing, whilst kneeling, one of the Litanies (52, 53, 54, *or* 55).

Then shall be sung a Hymn.

Prayer before Sermon.

Let us pray.

O GOD, be pleased to give us ears to hear, and hearts to understand, and wills to practise, the truths to which we are about to listen; for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

Prayer after Sermon.

GRANT, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that the words which we have heard with our outward ears may, through Thy grace, be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they bring forth in us the fruit of good living, to the glory of Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

END OF PRIVATE SERVICE.

A Daily Morning Prayer.

O GREAT God, who seest me, and hearest me, and lovest me, my heavenly Father, I thank Thee for sleep and health and the comforts which I enjoy. Be pleased to care for me during the day; preserve my body from danger, my soul from sin. Give me Thy Holy Spirit, that I may do only such things as please Thee, and enable me to think and speak and act as a child of Thine, so that I may daily grow more and more like Thy dear Son, my Saviour Jesus Christ. Bless my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and friends (especially). Give Thy grace to them all, and bring us all to Thy heavenly kingdom. Through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

A Daily Evening Prayer.

O ALMIGHTY God, I thank Thee for Thy goodness in preserving me through the day. I confess before Thee that I have not done Thy Will with an earnest heart; I have not done my work as well as I might; I have not kept Thee in my thoughts all the day. Do Thou, who hast promised to forgive iniquity,

transgression, and sin, forgive me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Give me grace to act more consistently to-morrow. Take me to Thy care to-night. Give me Thy Holy Spirit, that no impure thoughts may enter into my mind; and if I awake may I find the darkness filled with Thee. O Lord, bless all whom I love—my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters, my schoolfellows and friends, and all who sleep in this house. Comfort those who mourn, support the weak, restore the fallen, cheer the downcast, provide for the fatherless and widows, be near the sick, and take the dying to Thyself; for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son. *Amen.*

For very young Children.

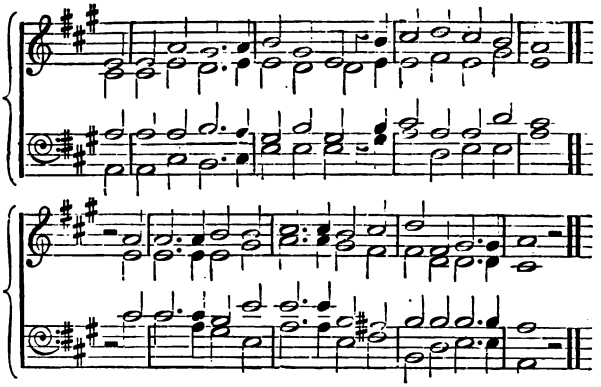
A Morning Prayer.

O GOD, my heavenly Father, I thank Thee for my sleep. Keep me safely all through the day. Bless my dear father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and all my friends. And give me Thy Holy Spirit to make me a good child; for Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

An Evening Prayer.

O LORD, I thank Thee for keeping me all day long. Forgive all the naughty things I have said or done. Send Thy holy angel to guard me while I sleep. Grant that every day I may grow more like Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and for his sake take me to heaven when I die. *Amen.*

HYMNS.

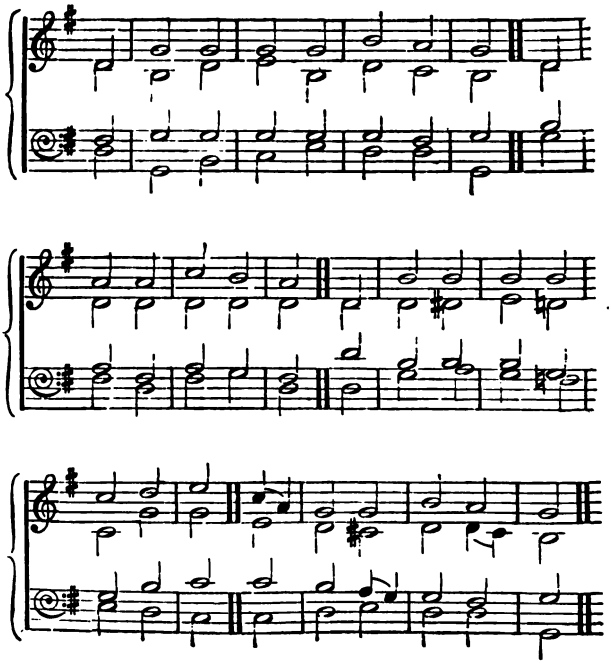
HYMNS.

1.

MORNING HYMN.

"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

C. M. 1. The morning, bright with rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2. All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesu, near Thy side.

3. O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

2.

"He was bruised for our iniquities."

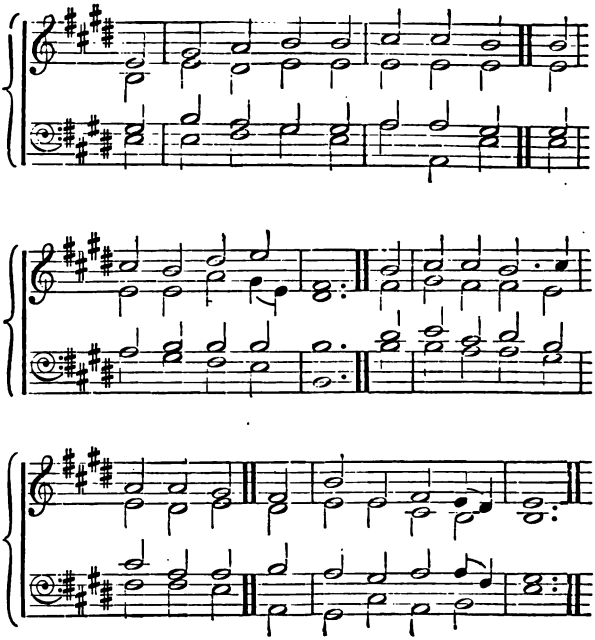
C. M. 1. There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good—
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

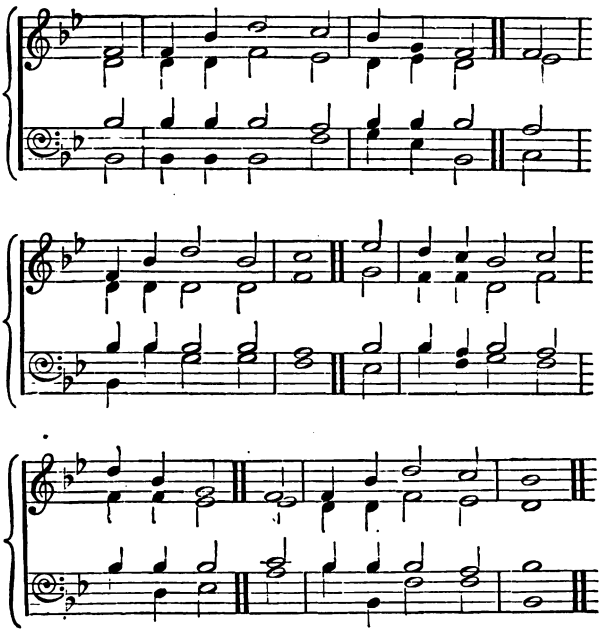
4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

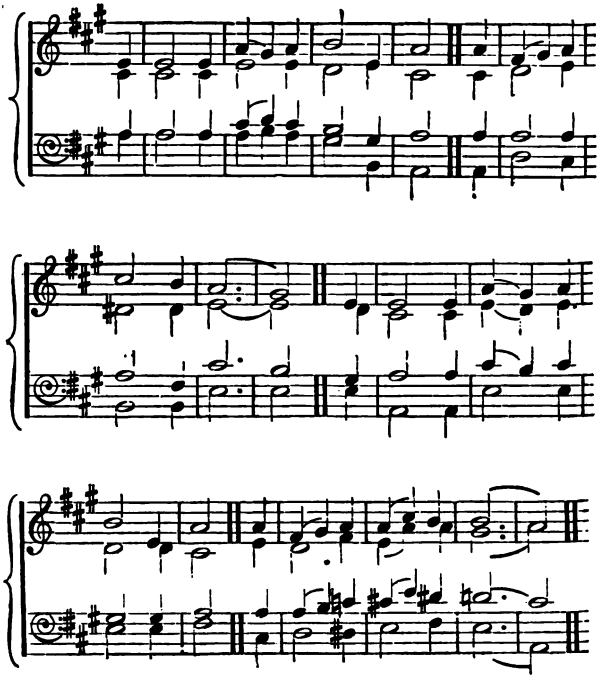
5. Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

First Tune.

3.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

C. M. 1. Shepherd of Israel, from above,
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

Second Tune.

2. Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away ;
   Thy hand is ever near
   To guide them, lest they go astray,
   And keep them safe from fear.

3. Guide us through life; and when at last
   We enter into rest,
   Thy tender arms around us cast,
   And fold us to Thy breast.

4.

"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

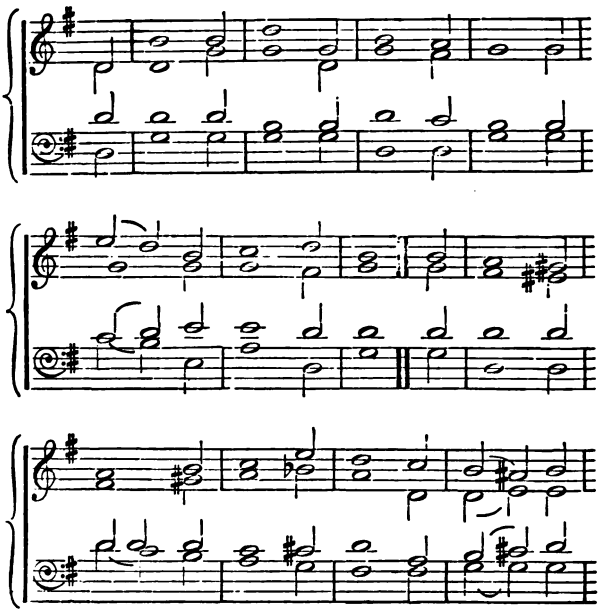
C. M. 1. By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows,
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose tender heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

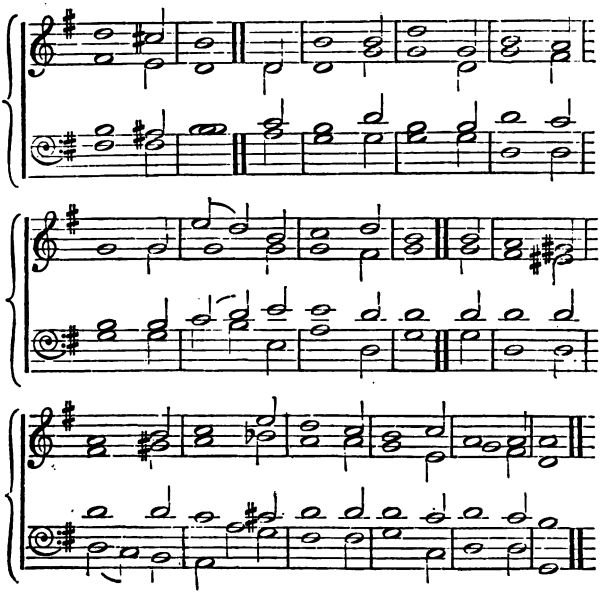
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

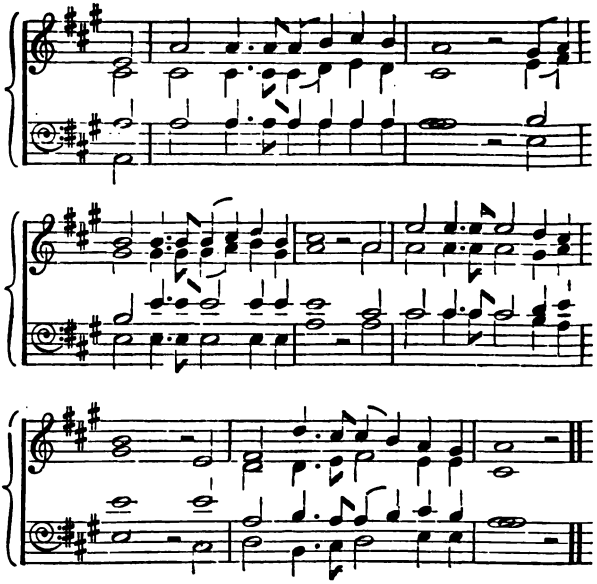
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5. O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

6. Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

5.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

D. C. M. 1. I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

2. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread
Or gaze upon the sky.

3. There's not a plant or flower below
But makes his glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from his throne.
His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

6.

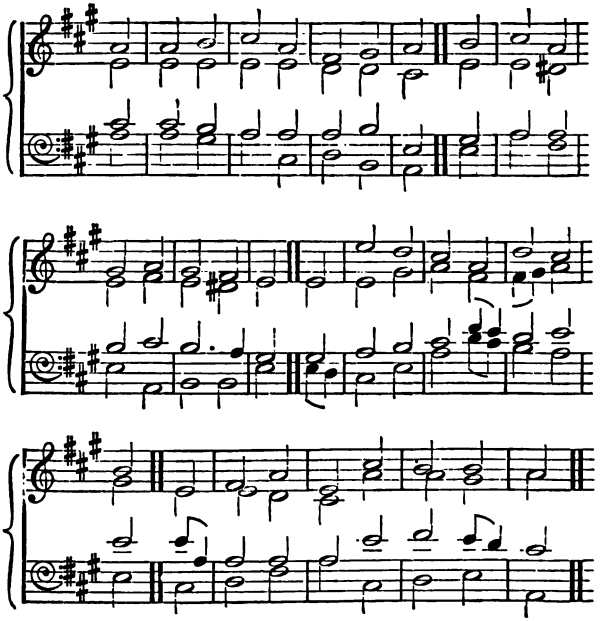
"There shall be no night there."

L. M. 1. We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

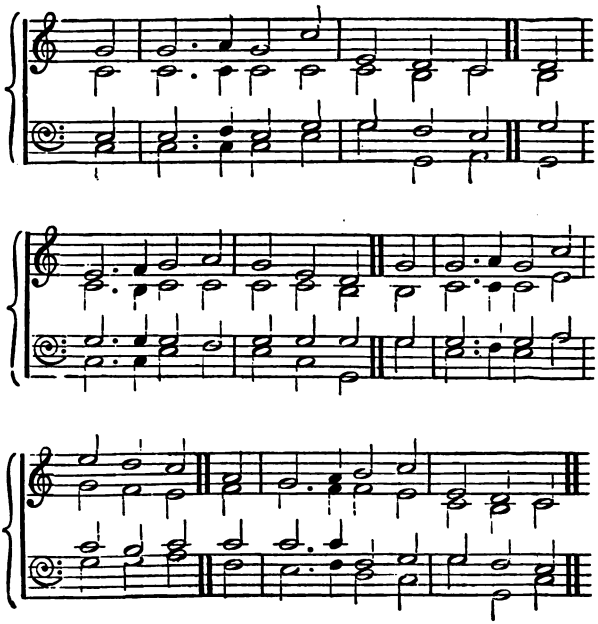
5. Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.

7.

"The servant of the Lord must not strive."

L. M. 1. The God of heaven is pleased to see
That little children all agree:
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

2. For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love
Are like His happy ones above.

3. The gentle child who tries to please,
Who hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
Who fears to say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

4. O God, forgive whenever we
Forget Thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

8.

"Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

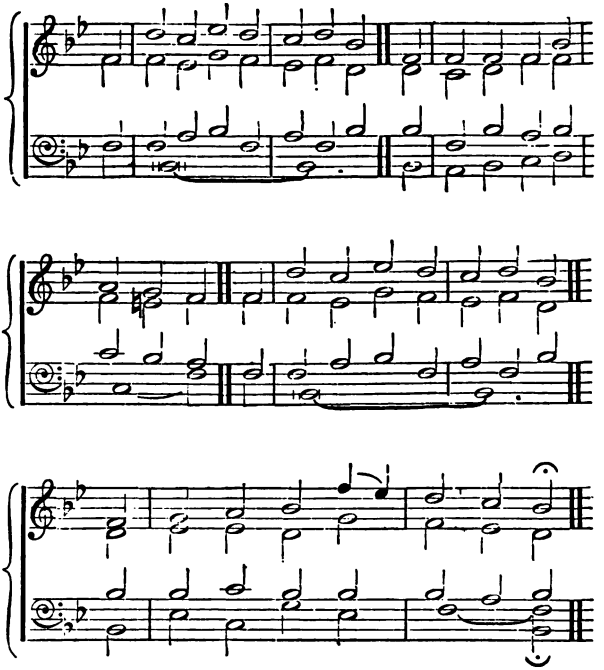
L. M. 1. Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die,
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2. He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

3. And more than that, he told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listen'd to a child.

4. But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nail'd them to a cross of wood.

5. And so he died!—and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
The Bible says He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6. He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

9.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given."

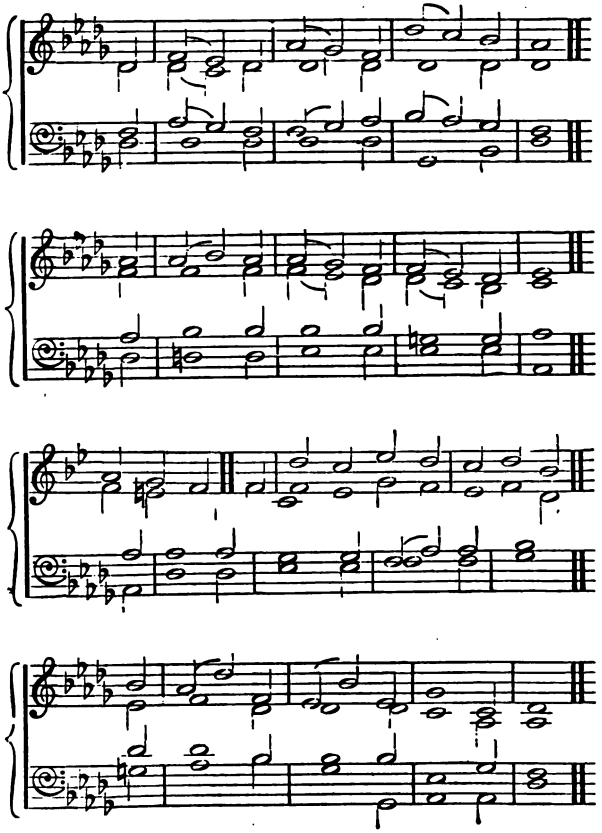
L. M. 1. The Son of God, so high, so great,
A little child like us would be:
He took our form in low estate,
And pressed an earthly mother's knee.

2. And while the horned beasts among,
In manger rude alone He lay,
Out in the fields the angels sung,
"A Saviour Christ is born to-day."

3. We did not hear the angels chime
Their birthday hymn to shepherds' ear;
But we can think at Christmas time
How Jesus came to help us here.

4. We cannot run as shepherds ran,
To kneel beside the manger lone;
But we can love our God, made man,
And worship at His cradle-throne.

5. For us the King of kings came down,
For us He laid his glory by,
That we might wear an angel's crown,
And live the life that cannot die.

6. O teach Thy children, holy Child,
That evermore they serve Thee thus;
And lead us, by Thy mercy mild,
Up to the heaven Thou left for us.

10.

"Be ye kind one to another."

L. M. 1. We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesu's sake,
Who is so high, and good, and great?

2. We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life;
And martyrs brave, and patient saints,
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

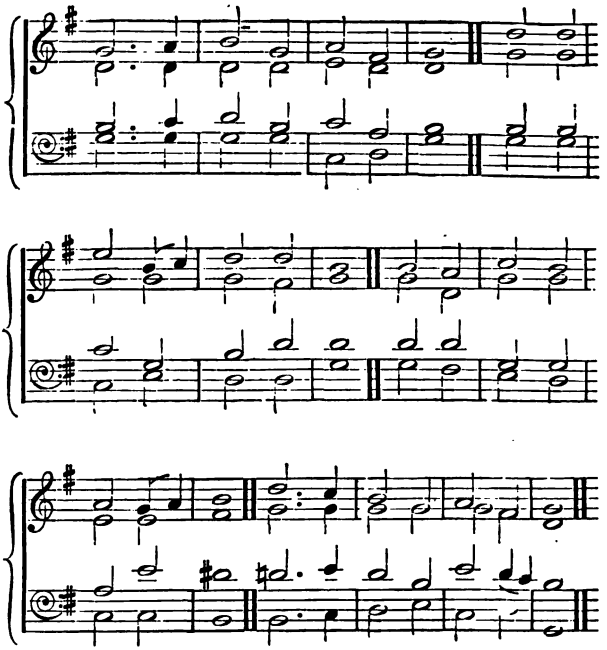
3. We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die, we cannot fight,
What may we do for Jesu's sake?

4. Oh! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do without, within—
A death to die for Jesu's sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

5. When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise;
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

6. Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

7. With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make;
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesu's sake.

8. There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesu's sake.

11.

"Though He be not far from every one of us."

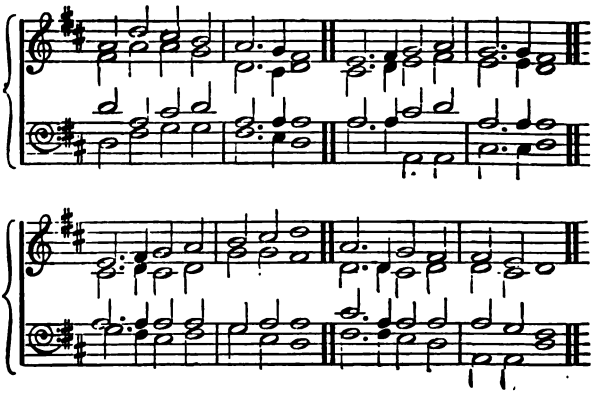
7's. 1. God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat:
Hear, O hear, our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide, our wandering feet.

2. Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3. Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4. When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5. Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask thy counsel every day:
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

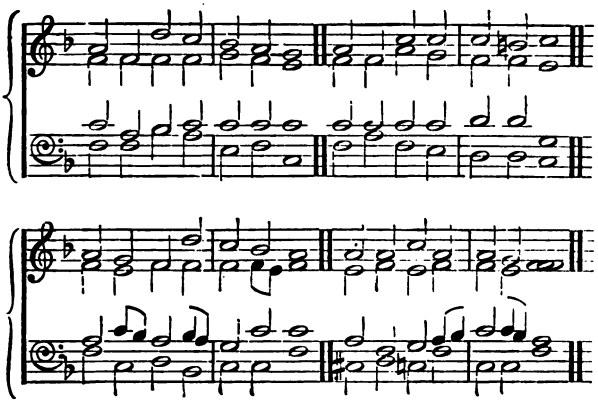
6. Saviour, give us faith and power,
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more,
Love, while endless ages roll.

12.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

7's. 1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2. Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

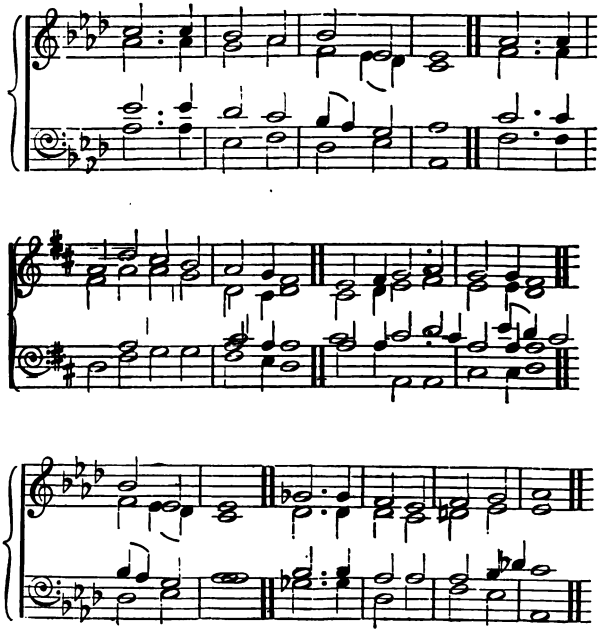
4. Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

13.

"Glory to God in the highest."

7's. 1. Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

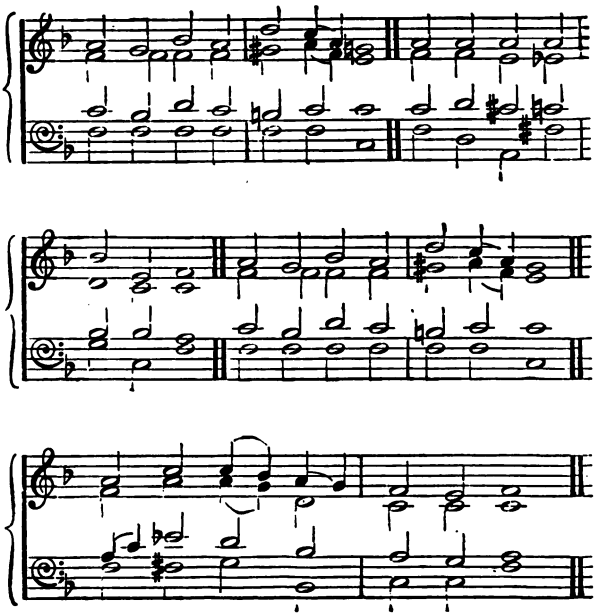
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost—
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the Blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.

14.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature."

7's. 1. Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2. I Thy little lamb would be—
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3. Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.

15.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

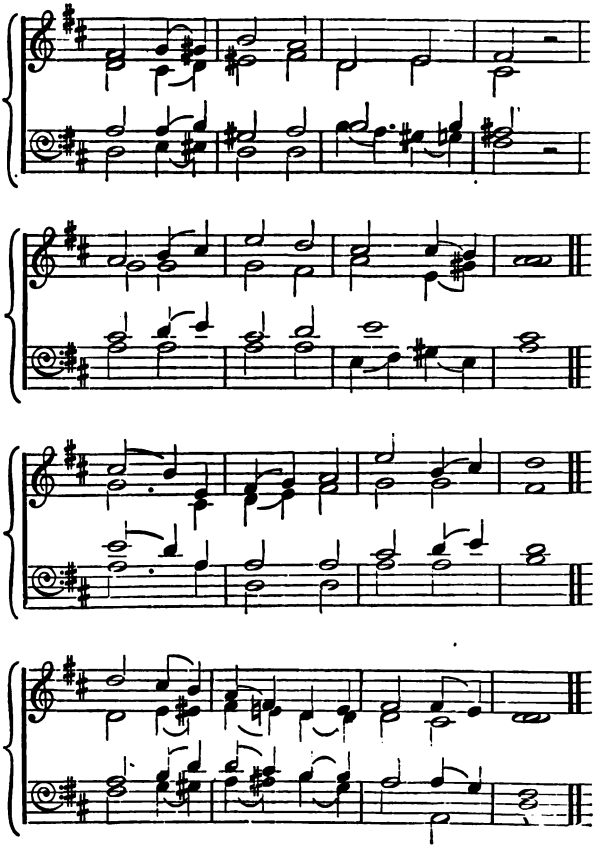
7's. 1. Children of the Heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing,
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2. We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam—
Jesus, lead us to our home.

4. Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

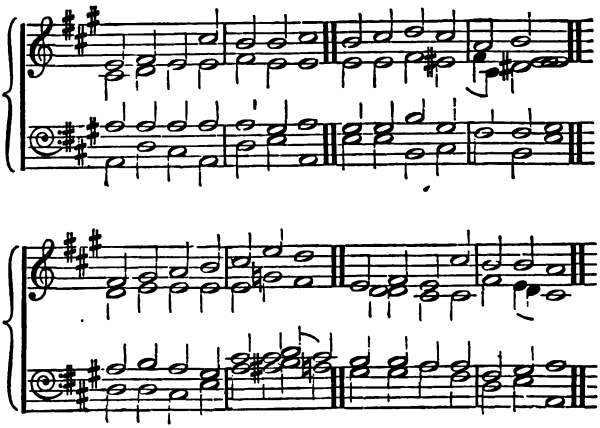
5. Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

6. Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, O Christ our King,
And the Holy Ghost we sing.

16.

"Their angels do always see the face of my Father."

7's. 1. When you're sleeping, children fair,
Angels keeping watch are there,
Through the night, till comes the light,
And you say your morning prayer

2. When you're playing all the day,
When you wander far away,
By your side an angel guide
Watches, lest you go astray.

3. When, heart weary, each has trod
Life's great journey all the road;
Angel hands, to other lands,
Carry back the soul to God.

17.

MORNING HYMN.

"His praise shall be ever in my mouth."

7's. 1. Jesus, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child.
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.

2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this beauteous world of Thine;
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

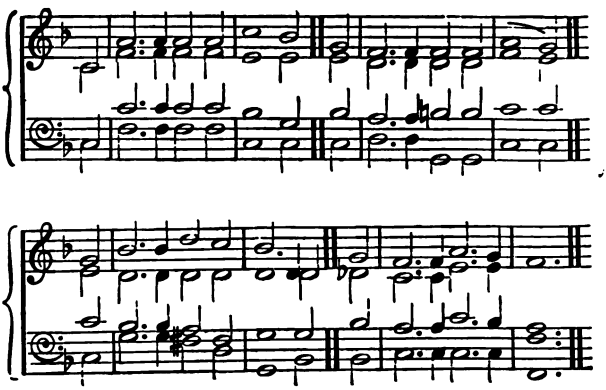
3. Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

4. Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give
Without whom I cannot live.

5. Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6. Help me never to forget
That in Thy great Book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful judgment-day.

7. Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine angels do above.

8. Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly, every day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

18.

"To be admired in His saints."

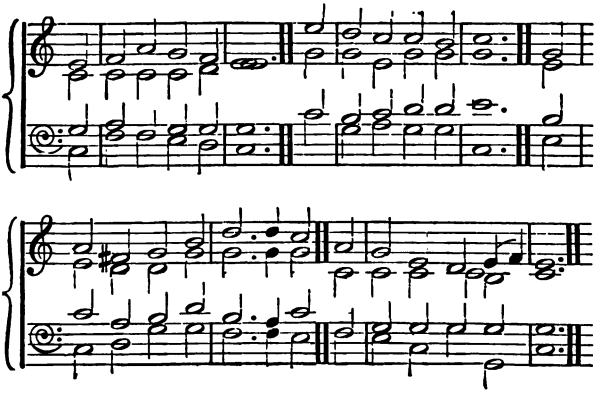
7, 6, 8, 6.

1. I want to be like Jesus,
   So lowly and so meek;
   For no one marked an angry word,
   That ever heard him speak.

2. I want to be like Jesus,
   So frequently in prayer;
   Alone upon the mountain top,
   He met his Father there.

3. I want to be like Jesus—
   I never, never, find
   That He, though persecuted, was
   To any one unkind.

4. I want to be like Jesus,
   Engaged in doing good;
   So that of me it may be said,
   "She hath done what she could."

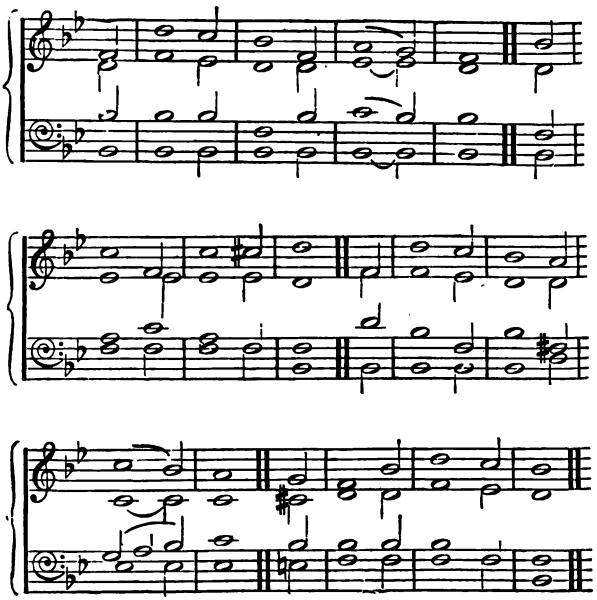
5. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
   As any one may see;
   O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
   And make me like to Thee.

19.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

S. M. 1. If Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2. 'Tis not enough to say,
"We're sorry and repent,"
And still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

3. Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.

4. Lord, make us thus sincere
To watch as well as pray:
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

20.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden."

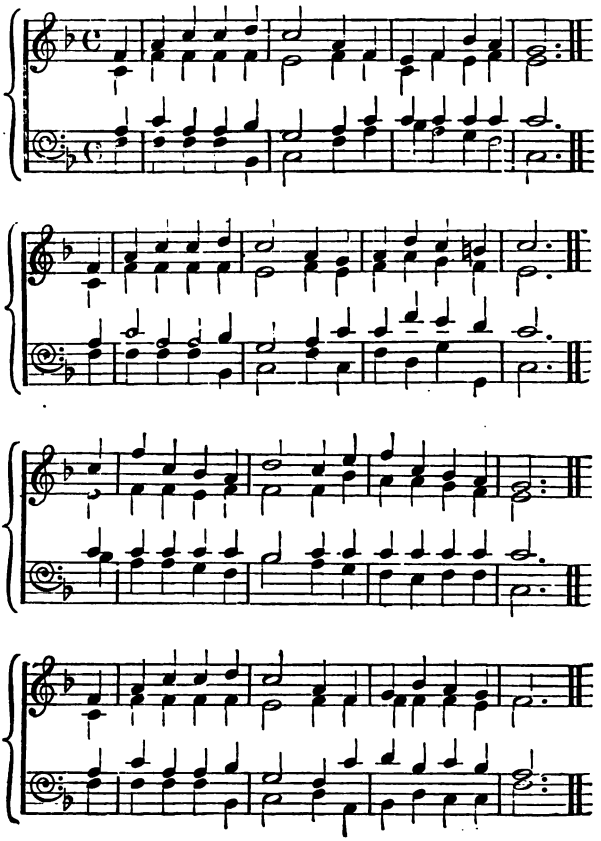
7-6's. 1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load.

2. I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

3. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him—
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

4. I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

5. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.

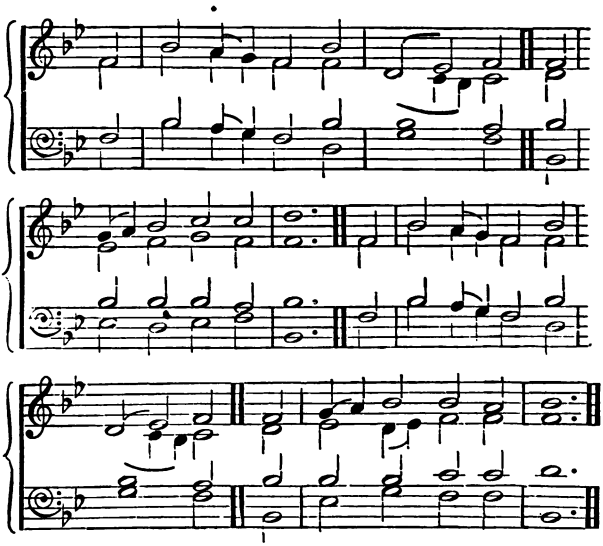
6. I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

21.

"To depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

7-6's. 1. I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

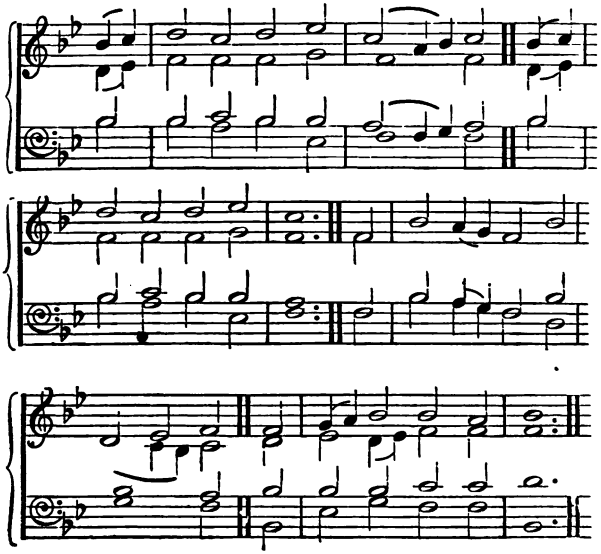
2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him both day and night.

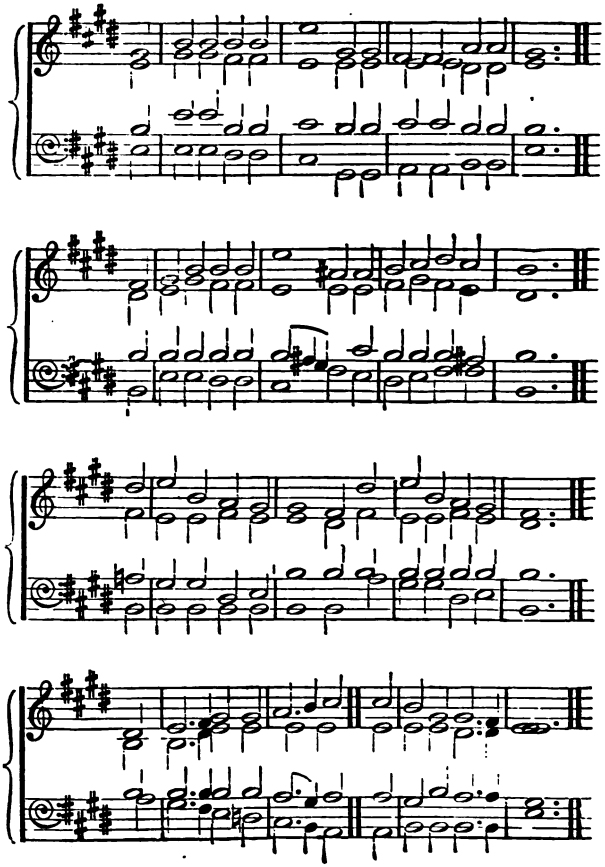
3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

4. Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

22.

"My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

7-6's. 1. Come, children, sing to Jesus,
High alleluia sing,
Sing glory and hosanna
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
Your hymn of main to-day;
And sing with holy sweetness,
Ye maidens, glad and gay.

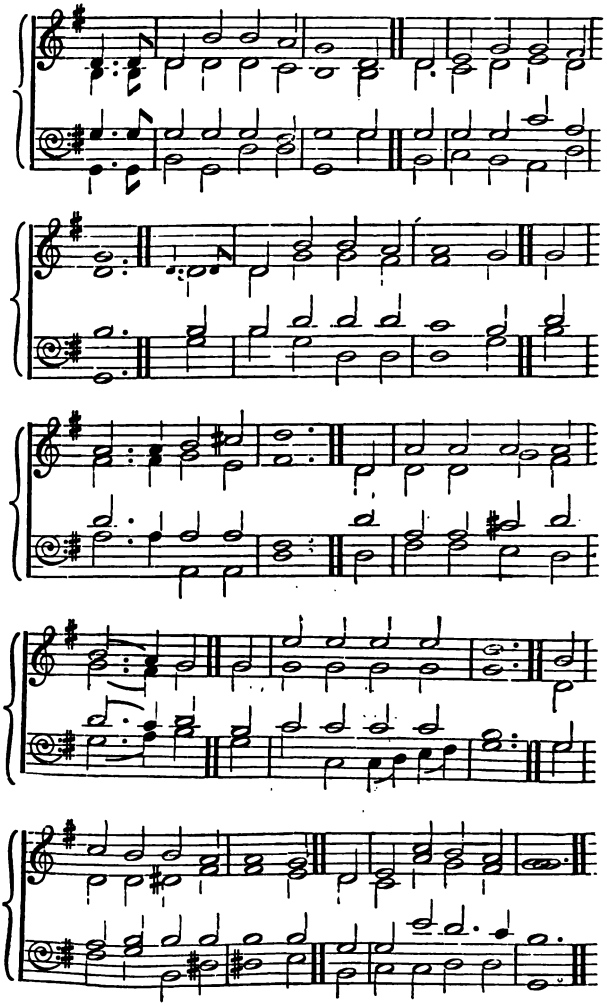
2. For us, O exultation!
O ecstacy of joy!
Jesus was born an infant,
And Jesus grew a boy;
For us, O endless mercy!
When on the cross He bled,
And on the children richly
The atoning sprinklings shed.

3. With deep, devout affection,
   With purpose brave and true,
Praise ye the children's Saviour,
   Once a young child like you;
All hearts, all voices, blending
   In songs and sweet accord,
With children's alleluias,
   Bless ye the children's Lord.

4. Soon in the golden city
   The boys and girls shall play,
And through its dazzling mansions
   Rejoice in endless day.
Prepare, prepare, O children!
   With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
   And sing the eternal song.

23.

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord."

7-6s. 1. When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2. And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

24.

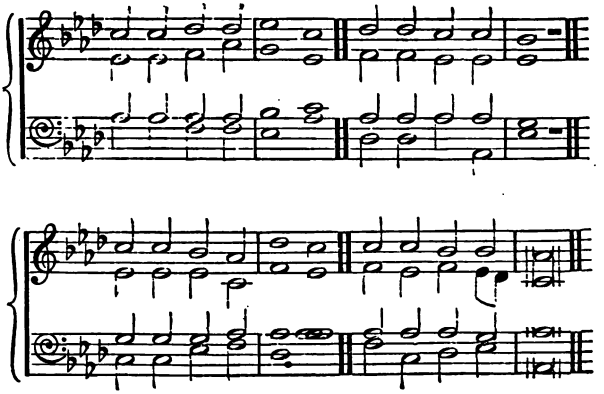
"The inheritance of the saints."

7-6*s*. 1. There's a friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2. There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry—
A rest from every trouble:
From sin and danger free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3. There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4. There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5. There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory;
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

25.

EVENING HYMN.

"At evening-time there shall be light."

6-5, 6-5.

1. Now the day is over,
   Night is drawing nigh;
   Shadows of the evening
   Steal across the sky.

2. Now the darkness gathers,
   Stars begin to peep;
   Birds, and beasts, and flowers
   Soon will be asleep.

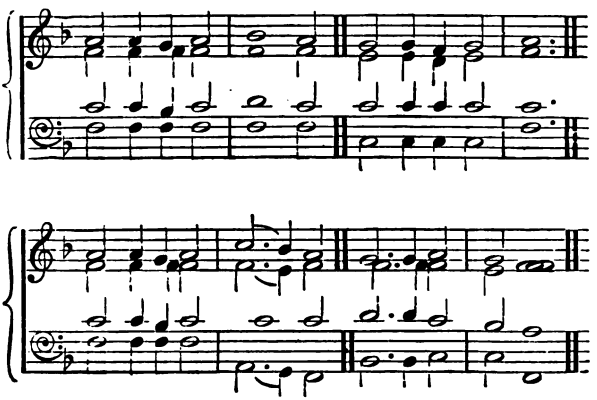
3. Jesu, give the weary
   Calm and sweet repose;
   With Thy tenderest blessing
   May our eyelids close.

4. Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5. Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6. Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7. When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8. Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

26.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me."

6-5, 6-5.

1. Jesu meek and gentle,
   Son of God most high,
   Pitying, loving Saviour,
   Hear Thy children's cry.

2. Pardon our offences,
   Loose our captive chains,
   Break down every idol
   Which our soul detains.

3. Give us holy freedom,
   Fill our hearts with love,
   Draw us, holy Jesu,
   To the realms above.

4. Lead us on our journey,
   Be Thyself the way
   Through terrestrial darkness
   To celestial day.

5. Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

27.

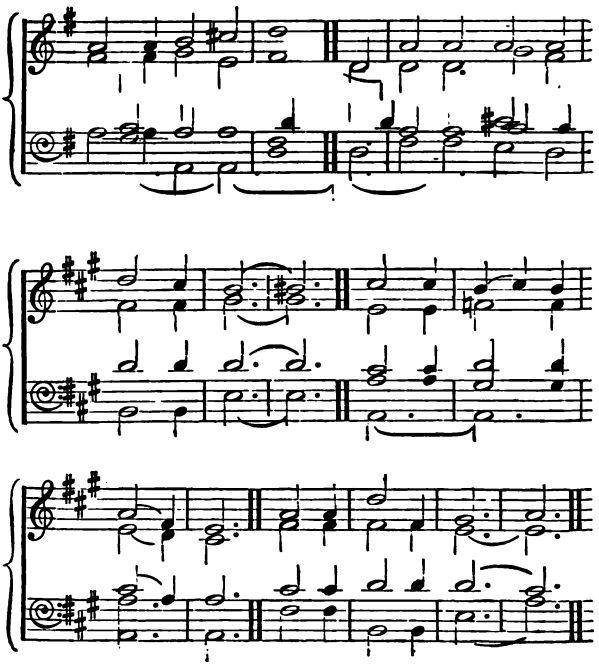
"He took them up in his arms and blessed them."

6-5, 6-5. 1. Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Infants' praises hear.

2. Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3. We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4. Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5. Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

28.

"The heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee."

6-5, 6-5. 1. Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

2. Nature cannot hold Thee;
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
At Thy royal State.

3. Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4. Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

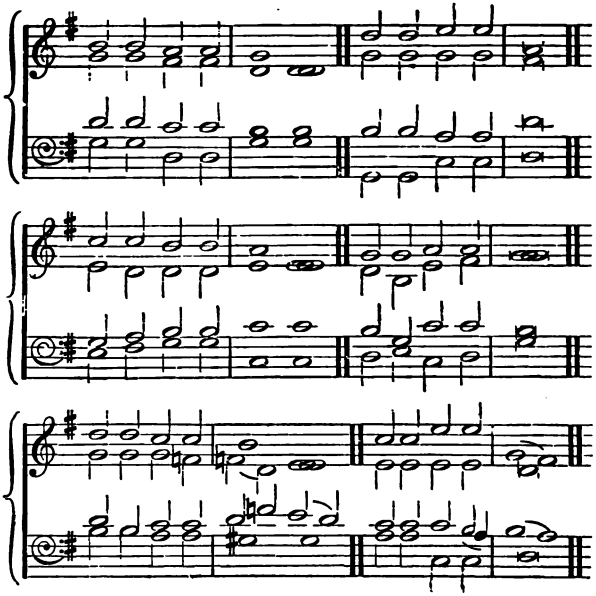
5. Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

6. Pray the prayer within us,
That to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

7. Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear;
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

8. Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this!
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

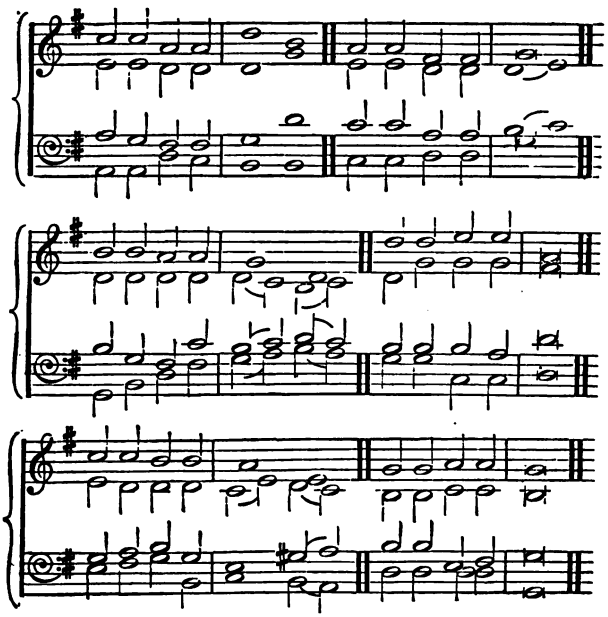
9. Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for heaven,
Then the day will come.

10. Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

29.

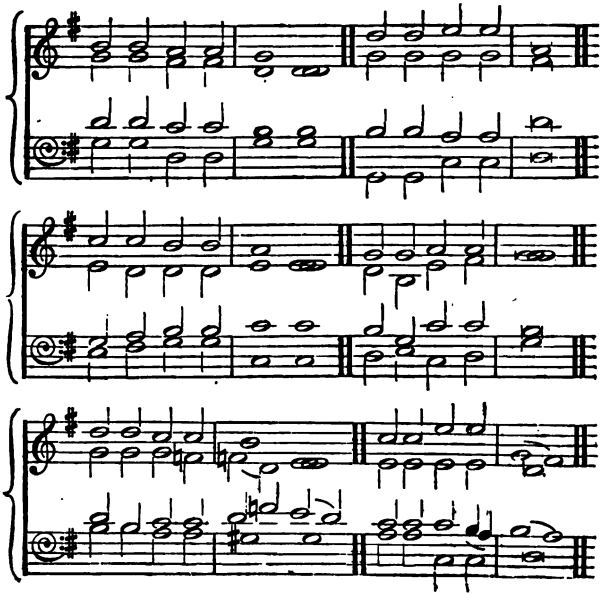
"Fight the good fight of faith."

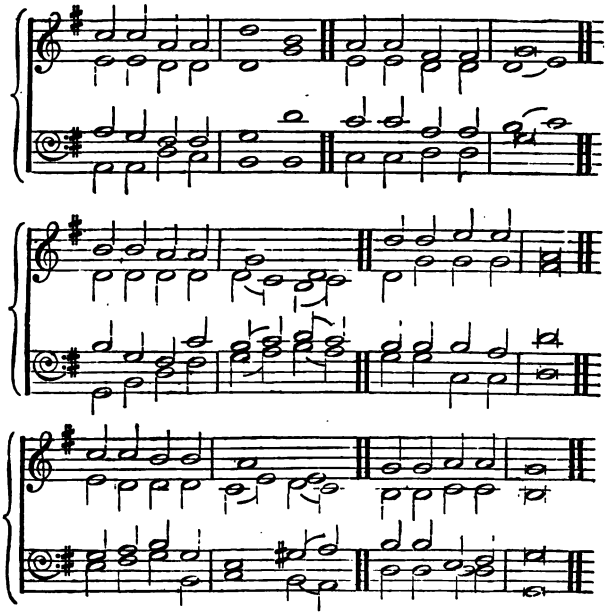
6-5, 6-5.

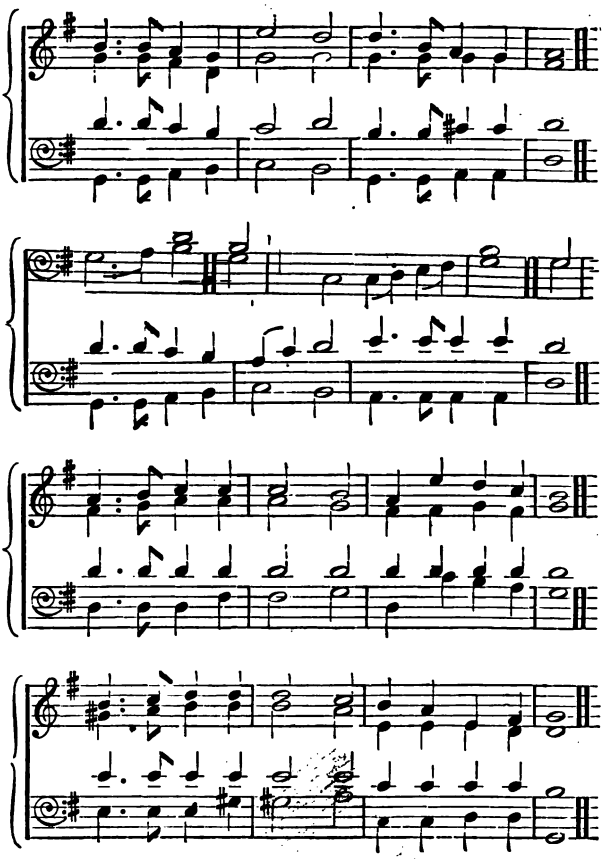
1. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See His banners go.

Chorus.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2. At the sign of triumph
Satan's hosts do flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Children, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Chorus.—Onward, &c.

3. Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.

We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Chorus.—Onward, &c.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Chorus.—Onward, &c.

5. Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:—
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Chorus.—Onward, &c.

30.

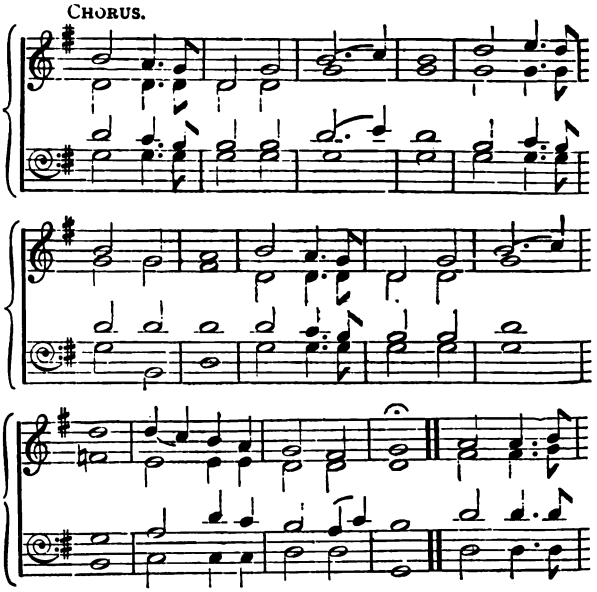
EPIPHANY.

"And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

6-5, 6-5. 1. In the wintry heaven
Shines a wondrous star;
In the East, the wise men
Watched it from afar;
Asking, "What this lustre
So unearthly bright?"
Answering, "Christ in glory
Comes to earth to-night."

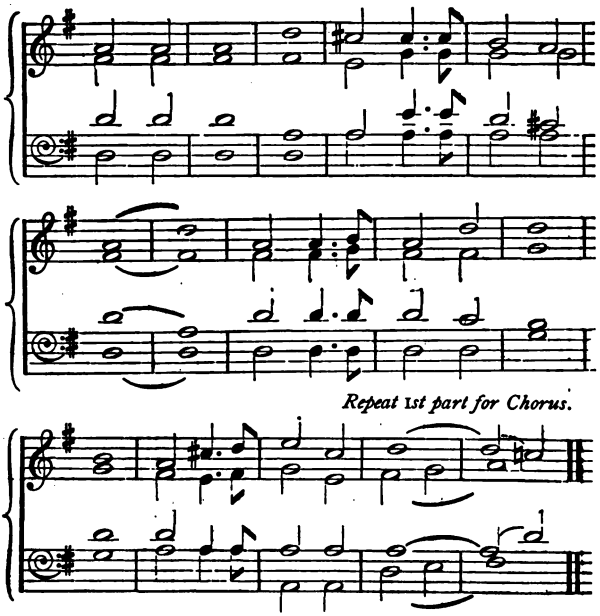
2. O'er the dusty highway,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East the wise men
Watch it shining clear;
Asking, "Shall we follow
In this starlight way?"
Answering, "Yes, 'twill lead us
To the perfect day."

3. In a lowly manger
Lies an Infant weak;
Is it He whom wise men
Come so far to seek?
Asking, "Where the Monarch?
Where Judea's King?"
Saying, "Gifts and worship
To his throne we bring."

4. In our hearts we children
See this star once more,
Not as wise men saw it
In the days of yore;
Asking, "May we bring Him
Childish love to-day?"
Answering, "Come, dear children;
Jesus says we may."

31.

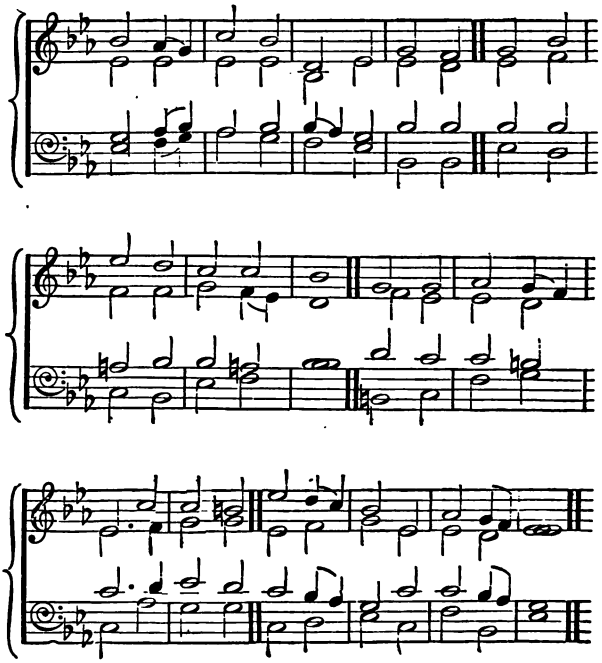
"He carried them in His bosom."

7-6's. 1. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Chorus.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

Chorus.—Safe in the arms, &c.

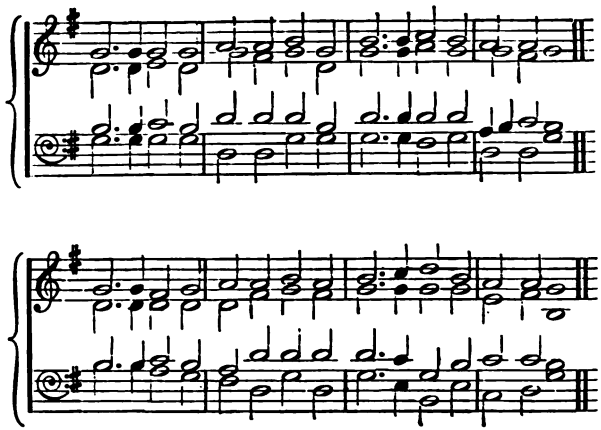
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Chorus.—Safe in the arms, &c.

32.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

8-7's. 1. Humble praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to Thee;
In thy mercy, O receive us!
Suffer us Thy lambs to be.

2. Blessed Jesus! Thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to Thee;
Though by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3. Saviour, condescend to feed us,
Richly let Thy mercy flow;
Send Thy Spirit, blessed Jesus,
Light and life on us bestow.

33.

"I have loved them unto the end."

8-7's. 1. Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
He is always, always near;
If I try to please Him truly,
There is nothing I need fear.

2. Jesus loves me—well I know it,
For to save my soul He died;
He for me bore pain and sorrow—
Nailèd hands and piercèd side.

3. Jesus loves me—night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray;
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4. Jesus loves me—and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends his holy angels
Safe to keep me—till I die.

5. Jesus loves me—O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee, by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy
Till I come to Thee above.

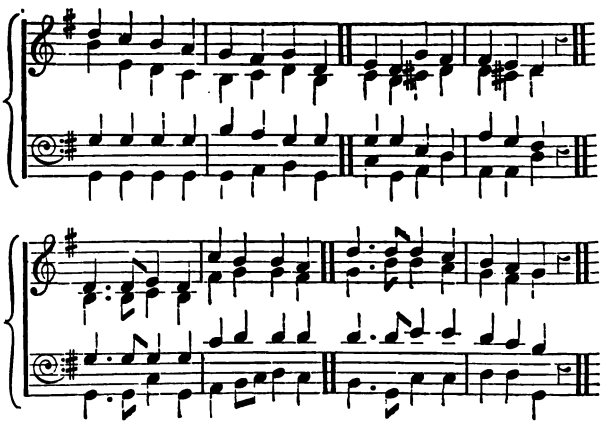
84.

EVENING HYMN.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

8-7's. 1. Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2. Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3. Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well.
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

85.

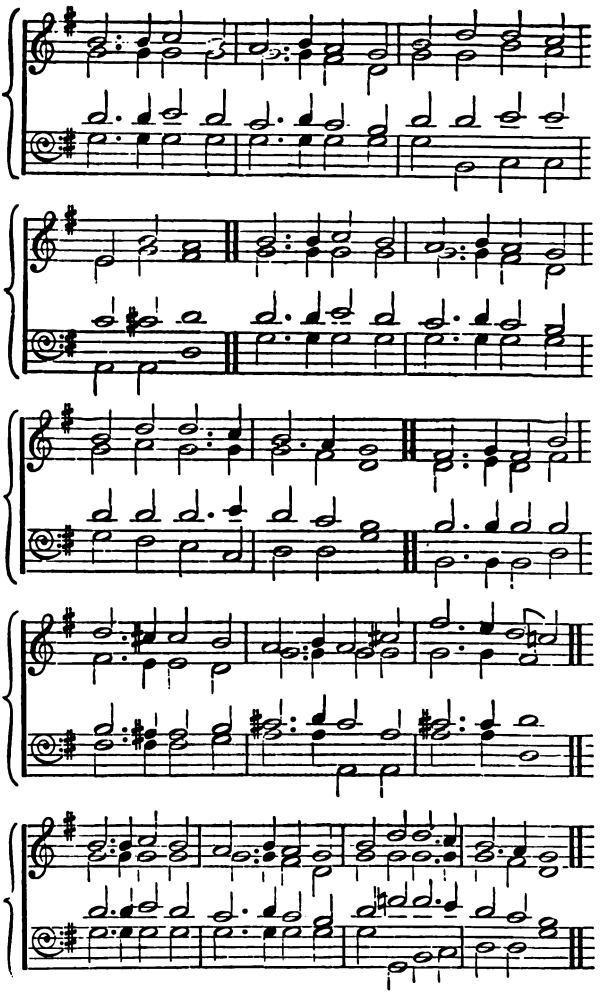
"All thy children shall be taught of God."

8-7's. 1. Christian children must be holy,
Serving God from day to day;
Never is the time too early
For a Christian to obey.

2. Jesus taught us in His childhood:
Only eight short days He saw
Ere He suffered circumcision,
And obeyed his Father's law.

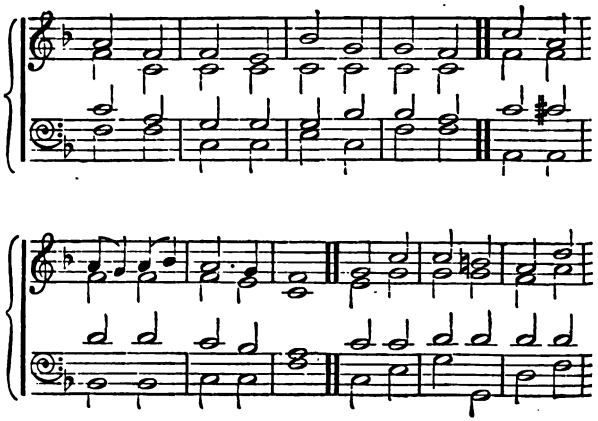
3. He who is our great example
Let no moment run to loss;
Not one precious hour He wasted
From the cradle to the cross.

4. Soon He sorrowed, soon He suffered:
We must meek and gentle be,
Little pain and childish trial
Ever bearing patiently.

5. Soon He showed a Son's obedience:
We must early learn to do,
Not our own will, but our Father's,
And be found obedient too.

86.

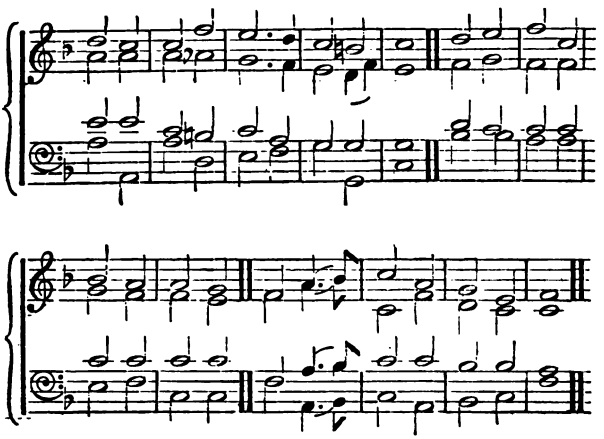
"The Lord is my Shepherd."

8-7's. 1. Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,
Now us little ones receiving,
Fold us in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
We are safe, secure from harm.

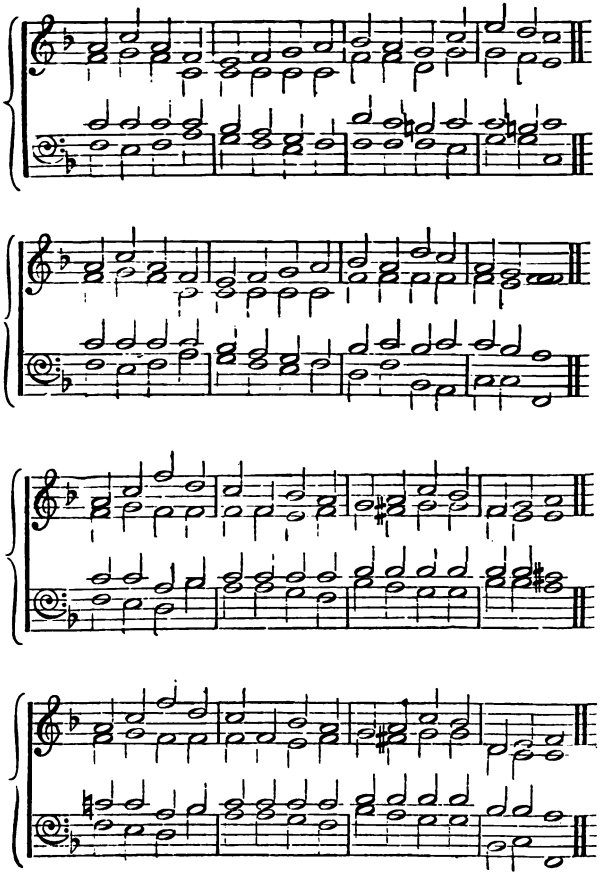
2. Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let us be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep us all life's dangerous way.
Then within Thy fold eternal
Let us find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

87.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arms."

8-7's. 1. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee:
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2. Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3. Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream Thy love supplied—
Mingled stream of blood and water
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thine own still waters glide.

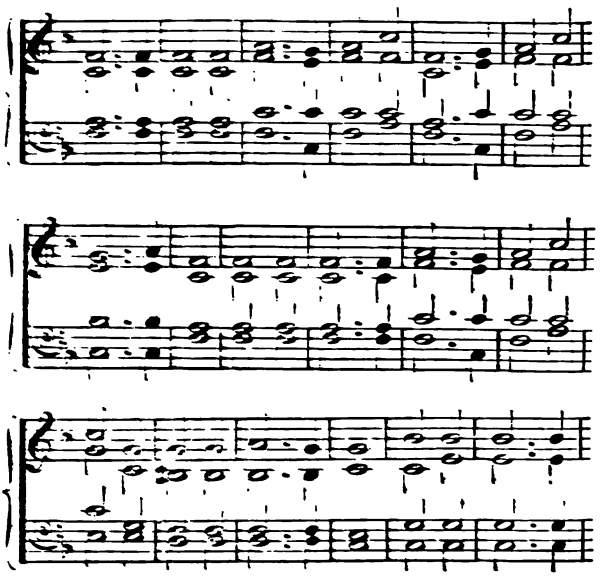
4. Let Thy holy Word instruct us,
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

5. Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King.

38.

"Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not."

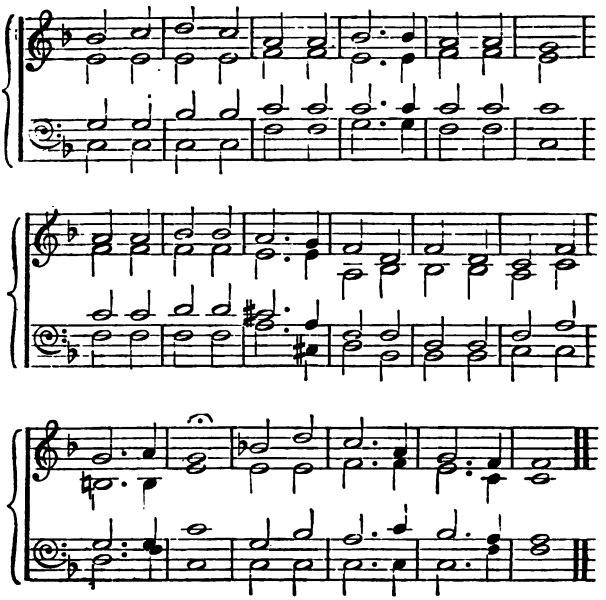
8-7's. 1. Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing,
On Thy children gather'd here;
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear;
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

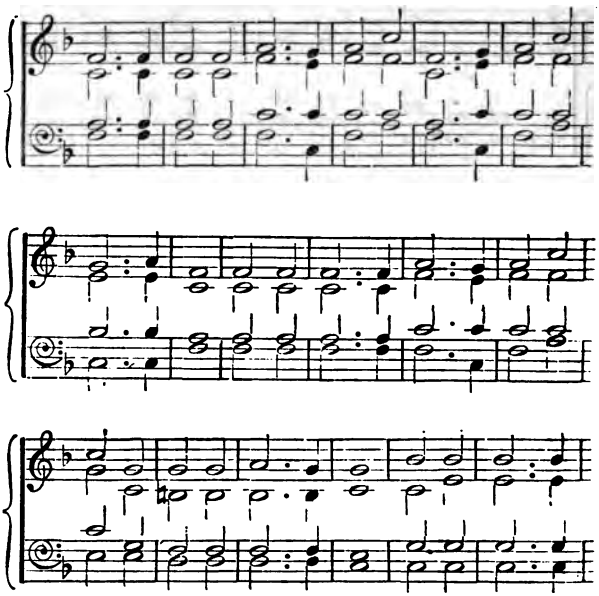
2. Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless, and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

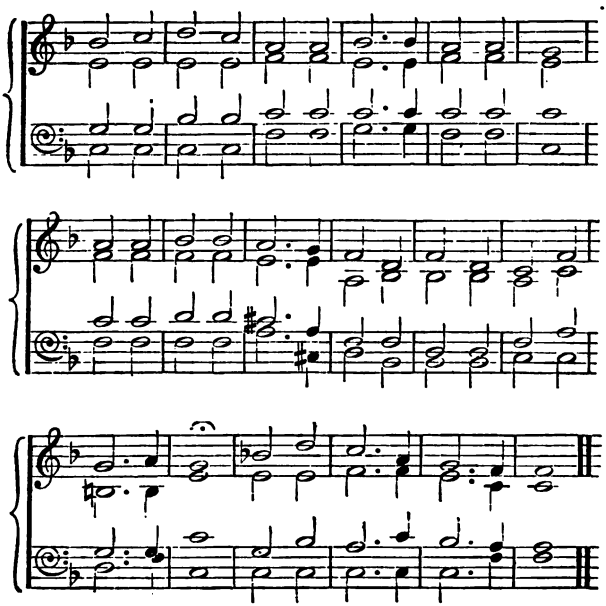
3. Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love;
Temples of the Holy Spirit
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

39.

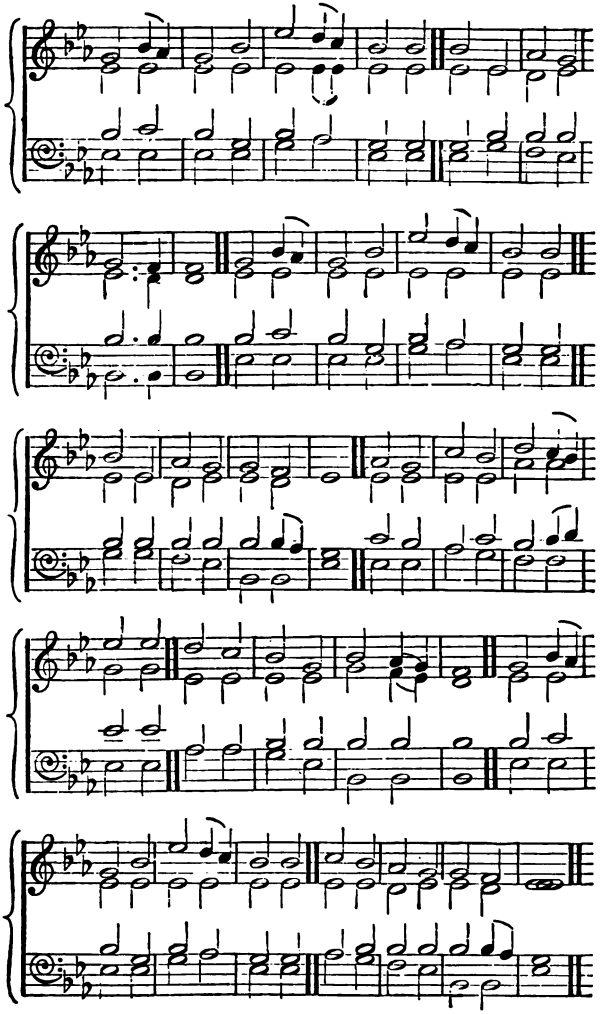
"She hath done what she could."

3-7s. 1. Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting:
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

2. If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.

If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

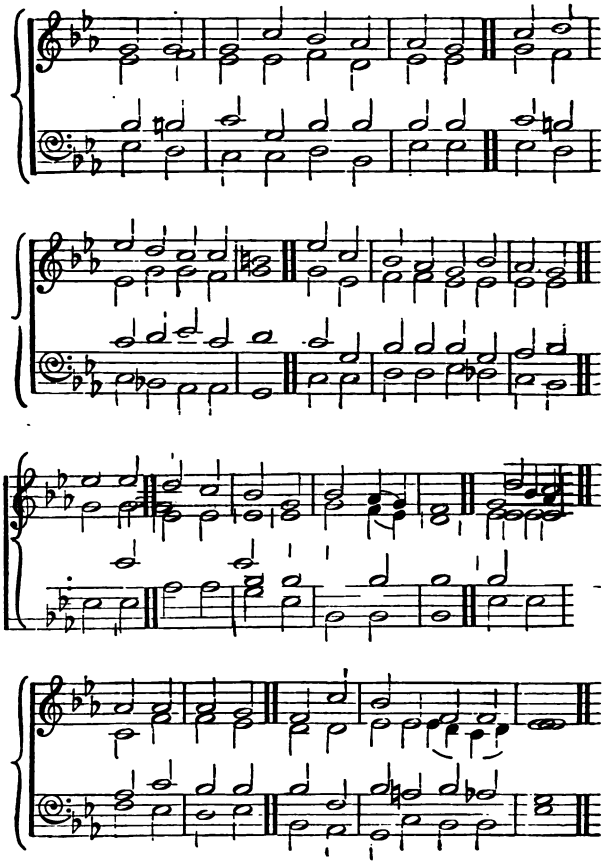
5. If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,

With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

6. If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd;
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

40.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

8-7's. 1. Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee.
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh! how solemn we should be.
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.

2. For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
Let our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

First Tune.

41.

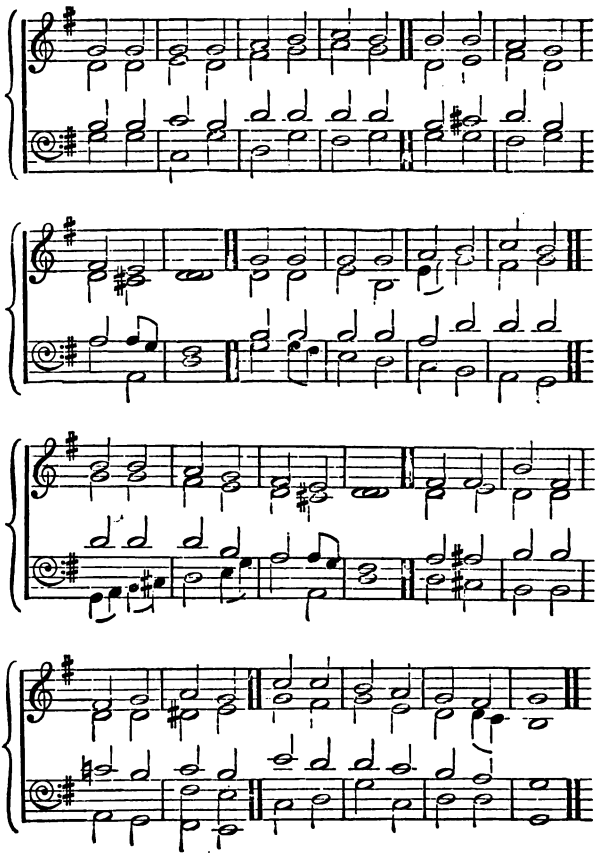
"Incline not my heart to any evil thing."

8, 7, 4. 1. Father, let thy benediction
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2. Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see;
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we Thy children be.

3. When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour, hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

4. Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea—
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

First Tune.

42.

"Unto Thee shall all flesh come."

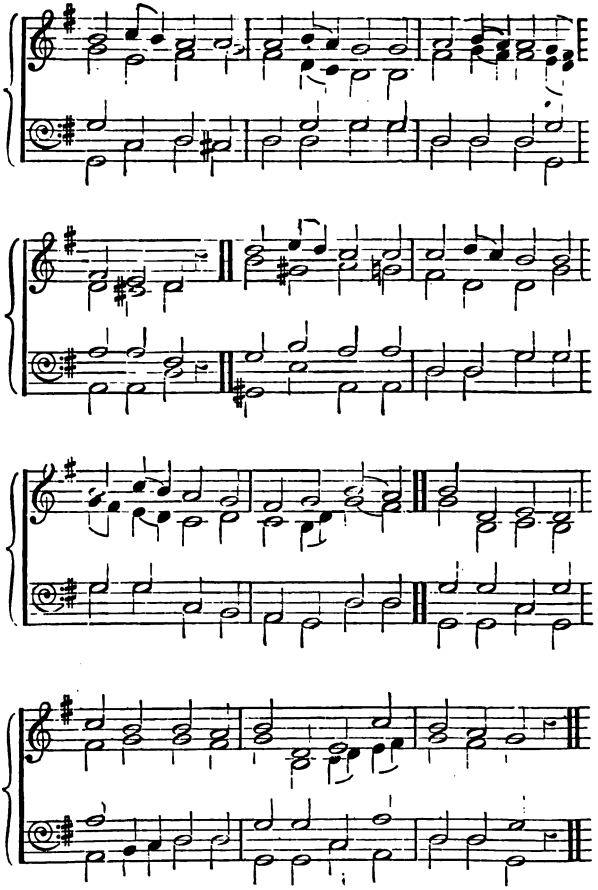
8, 7, 4.

1. When of old the Jewish mothers
Brought their little babes to Thee,
To Thy stern Apostles' chiding
Thou didst answer tenderly,
Gentle Jesus!
Suffer them to come to Me.

2. Born again and made Thy members,
Little Christian children, we
Press around to share Thy blessing,
Plead Thy mercy full and free.
Gentle Jesus!
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3. By Thy sign upon our forehead
When Thy people bowed the knee,
By Thy name above us spoken
Of the wondrous Trinity,
Gentle Jesus!
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4. By each prayer and by each promise
When our hearts are full of glee,
When our little sorrows vex us,
Thine in all things we would be.
Gentle Jesus!
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Second Tune.

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1. When of old the Jewish mothers
Brought their little babes to Thee,
To Thy stern Apostles' chiding
Thou didst answer tenderly,
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Suffer them to come to me.

2. Born again and made Thy members,
Little Christian children, we
Press around to share Thy blessing,
Plead Thy mercy full and free.
Gentle Jesus!
Suffer us to come to Thee.

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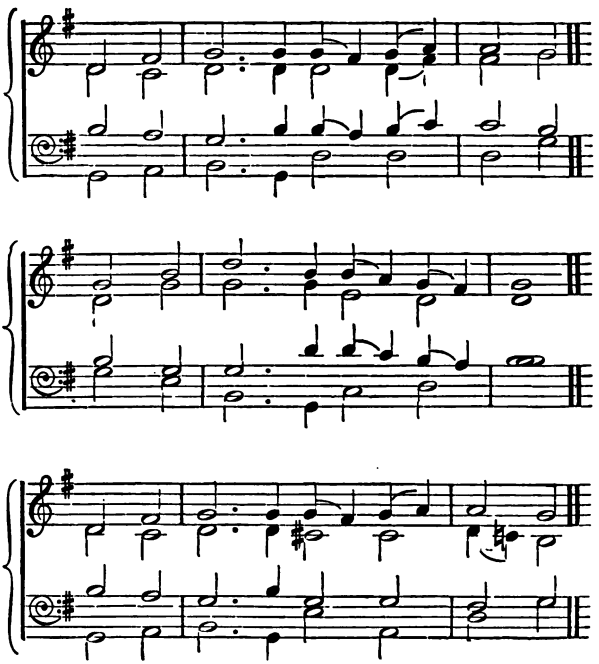
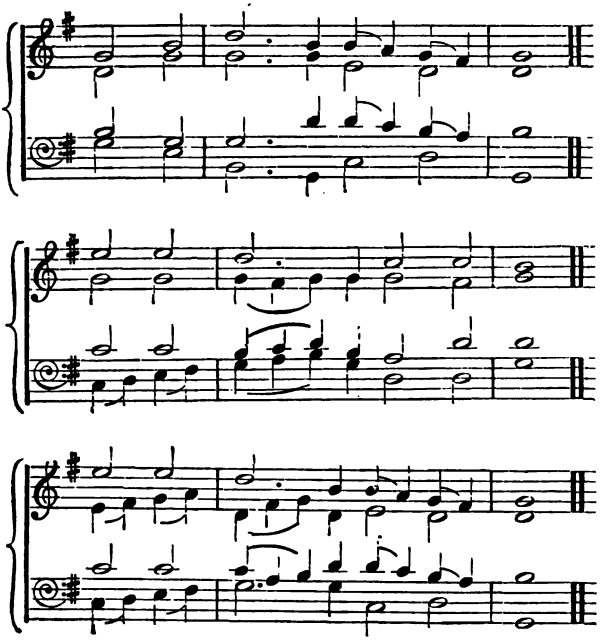
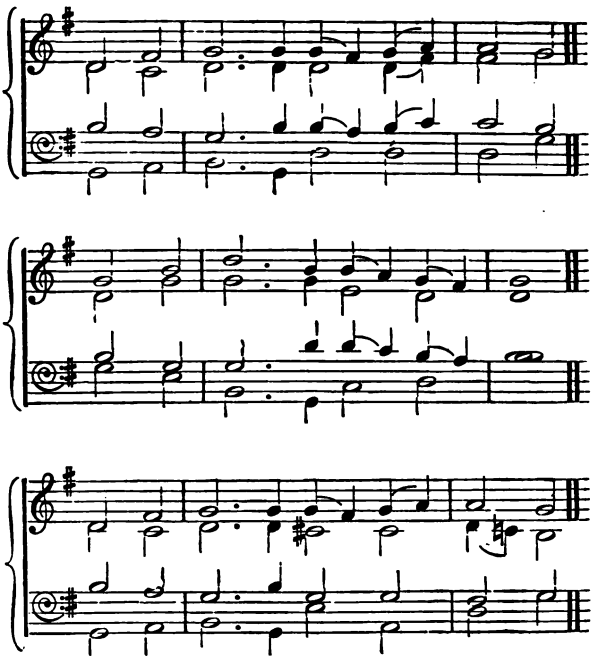
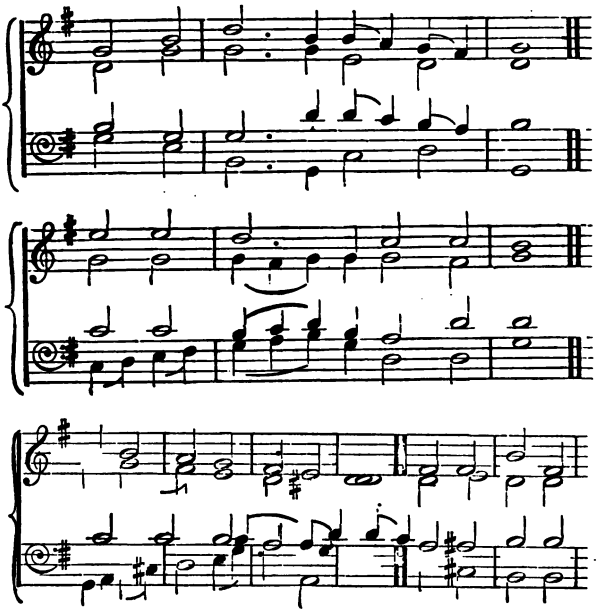
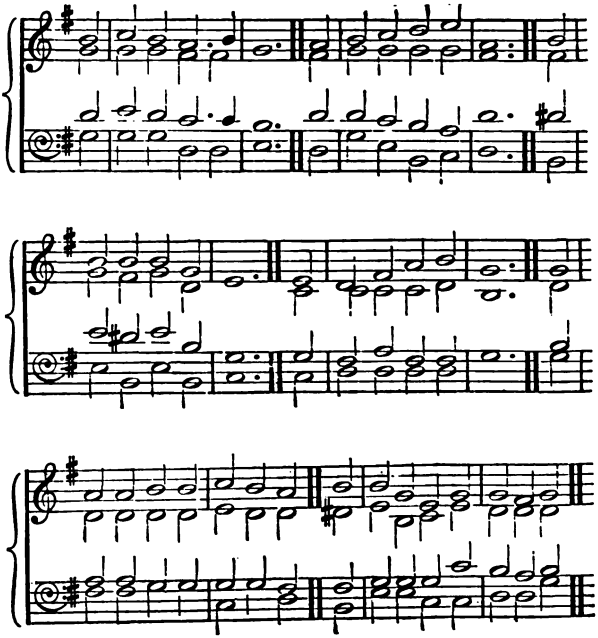

43.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"There was no room for them in the inn."

P. M. 1. Once, in royal David's city,
Stood a lonely cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2. He came down to earth from heaven,
   Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
   And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3. And through all his wondrous childhood
   He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
   In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4. For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on,
To the place where He has gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

44.

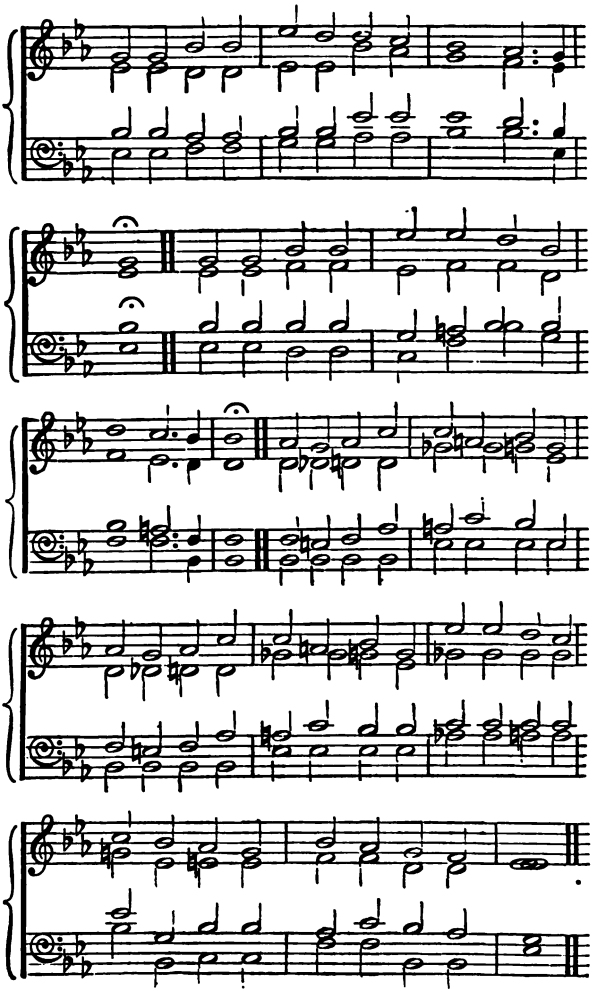
"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

P. M. 1. When little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2. If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be!
O how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3. And does he never speak?
O yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4. And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

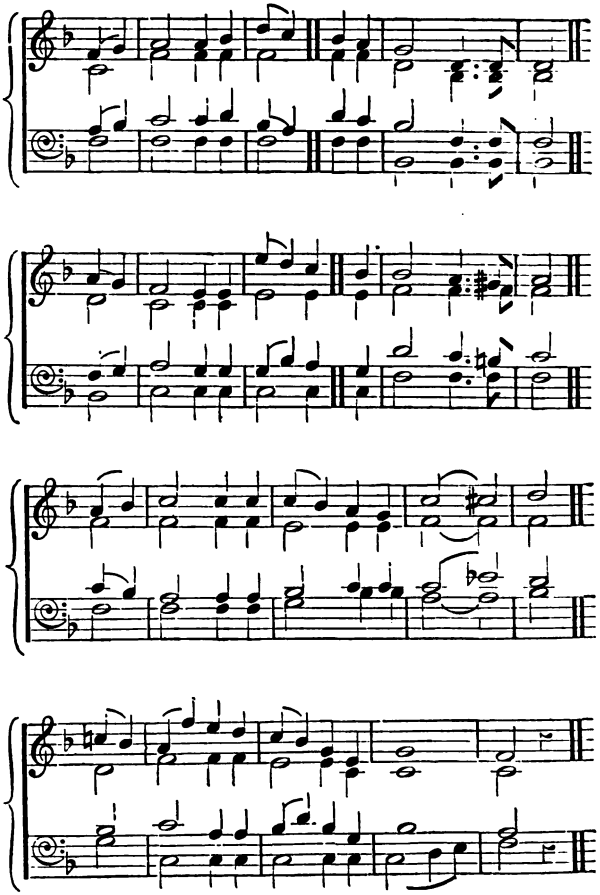
5. Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read Thy word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that I have heard."
And when I in Thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

45.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

P. M. 1. One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh, how He loves!

2. 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh think, how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With his precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To his fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3. We have found a friend in Jesus,
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis his great delight to bless us,
Oh, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

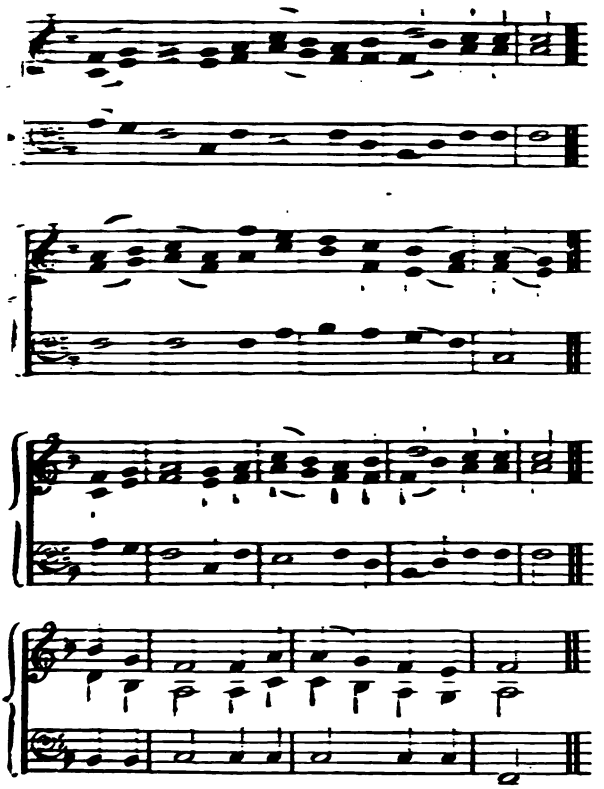
4 Through his name we are forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us;
Safe to glory He will guide us—
Oh, how He loves!

46.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

P. M. 1. The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2. Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3. We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest!

4. Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

47.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

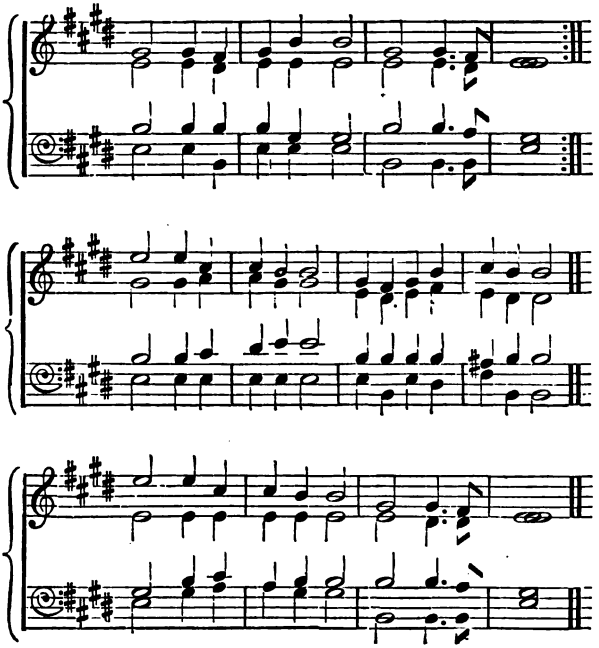
P. M. 1. I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4. In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

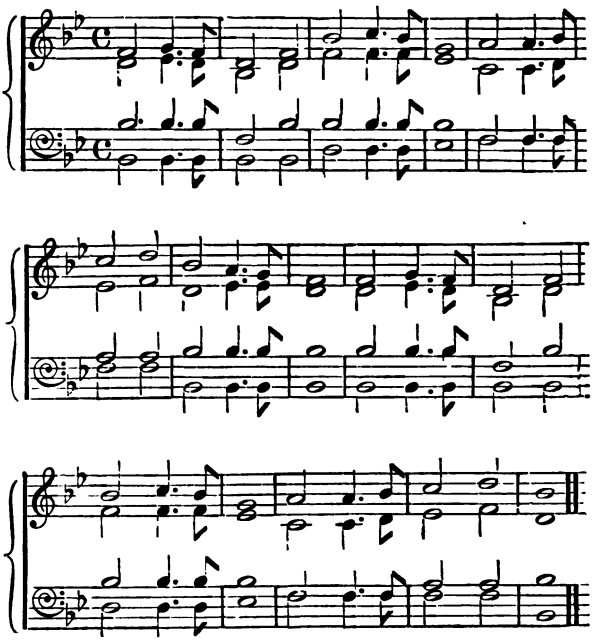
5. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6. I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be bless'd.

48.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

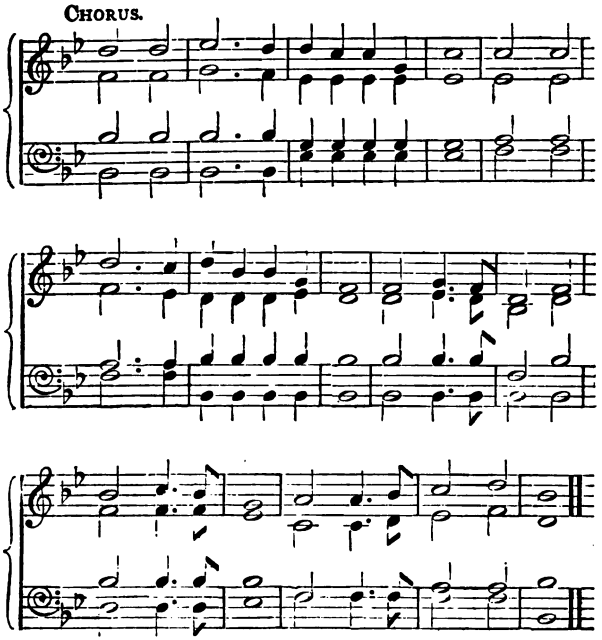
P. M. 1. There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won:
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

49.

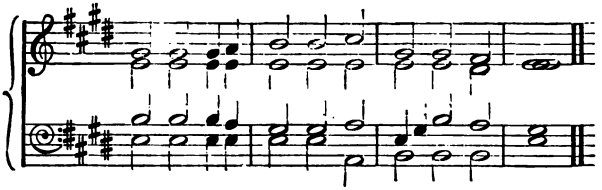
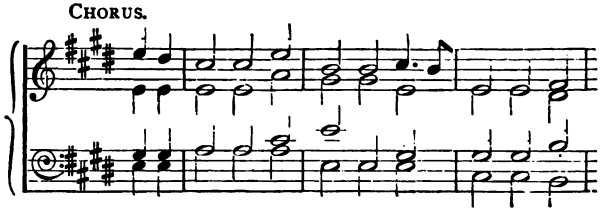
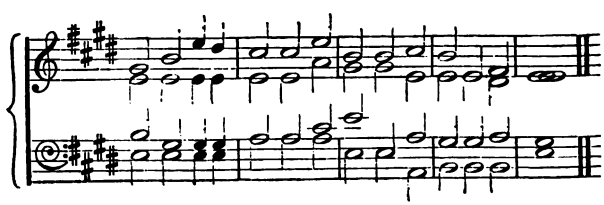
"Come unto me."

P. M. 1. Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.

Chorus.—Joyful, &c.

3. Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

Chorus.—Joyful, &c.

CHORUS.

50.

"When I make up my jewels."

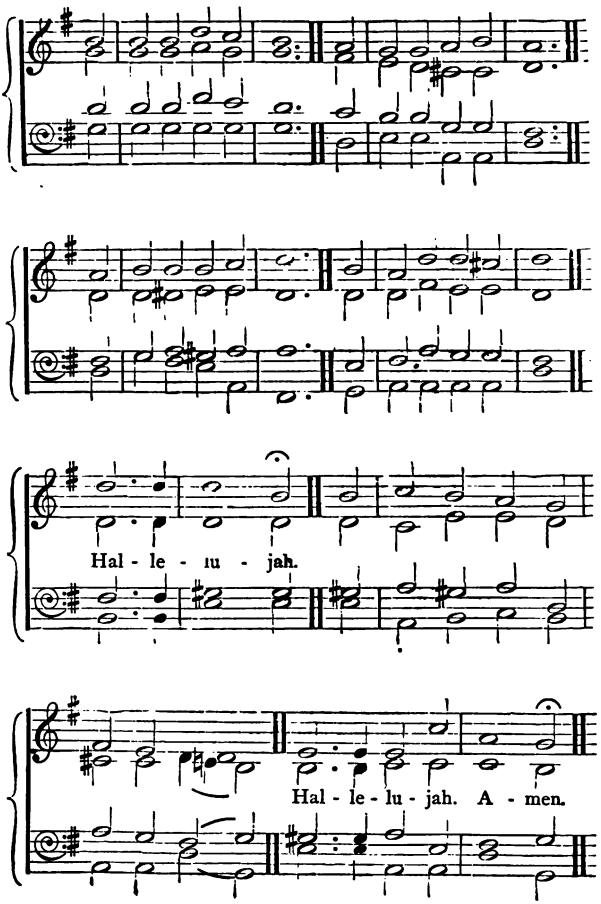
P. M. 1. When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Chorus.—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Chorus.—Like the stars, &c.

3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Chorus.—Like the stars, &c.

Hal - le - lu - jah.
Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

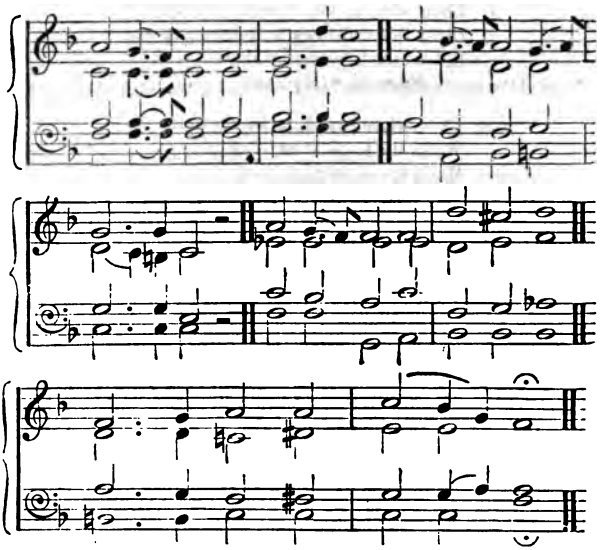
51.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."

P. M. 1. Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
Hallelujah!
They love to sing
To God their King,
Hallelujah! Amen!

2. But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise,
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!

3. Oh, blessed Lord! Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art:
Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!

4. Oh! may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around,
All then with one accord
Shall raise the joyful sound:
Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King,
Hallelujah! Amen!

[These Litanies may be sung by a solo voice, the congregation singing the last line; or the verses may be taken alternately—boys, then girls—one side of the church, then the other—choir, then congregation—all joining in the last line. They should be sung kneeling.]

52.

LITANY OF PENITENCE.

7, 7, 7, 6. 1. God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Ever-blessed Three in One:
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2. Christ, whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill,
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3. Thou who, at Thy prophet's prayer,
Didst the stiff-necked Hebrews spare,
Let us too Thy mercy share:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Thou whose word, to David sent,
When his steps to evil bent,
Made the sinner penitent:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5. Thou who bowedst down Thine ear
Nineveh in prayer to hear,
Faint with fasting, grief, and fear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

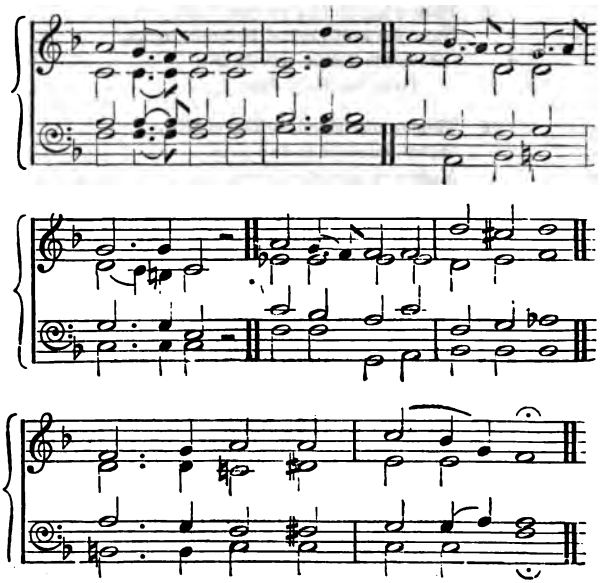
6. Thou who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7. Thou, with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary, weeping at Thy feet:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8. Thou whose saddened look did chide
Peter, when he thrice denied,
Till in grief he wept and sighed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9. Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10. Thou who, hanging on the tree,
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me:"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11. Thou who on the Cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy Blood our stain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12. Thou whose will it is that we
Should from death return to Thee,
And should live eternally:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13. Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14. In our poverty and wealth,
In our sickness and in health,
Ever from the Tempter's stealth
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15. From all lack of love and faith,
From a sudden evil death,
Thou whose arm delivereth,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

16. When our dying draweth near,
On the last Great Day of fear,
Master, King, Redeemer dear,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

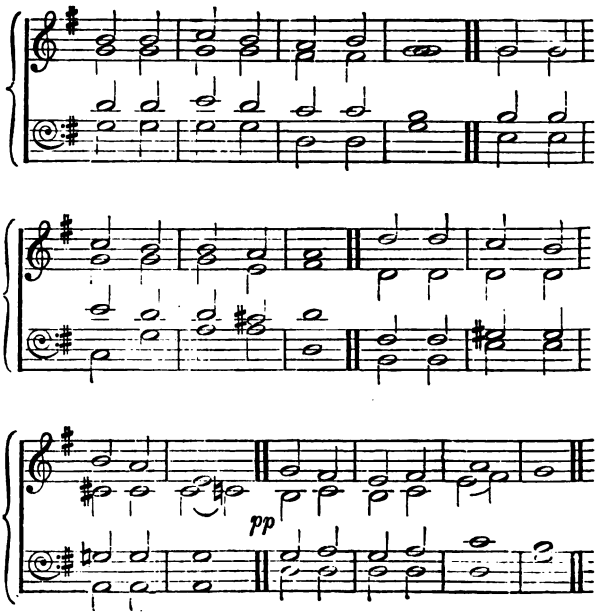
17. That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offence,
And find truest penitence,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

18. That with lowly penitence
We may mourn o'er each offence,
Trembling, yet with confidence,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

19. That the Blood for sinners shed
May be sprinkled on our head,
In Thy death our sins be dead,
We beseech Thee, Jesu

20. That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

21. That, denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

22. That, to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesu. Amen.

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53.

LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

7, 7, 7, 6.

1. Spirit blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One Eternal God and Lord,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2. Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3. Thou, by whose indwelling taught,
Holy men of old have brought
Things of God to human thought,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

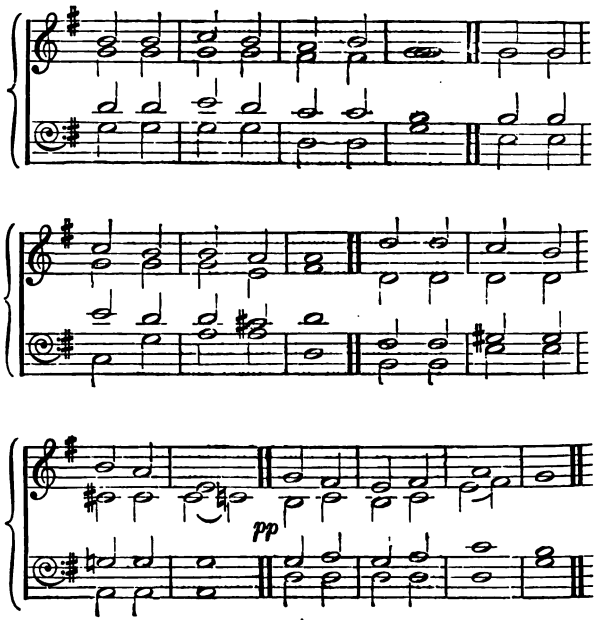
4. Thou by whom the Virgin bore
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5. Thou who camest like a dove
From the opened skies above,
With the Father's power and love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6. Thou whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7. Thou whose power inspiring came,
Falling down like tongues of flame,
Where they met in Jesus' name,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8. Thou who yet the Church dost fill,
Making Jesus present still,
Showing us God's perfect will,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9. Now thy sevenfold gifts bestow:
Gifts of grace, our God to know,
Gifts of strength to quell our foe:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

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10. Come to raise up those that fall,
Leading back, with gentle call,
Those whose souls their sins enthrall:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11. Come to rescue us from ill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12. Come to show us all Thy way,
Warn us when we go astray;
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

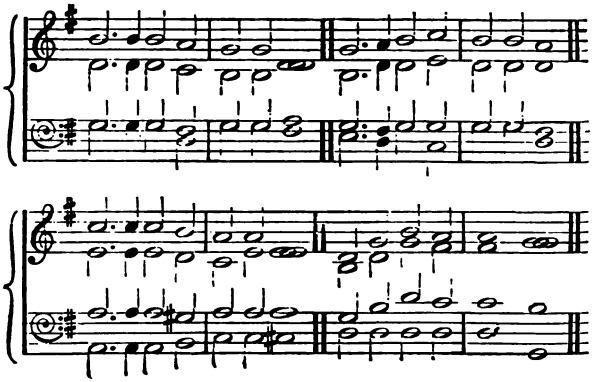
13. Come to bid our terrors cease;
Come to bid us go in peace;
Come to give our souls release:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14. Come to help the hearts that yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15. Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek;
Teach our faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16. Come, Thou Fount of love and joy,
Bringing peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

17. Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come and dwell within our heart;
Never more from thence depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

18. May we soon, from sin set free,
Rise our Father's face to see,
Where Thy work shall perfect be:
Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.

54.

CHILDREN'S LITANY.

7, 7, 7, 6.

1. Jesu, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2. Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3. Little lambs may come to Thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4. Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5. Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6. Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7. Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

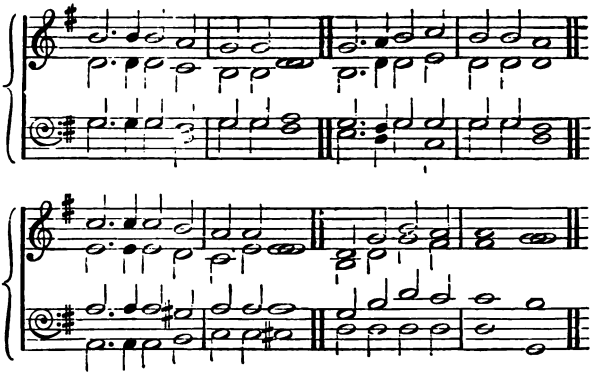
8. Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9. Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10. When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11. Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

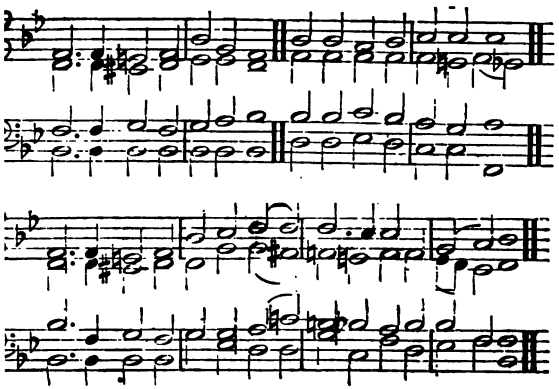
12. May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13. May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14. May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15. May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16. Jesu, Son of God Most High,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17. Jesu, from Thy heavenly Throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

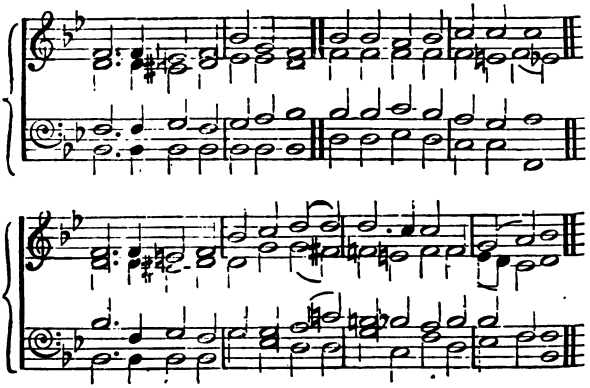
18. Jesu, whom we hope to see,
Calling us in heaven to be,
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

55.

LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

7, 6. 1. Jesu, Son of God Most High,
God from all eternity,
Born as man to live and die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2. Leaving Thine eternal throne,
Making mortal cares Thine own,
Making God's compassion known:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3. Jesu joining Heaven and Earth,
Source of all our nature's worth,
Giving man his second birth:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4. Offspring of the lowly Maid,
Born within the stable's shade,
In a rough, hard manger laid:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5. Nourished at the Virgin's breast,
Helpless to her bosom pressed,
Yet her God and Lord confessed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6. Born in Joseph's trembling hand,
Worshipped by the shepherd band,
And the wise from far-off land:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7. Carried to the house of prayer,
Each appointed rite to share,
Circumcised, presented there:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8. Sought by Herod's envious might,
Into Egypt borne by night,
Angels guiding Thee in flight:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9. Gaining wisdom year by year;
And to God and man more dear,
As Thy heavenly gifts appear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10. Taught Thy foster-father's trade,
Subject to the Holy Maid,
Though the GOD whom she obeyed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11. With an ever clearer view
Seeing what Thy heart foreknew
Of the work Thou cam'st to do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12. Moving onward while Thine eye
Sees the Cross each day more nigh,
Still resolved for us to die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

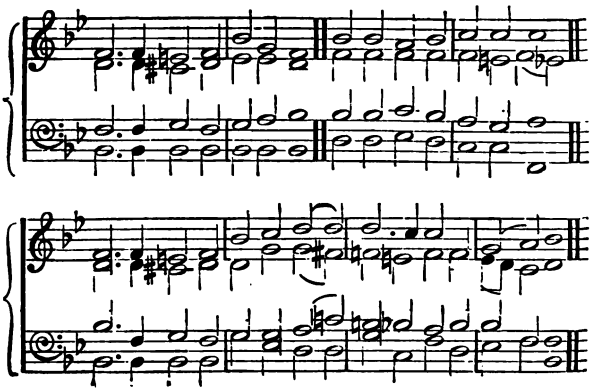
PART II.

1. Holy Jesu, Child Divine,
By the glories that are Thine,
Veiled within so poor a shrine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2. By Thy form so weak and small,
By Thy plaintive infant call,
By Thy childish tears that fall:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3. By the angels' holy song,
As around they wondering throng,
Owning Thee their ruler strong:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4. By the lowly cattle shed,
By the narrow manger bed,
By the rough clothes o'er Thee spread:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5. By the solemn praise and prayer,
By the gifts and offerings rare
Laid in lowly homage there:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6. By Thy blessed mother's woes,
By Thy fleeing from Thy foes,
By Thy grief that no man knows:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7. By Thy growing day by day,
By Thy zeal in wisdom's way,
Quick to learn and to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8. By Thy life, so lone and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil
In its time Thy Father's will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9. By the care that weighed on Thee,
By Thy toil and poverty,
By Thy sorrows yet to be:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10. Jesu, Holy Child Divine,
On our darkened nature shine,
Give us virtues like to Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11. Make us pure and undefiled,
Gentle, patient, loving, mild,
Trustful as a little child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12. Make us ever long to know
Where our God would have us go,
Shrinking not from toil or woe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13. May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14. May we calmly suffer blame,
Bear the cross, despise the shame,
In Thy strength and in Thy name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15. As we live, from year to year,
Jesu, be Thou ever near;
Make us like Thee, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16. Bid us come at last to Thee,
And for ever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

SERMONS.

SERMONS.

THE WISE MEN.

"Wise men from the East."—MATT. ii. 1.

THIS is the season of Epiphany!

Do you know the meaning of the word? It comes from Greek words which mean "the shining forth," or the "exhibiting." The shining forth of what?—the exhibiting of what? "Of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles."

To us, nowadays, it does not seem so very extraordinary that the Gentiles should know and worship Him who had come to save the whole world, Jews and Gentiles alike. But in those days it was something quite new that any other people than the Jews should know anything about the great God and the Messiah He was going to send to the earth.

For ages past all the nations on earth had been living in ignorance and worshipping idols, while the Jews alone, one little nation, living in a strip of land not one hundred miles broad, had known the one true and living God; and because it had pleased Almighty

God to reveal Himself to them only, to speak to them only, and to tell them only what He wished and how He loved to be worshipped, the Jews had become very proud, and instead of being very much honoured by the mercy and condescension of the great God, and instead of behaving like the children of the great Father, and telling all people how good and gracious was the Lord their God, they kept themselves apart from everybody else, and would not allow the Gentiles to worship their God. They thought it was interfering with their rights if a Gentile tried to know something about the God who had created him. But, indeed, it is sad enough to tell that the Gentiles had never shown any great anxiety to learn about the God of the Jews, but the Jews had very often learnt how to worship the idols of the Gentiles. But this was years and years before the day to which my text refers. The Jews never now worshipped the Gentiles' idols. God had cured them of that sin. For in the times of the Judges he had punished them eight times by permitting their Gentile neighbours to conquer them and make them all slaves. Yet this did not stop their love of worshipping idols. For most of the kings became idolaters, and God was so angry that He permitted the whole of the people of the land to be carried out of their towns and villages, and driven to Babylon and other foreign places. This sore punishment completely cured the Jews of idolatry. But it did not make them good and holy. For although they were no longer idolaters, they became proud and overbearing, and

thought the rest of the people in the world were far beneath them and hardly worth their notice.

What unworthy children of the great God who loved the whole world! How very unlike their heavenly Father!

I dare say you think they must have been very silly folk to be so proud, for they had very little to be proud of. The Romans were their masters: they had to pay tribute, and all their towns and fortresses were full of Roman soldiers. Yet they were very proud for all this, and kept themselves to themselves; and, like all proud people who cannot say much about their present condition, they boasted what they used to be, and what they were going to be. For they were expecting their Messiah, who was to be their great king; and when He came the Romans would soon be driven off, and they would become the grand people of the world, so they used to boast. They never thought of their souls being saved, and they never cared whether their great king was going to do good to other nations. He was to be all their own. All his power, all his glory, all his magnificence, were to be for them; and if the Gentiles had anything to do with it, they were to become slaves and servants of the great king of the Jews.

This was the mood they were in; when one day there came a very strange cavalcade through the city gate, and slowly passed along the main street of Jerusalem. Four or five camels were driven by black-bearded servants, while upon the hunches of the

camels were seated strange-looking men with very long-pointed hats without rims. They looked very grave and solemn, and yet were evidently anxious and looking for something. You see every now and then the drivers stop the camels, while the eldest of the strangers, he with the long white beard who rides the white camel with crimson trappings and with that silver chain hung with gold stars and curious devices round its neck, addresses a Jew passing down the street; but the Jew gazes at the stranger and shakes his head, he cannot understand him. But here comes a rabbi; his flowing robe and blue border tell that he is a doctor of the law. He courteously bows as the stranger speaks. Ah! the learned man understands the stranger's Eastern tongue, and points out the way to Herod's palace. For he asked, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews!" Now Herod was called the king of the Jews, not that he really was the king, but to please the Jews the Romans allowed him to be styled so, and he lived in one of the grand palaces in the city. The foreigners were brought into Herod's presence, but soon found their mistake.

They said they had come very far from "the East," that they belonged to the order of Magi, and their great study was "astronomy." They had their observatories on the top of many hills, and there their brethren watched the motion of the stars.

You will think they were not very "wise men," when I tell you that they supposed they could tell by the stars what was about to happen to any one who

consulted them. They were fortune-tellers; for they believed that everybody had a star under which he was born, and as that star was high in the heavens and shone brightly, or was approached by other stars, so the man's life would be prosperous and happy or miserable and endangered.

They had this idea, and they did their best to find out if it was true; so they watched night by night, and gave up all their time to note the motions of the stars, thinking that they were doing God's will.

There is a beautiful verse in the Bible, which promises a great blessing to any one who seriously and honestly tries to do his best to discover and do God's will. "If any man do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

I ought to tell you that these Magi, who studied men's lives, had carefully treasured the promise God made to Eve, a promise he had frequently repeated, that some day He would send a great deliverer into the world—a great man who was to conquer the evil one, and bring under his rule all the people in the world. In the books of the Magi, it was also written that this great Saviour was to be "king of the Jews."

So, for many hundreds of years, the Magi had been watching for the star which they expected would announce the birth of the great king; for they thought that such a remarkable man would have a remarkable star. Balaam was one of these Magi, and that strange prophet told Balak, king of Moab, that

"a star should rise out of Jacob." This was 1500 years before the Lord was born.

Now, my dear children, I do not want you to suppose that God will always do what people expect He will. He was not going to allow the stars to tell the Magi that Jesus was born just because they chose to believe that the stars ruled and managed people's lives; and yet the Magi knew no better,—they had no Bible, but just one promise they treasured, that the great God who lived in the deep silent sky, through which He caused the stars to move, would send a Saviour to the world—a Saviour who was to be a king, and yet who was to be sacrificed; for you remember this was the meaning of their presents. Gold for his royalty; frankincense and myrrh for his burial.

Then what did God do? He could not make the mighty planets roll, to tell the Eastern sages that his son was born, because then He would have declared that astrology was true and that the heavenly bodies had to do with the lives of men. But He caused a meteor, a bright star quite close to the earth, suddenly to appear.

The Magi at once declared it was "the star of the king of the Jews."

Oh, that you and I would only do as those "wise men" did! they at once acted on their belief, and determined to seek the new-born king and worship him. But what a journey! Hundreds of miles across burning deserts, through the countries of savage tribes, over rivers and mountains. Perhaps many of their

countrymen jeered at them, and told them what simpletons they were for going after a star, to worship a child whom they might not find after all. But on they went, on and on for nearly two years. The star went before them until they reached Judea, when they lost sight of it. That was because they could now ask their way. God never does anything for us that we can do for ourselves. So in time they came to Jerusalem, and as we saw, at last to Herod the king.

Herod was a cruel, unscrupulous man. To hear of another "king of the Jews" was sufficient to make him determine to kill his rival. Therefore he called for the rabbis, and asked them if they knew where the coming Messiah was to be born. They answered, that in the prophet Micah it was written, "The king of the Jews was to be born in Bethlehem."

The Magi left the palace, mounted their camels, and at once set out for Bethlehem. They did not visit the Temple nor stay to see any of the sights in the city; they were thinking of only one thing—finding the king. Perhaps they were wondering, now that they had found out in which town, how they should discover the very house in which He was. As they talked, suddenly right before them the star again appeared. How happy they felt! The camels were urged forward, their silver chains and bells jingling gaily. The ten miles between Jerusalem and Bethlehem seemed but half the distance It was just eventide when they entered the gate.

The crush of taking the census of the house of

David was over. The rich merchants, for whom they had "found room in the inn" upon that memorable night, had gone back to Corinth and Alexandria. The learned doctors had returned to Jerusalem, and now that caravansera, which was so crowded with the wealthy, the honourable, and the great, that there was no room for Joseph and Mary, was empty.

On moved the star until it stood still over the place where the young child was. The camels knelt down, the Magi dismounted; and the servants, bearing the presents they had brought, followed after. Perhaps they expected to have found the great one in a splendid palace, surrounded by the grandeur and dignity of royalty. But here was a poor man's child, nursed by a sweet young mother. Did they turn away disappointed, and blame themselves for coming so far only to see this?

No. They were "wise men;" they were not to be deceived by appearances; they were sure the star had led them rightly; and this little infant, now so small, so poor, so little thought of, was the great one for whom the world had waited and watched. Then they worshipped Jesus, and "opening their treasures, they presented him with gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Then they set off back again to their distant home, satisfied and happy that they had sought and found "the Saviour of the world."

Found the Saviour!—found Jesus! No trouble, no pain, no loss, is worth thinking of, if only we find Him. But I heard you say, How can I, a little child,

find Him? The Magi were "wise men,"—the Bible says so. I am ignorant, and know very little.

"Wise" does not mean "learned:" many a learned man is a very foolish man. Mr. Mill, who used to live in Blackheath Park, was a very learned man, but he was such a fool as not to believe there was a God. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Learning does not make people wise; for wisdom is the application of knowledge to life, and "wisdom," says Solomon, "is the principal thing."

The least child in this church can be wise—very wise—as wise as the Magi. For God has made a promise to us all: you will find his words in the Epistle of S. James, i. 5: "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." He will not say to you, I gave you wisdom but you did not use it, and I will give you no more, but He is always ready to give wisdom. I want you to add to your prayers in the morning, "O God, give me wisdom;" and God is sure to hear you. He will not make you learn Latin and French easily. He will not give you cleverness in doing your lessons. He will not make you play well. For He does not promise you learning—you can get that for yourself by working diligently. But He promises what you cannot get for yourself, heavenly wisdom, and his wisdom will make you live like Jesus. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy:"

pure (using no bad words), then peaceable (no quarrellings), gentle (not boisterous and rough), easy to be entreated (always ready to obey), full of mercy (always kind and loving) and good fruits (anxious to give to others), without partiality (wrangling—wishing to please everybody), and without hypocrisy (truthful, honest, straightforward). Oh! what a happy father and mother, what happy brothers and sisters, to have a wise boy, a wise girl, in the house! How happy that boy or that girl who has this heavenly wisdom! My dear children, why not be happy? You may be, you will be, if you only ask God for his wisdom: then you will find Jesus in everything; not in the great palaces of life, but in the humble places—the cottages. You will find Jesus in all your little duties. You will be asked to obey many times a day. Think Jesus is in that obedience, and you will do it so cheerfully. You will be required to bear: you will feel irritated, vexed, impatient, and cross. Think of Jesus: you will find him there; and the wisdom which is from above will steal over you, and will make you gentle, and easy to be entreated. So with everything else. He is everywhere: where people least expect Him, there those who have wisdom find Him, and worship Him all their lives long.

CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION.

"The children of the resurrection."—LUKE xx. 3.

RESURRECTION is a very hard word, but it has a very simple meaning—"rising again." When anything which was once in existence, which had once lived, gave up its existence and laid down dead, then if that dead thing "rose up again" to life, we should say that it had had a "resurrection." Only things which once lived can ever be said to live again; and therefore, it is only live things which can ever have a resurrection.

If ever you go to the British Museum or the South Kensington Museum, you will see very many antiquities—statues which the old Assyrians had chiselled, or the Greeks or Romans had made, hundreds of years ago. For many, many years they lay covered with mounds of earth and rubbish; but at length they were found and brought to light again: but no one would say those statues, as they stand so quiet and still, are "children of a resurrection." Some of them are so beautifully cut and chiselled that they seem as if they could speak; but yet they have never spoken, and never will; they are "hard, cold, dead stone." They never "arose," but always remained where they were placed; so when the grand city tumbled into ruins, or the angry conquerors knocked the statue off its pedestal, there it lay, none the worse off because the ruins

were above it. It never knew what life was, and therefore could not die; neither could it "rise again," but wait for some Layard to unearth it. So to have a resurrection there must have been life.

Spring-time is a resurrection-time. Last autumn the leaves turned yellow, and then shrivelled, and then fell from the trees, and dry and crisp we trod them underfoot; by-and-by, as winter drew on, we lost sight of them. Where had they gone? When the wind blew at the end of October, clouds of leaves fled before the gusts; but the wind, at the end of December, could not find a single leaf to sport with. Where had the multitude of sere leaves gone? They had decayed, and become part of the soil; and now the new green leaves which the trees are putting forth are made of the old leaves which decayed last year; so you see the dead leaves have a resurrection. No doubt in your own little garden you have been sowing flower seeds. Look at the little hard round seed, almost like a grain of sand: it cannot feel, or hear, or see, or move; and yet God has put to sleep a wonderful spirit in that little dwelling-place,—we call it *life*. The spirit will slumber for years. There is growing in my garden some pulse, which was brought from Babylon. A stone coffin was lately discovered in the ruins of the great city. The inscription on it told that the Chaldean, who was buried in it, lived when Daniel was in Babylon, and in the coffin were some peas—that very "pulse" which Daniel and his three friends ate in preference to the royal dainties. The life-spirit had

slept in the seeds, hundreds, aye, thousands of years; and yet when sown in England, the spirit awoke and rose again to do its work: there was a resurrection.

Yes, and animals too may seem to be dead, and yet they are not, but only sleep. I do not mean only bears and dormice and other animals which sleep during the winter, and then awake when the spring comes round. But I can tell you of certain little creatures—the rotifers, which live in water, which can be taken out and dried, and then when placed in the water again after so long a time as two years, they begin to swim about as though their life had never been interrupted: surely we may say, "they have a resurrection."

I only tell you these things, dear children, in order that you may see that dying and coming to life again is not so very uncommon as some people think. But no doubt you will say, "Yes! but the snowdrop bulbs, and the violet roots, and the flower seeds, and the rotifers are not really dead, but only seem to be dead; but when people die, how can they come to life again?"

But perhaps people who die are no more dead than the little dried rotifers; for being "dead" does not mean having gone into nothing, but all it means is, "being in a separated state," the soul is separated from the body, but neither is the soul gone into nothing nor yet the body.

If you want to know what becomes of the soul and body, look at the 2nd verse of Isaiah lvii. It is a beautiful verse.

"He shall go in peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his presence."

The soul goes to be in God's presence, and the body sleeps in the grave just as it so often slept in its bed; sleeps until Jesus comes to wake it. Then shall that same body come up out of its resting-place quite refreshed for the work of the Lord's day, and very different in many things.

When the Lord Jesus rose from his grave and appeared to his disciples, his body, although it was the same body which had been nailed to the cross, for there were the marks of the nails in his hands, and the hole was still in his side, where the soldier had wantonly thrust in his spear, yet what wonderful things it could do! The first Sunday night after his crucifixion, the disciples were all in one room, and they had fastened the door, for they were afraid that the chief priests, when they had killed the Master, would try to kill his disciples; yet, although "the door was shut," Jesus suddenly entered and stood in the midst. That was not a miracle, but it was what your body and my body will be able to do when we rise out of our graves. How often do I wish I was in some lovely scene, among the Alps or on the Italian lakes, or in the lovely valleys of Japan, where I have sometimes been! And how often do you wish you were at home, perhaps miles away from here; you can see the very room where your mother and father, and brothers and sisters, are; you can almost think you hear what they are talking about, or what they would

all say if you opened the door and went in among them. But you cannot go, your body hinders you; you must be carried by the railway, and by steamboat, and by cabs for a long time before you reach the place to which your mind can go in a second, your body chains you, clogs you. But it will not be always so: when we rise from our graves, our bodies, as St. Paul says, will "be changed," and we shall be able to pass from one place to another, as we wish; we shall be able to go here or there, just as we like. Oh! what a great day for us, when our bodies will no longer hold us and keep us back, but our bodies will just do as we like! They are our masters now, but then they will be our servants.

But when?—when? On the morning of the resurrection.

The Bible tells us there will be two resurrections. The Lord Jesus will come, He will appear suddenly; nobody will expect Him any more than we expect Him to come this afternoon; and yet He will appear in the sky above us, coming to our earth just as the disciples saw Him ascend. Only when He went away, He rose up into the sky alone; but when He comes, there will be thousands with Him: all the good people who have ever lived will come, and their bodies will rise from their graves, and they will meet Jesus, and live with Him on the earth for a thousand years. All this time the other dead people will sleep on, and they will not awake till the archangel calls them to come to judgment. No wonder St. John says,

"Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first resurrection." These are "the children of the resurrection."

It does not mean to say they are all children, though I should think there will be more children far than grown-up people; but all these are "the friends of Jesus;" they are those who tried to be like Him, who were obedient like children, who were believing and trusting like children, who were simple and innocent like children. Then again, children do not know much: all you are learning you are only beginning to learn; you know very little. So these good people tried to learn something of God and of Jesus Christ; but they only learned very little before they died, and now that they are with Him, seeing Him face to face, listening to all he says, watching all he does, hearing what the angels knew about Him long before our world was made they begin to learn more; they are like children at school, "children of the resurrection."

Oh! what a blessed, happy thing it will be to be with Jesus! Happy children—for children have no anxiety, no cares. You often see your father looking tired and anxious, and your mother and he talking seriously and earnestly together; but you are never troubled, you have your breakfast, and dinner, and tea, and clothes, and pocket-money, and seldom or never think where they come from, because it is one of your privileges never to be anxious: and it will just be so with the children of the resurrection; we shall be with Jesus the king, and never have another

sigh or another tear, or another fear or anxiety, but happy—happy for ever.

When the Lord Jesus took his dear disciple and friend into heaven, and permitted him to see the throne of the King and all the glorious angels and servants of the King, he saw one magnificent crowd close to the Lord: they were in dazzling white, and looked so splendid and beautiful, that St. John was struck with surprise and gazed at them for a long time. One of the angels, seeing his astonishment, came up to him and said, "Who do you think are those arrayed in white robes?" John answered, "Sir, I cannot tell: thou knowest." How pleased the angel was to tell him, that brightest and best in that bright place were the "children of the resurrection"—the people who had once lived on earth, and had believed in Jesus! No doubt, if John had gone a little nearer, he would have found many of his friends—his brother James and Peter and all his fellow-disciples.

Oh! happy "children of the resurrection," so near Jesus, so near God!

Does not every one here hope to join that company and walk in white?

How are we then to become the "children of the resurrection"? First of all the word of God says, "These are they who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what does that mean? It means that every one of the "children of the resurrection" must have often knelt down and asked Jesus Christ to take away all

their sins; and when any one asks the Lord Jesus to take away their sins, He does it at once; He says, "I forgive." He died upon the cross, He shed his blood, to give Him power to say that; and the moment we ask, all the blackness of our hearts is turned to whiteness, and God looks upon us and loves us, and we become "children of the resurrection," and one day "we shall walk with Him in white; for we are worthy."

But perhaps you say, "Is that all I have to do—just ask Jesus Christ to forgive me?" Yes, that is all; but you must ask earnestly, and the proof that you are in earnest will be shown by your hating sin, and trying to do better. The "children of the resurrection" are rising with Christ all day long.

Many boys, when they leave school, go to pass an examination, perhaps for college, or for the Indian civil service, or for Woolwich, or for the army. Now if you asked the master who had taught the boy, if he thought he would pass, he would be able to tell you almost certainly; and if you asked him how he knew, he would say, "Because I have often examined him, and I therefore know what he can do;" and those boys and girls who are at the top of their classes, and always do well at their school-examinations, are sure to do well at any great examination. Just so is it with the "children of the resurrection;" those who rise now, will rise then. Rise now! How can any one rise now? Rise above everything which is wrong, and do right. Perhaps you don't like to obey; but if you overcome yourself, and run cheerfully, or do what you are asked

at once, you are a "child of the resurrection"—you are rising. Perhaps you have a hasty temper;—if you restrain yourself, and answer with the soft tongue, you are a "child of the resurrection:" or you are proud—you don't like this schoolfellow, or that; you love to have things better than the rest—prettier dresses, better books, more money;—if you conquer yourself, and learn to be humble and loving, you are a "child of the resurrection." Or perhaps you are selfish; you like to keep things for yourself, you are not fond of giving away or lending what you have. If you fight against yourself and make yourself liberal, and kind, and generous, you are a "child of the resurrection." Or perhaps you are lazy; you don't like to "get up in a morning," or you don't like to work hard at your lessons, but you dawdle and waste your time. Ah! if you are a "child of the resurrection," you will rise above that, and try to work, as God would have you work—always your best and hardest. Determine to be a "child of the resurrection." Determine to "rise," and be more like Jesus—to live like He lived, not for Himself, but to help and please others. See how many kind words and kind things you can do this week. Always think, "I am a child of the resurrection." I must be rising: and if you practise that rising now, you will rise when Jesus comes, and live with Him for ever.

THE INTERCESSOR.

"He ever liveth to make intercession."—Heb. vii. 25.

THE last time we met together, we went to that rich man's garden near the hill of Calvary, and saw the cave dug out of the solid rock; and there was the great stone which had closed the cave's mouth when Jesus was laid in it. The lumps of sealing-wax, with the strips of parchment, the other ends of which had been fastened to the rock, were all there. The sepulchre was empty! Jesus had risen! We thought that as He had risen, so should we; and although some day our friends, weeping over us, would lay us in the grave, yet the grave would not hold us for ever, any more than the ground covers for ever the flower seed which the gardener dropped into it; but just as the life of the seed began its work and built up the blade, then the stem, then the bud, then the blossom, and then the beautiful flower, so we "all shall be changed," and some bright day we shall come out of our graves all beautiful and radiant—we shall scarcely know each other. The Bible tells us we shall "shine like the stars;" and the other people in heaven—the angels—and, for aught I know, the people of other worlds—will "wonder at us," though perhaps not so much at us as at the beauty of the Lord, who will be in us.

After Jesus had risen, He did not go away into heaven at once—and if He did He came back again very soon—for in the morning, when He saw Mary close to his grave, He told her not to touch Him for He had not ascended to God. Then I suppose He did ascend, and came back again the same day; for that day he walked to Emmaus with the two disciples; he saw Simon Peter, too; and then, at night, He appeared to all the disciples assembled together.

And from that day He remained on earth for six weeks; and in order that his disciples might be quite sure that He was "alive again," He showed Himself to them very often and at all times; so that they never knew when He was coming, for He might come at any moment; and I think that there was not a single man, or woman, or child, who believed in Jesus, who did not see Him in those six weeks: five hundred saw him near Capernaum, and one hundred and twenty in Judea; but not one of the Jews—not one of those who did not believe—saw Him.

The day on which Jesus left the earth, He was with his friends in Jerusalem. They left the house where they were staying, walked through the streets of the city to the gate now called St. Stephen's Gate—and no one who met them knew Jesus; for it was one of the wonders of his resurrection body that no one could know Him except those who loved Him. I am not sure even if they could see Him. If Caiaphas, or Pilate, or the man who pierced Him, had met the little company of country-looking men, they would not

have recognised Jesus; and perhaps if they had counted the company, they would not have counted rightly—they would have said there were eleven, when there really were twelve; for Jesus was there—only they could not see Him.

So the eleven disciples, with the Master, passed through the archway in the thick wall of the city, and descended by the steep path into the valley of Jehoshaphat; they crossed the brook Cedron, entered the garden of Gethsemane, and slowly walked up the mount of Olives. Jesus was talking to them all the way, and when they reached the top of the hill they stopped to rest, and to look at the city—the holy city once, the wicked city now; He perhaps told them how the Romans would soon come and break down the walls, and burn the houses, and make the beautiful city a heap of black ruins. And then they turned their backs upon Jerusalem, and began to descend the other side of the hill, by the path which led to the little village whose cottages you might see among the clustering palm-trees. They had just reached the bottom of the slope when Jesus stopped. He had said his last word—it was not "good-bye," it was not with sadness and regrets—that He must go. But when He had told them not to leave Jerusalem until "the other Comforter," the Holy Spirit, should come upon them, He lifted up his hands to bless them, and as He was blessing them He rose up from the ground—higher—higher. Wonder-struck, they gazed after him; quietly, calmly, He was going up into the

blue sky; his hands were still stretched out blessing them, and his face was bent down looking so kindly and lovingly on them. And that was the last sight they had of the Master; for a bright cloud, which the angels brought to hide the gate of heaven, received the Lord; and out of the cloud came two shining ones, who told the disciples they need not look any longer, or expect Jesus again for some time; but some day, said the angel, He shall come just as you have seen Him go.

And then the disciples returned to Jerusalem—not weeping,—no, not even sorrowful; but actually full of joy. Joy! perhaps because they thought now the Master will soon return to be a great king, and we shall all be his ministers and great men; or perhaps their joy came because they were certain where Jesus was. It is always nice to be quite sure of anything, and it is never pleasant to be in doubt. They never would now be anxious to see Him; they never now expected Him suddenly to appear amongst them as He had done for forty days. For they knew He had gone into heaven. And perhaps there was another thing which made them happy. They now felt the reality of the other world. When any of their friends had died, the soul, the spirit—they did not know what—had gone away into the unseen world; but they saw nothing go. Now they knew that the other world must be real, for the Master was in it—in it with his body and his clothes. He was there just as He used to be here: it was a great pleasure to

know this. And no wonder they rejoiced to feel that, when they died, they would go where the Master was —to a bright, happy place; where, too, were the men in bright apparel, who came out of the cloud.

Oh! if they could have seen behind the bright cloud!—seen thousands and tens of thousands of God's angels, all standing in bright ranks, ready to conduct Jesus—not now the Man of sorrows, despised, rejected, bruised, but the King of a new glory, a King of new worlds, the King of all things, the great Conqueror who had been out to battle with Satan for a world—and perhaps for many worlds—and had come back to heaven and his throne victorious! Oh! to have heard that shout as they drew near to the gates of the city of the Lord! "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and let the King of glory in."

The warders on the walls of the city demanded, "Who is this King of glory?" And again the host replied with a mighty shout, "The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory." So Jesus entered, and is now for ever sat down upon the throne of God.

But perhaps you think it strange that Jesus should leave the friends He loved so well. Would it not have been better and happier for us all if He always lived on earth, so that those who wanted comfort might go to Him and receive his blessing, be cured of their diseases, and made happy?

He once told his disciples why it was that He wished to leave earth and go back again to heaven, and enjoy

that "glory which He had with the Father before the world was made." But He did not say that it was because He wished to leave this cold dark earth, and live in his beautiful heaven. He did not say He was tired of wandering about from village to village, and cottage to cottage, and longed to be happy again in his eternal home, surrounded by his faithful angels and listening to their glorious anthems. No! Jesus never did a single thing in his life to please Himself. It was not to please Himself He came down from heaven; and it was not to please Himself that He ascended back to heaven. He came for our good, and He went because it was best for us. He said to his disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away."

And is it not better for us? If Jesus had been in Palestine, or even in England, to-day, how many could have seen Him?

Everybody likes to see the queen, and whenever her Majesty goes anywhere thousands crowd to see her; but there are millions of people who have never yet seen her, and never will. So if the Lord Jesus had been here, how few could possibly see Him; and those who got closest to Him would keep away others. But now everybody in the world can come close to Him, and the approach of one does not hinder the coming of another. We all can come. He is in this church, and you can speak to Him; He is in the missionaries' church in India too, and there they are speaking to Him. He listens to them and to us, because He is above us all in heaven. So it is expe-

dient for us that He should be in heaven, and not on earth.

But He is in heaven, not for his own pleasure, but He is doing work for us! He is there for us: "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

I suppose the most valuable thing anybody can have in this life is a true friend, a friend who loves us, to whom we can go and tell everything—a friend who is always pleased to see us, and with whom we are always happy. Perhaps you have a great friend—some one of your schoolfellows whom you like better than any one else. If you have, you know what a happy, pleasant thing it is to have a friend. We all want friends, and a man without friends is miserable. There once was a North American Indian chief, who was very friendly to the white settlers, and was so useful that the government gave him a farm. So he left his tribe, and came out of the prairies with his little child, and settled down in the farm. The white people who were in the farms near him, although they did not dislike the Indian, yet, because he had a red skin, none of them would be friends with him. The poor chief was greatly distressed, he felt so lonely and desolate; and when he came in from his clearing, he would take his little daughter on his knee, and the two strangers in the white men's country would love each other. But one hot summer the little girl died. None of the neighbours came to comfort the poor father, and he dug a grave in the corner of his garden, and alone by himself laid the body of his child in it. And

now he had no friend! His hut was silent and solitary. At last he could bear it no longer, and going to the white men he said, "When your child died, the Indian chief was sorry, and helped to bury him. When my child died, no one spoke to me; I made her grave alone. I cannot live here: I've got no friend."

That night the red man dug up the body of his little daughter, left his farm, and carried his sad burden two hundred miles through the forest, to the village of wigwams where his tribe lived. He had rather become a savage again, than live without a friend! And if it is such a pleasant thing to have a friend, how much more pleasant is it if our friend is very powerful and rich, and can give us all we want and wish for!

There was once a man who had three friends. He had lived near them for many years, when one day officers from the king came to put him to death; for an enemy had made the king believe that he was a traitor.

The poor man was in great distress; his wife and children clung round him to prevent his going, but the officers had their commands to take him before the king. He determined, however, to go to his friends and ask them to accompany him, and beg the king to spare his life. The friend he had known the longest refused to go; the next said he would go to the gate of the palace, and do his best to cheer him, but he could not go in to the king; while the friend he had thought least of not only accompanied him to the king's

palace, but, being a friend of the king, he went into the royal presence and asked the king for his sake to spare the life of his friend; and the king, smiling, graciously pardoned the condemned man, because one whom the king loved interceded for him.

We all have got those three friends. The friend many trust the most, and think the best, is the world, their money, and their houses, and their things, and their pleasures, and their business: but when they have to go to God—when death comes—the world will not help them; the houses stay where they are; the money rests in the banks; the pleasures they have no heart for; their business is nothing without them, and now they cannot attend to it. So the world will not go with them to intercede with the great King for their life; and the friend they have loved perhaps the best now proves worthless. Never trust the world.

But we have another friend rather better than the things of the world: that friend is the love of our neighbour. But when the King's messenger comes to summon us away, and we dread with all our sins to go into God's presence, our friends come round us, and weep as we are dying, they hold our hands; but they cannot accompany us farther than the gate of the king's palace.

So we turn to our other Friend—the Friend who has loved us longest and best, although we cared but little for Him, and seldom sought Him, or seldom thought of Him, or seldom loved to be in his company. That other friend is Jesus. He stands at the gate of the

great King's palace, ready to take us to the King; and there He will ask the King to forgive us all the wrong and sin we have done, and to love us for his sake. And the King, who loves his Son dearly, always grants whatever He asks. And so we are taken to live in the King's city, and become the King's friends, because the King's Son is our friend. This is why Jesus lives in heaven, that He may intercede for us; and every good thing that God gives—all your happiness, your kind parents, your pleasant school, your health, your joys—all come because your friend Jesus intercedes for you. And every prayer you pray goes right up to God; but He never would hear it—your prayer is so full of selfishness and sin, and perhaps so foolish that if it were granted it would be very bad for you. So Jesus takes your prayer, and makes it his own; and He prays it to the Father, and God grants his prayer, gives Him what He asks, and then Jesus gives it to you. "He ascended up on high, that He might lead captivity captive, and receive gifts for men."

You very often have said the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father." Who made up the "our"? Why did you not say, "My Father"? Because your prayer could not reach God, if you only prayed it yourself.

When you really pray the Lord's Prayer, Jesus, the Intercessor, takes you as it were by the hand, and, leading you to the throne of grace, He says to God, "Our Father:" and because He makes Himself one with you, makes your prayer his prayer, you have your prayer answered.

Always therefore think of Jesus when you pray. Ask Him to go with you to God and intercede for you; and He always is ready to do that. For He ever liveth for that purpose, "to make intercession for us."

And He said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

THE RANDOM SHOT.

"A certain man drew a bow at a venture."—1 KINGS xxii. 34.

THE posts had ridden all through the land. Israel as well as Judah—even from Dan to Beersheba—had heard that the kings were going up to "Ramoth-gilead," to take the city from the Syrians.

All hastened to obey the call. The quiet villages were full of bustle; the homesteads on Mount Carmel, the shepherd hamlets on the plain of Esdraelon, the fishers' huts on the sea of Cinnereth, all sent forth their sons to the war. Many a mother kissed her boy for the last time; and many a wife parted with her husband, never to see him again.

Samaria, the gathering-place, was full of stir. The brazen trumpets clamoured all day long; troops galloped to and fro from the palace. The hosts of Judah were encamped under the town walls, while the soldiers of Israel were billeted in the city. Every day the bands were trained, the chariots were yoked, mimic battles were fought upon the plain. Ahab and Jehoshaphat, with the captains of their hosts, reviewed the armies. All now was ready for the march. Soon they reached the Jordan. The infantry and cavalry crossed by the fords, while the chariots and waggons passed over on bridges of rafts. The Syrians have been warned of the attack.

Naaman has rapidly marshalled his host: leaving Damascus by forced marches, he has arrived to succour the besieged city. Both armies are watching each other. The camp fires light up the darkness of the night. To-morrow they are to fight the battle. There were some men of Israel—not many perhaps—who thought of the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel. They thought of the time when the pillar of fire gave Israel light by night, but was a cloud of darkness to their enemies. They thought of how many battles God had given them, how often He had fought for his people: they prayed that on the morrow the Lord might be on their side: the pious soldier committed his wife and little ones into God's hand, and then lay down for a little sleep before the trumpet sounded to arms.

But I am sure that there were more pious soldiers among the people of Judah than among the men of Israel; for Jehoshaphat, the king of Judah, was a good man, and loved and worshipped the Lord. But Ahab, the king of Israel, was very wicked. Just before he had left Samaria he had put one of the Lord's prophets in prison, because he told him that he would fall in the battle. He and his wife Jezabel had long given up worshipping the Lord, and they taught their subjects to worship the sun, whom they called Baal. So you may be sure very few soldiers in Ahab's army prayed to the Lord that night.

I wonder such a good man as Jehoshaphat should ever have been such a friend of wicked Ahab. No

good can come of keeping bad company. Solomon says, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed;" and Jehoshaphat was very nearly killed, for the Syrians thought he was Ahab, and all the chariots surrounded him, and he would have fallen. But, it beautifully says in the book of Chronicles, "Jehoshaphat cried out, and the Lord helped him, and God moved them to depart from him."

The two kings supped together on the eve of the battle, and then Ahab told Jehoshaphat that he should put off his splendid robes, and not drive in his royal chariot; but that he should go into the battle, and fight like one of his captains. As soon as it was light the armies were astir; and before the sun was up above the mountains of Gilead, the battle had begun. There were no cannons to roar in those days; but the horses were neighing, the men were shouting, the trumpets were clamouring. God's word describes it best: "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood."

But look at that Syrian archer. Already he has shot many arrows into the rushing host of Israel; his quiver slung upon his shoulder is half empty; now he takes another. What a slender stem! It is a reed which once grew in the sedge on the banks of the Pharpar—only a reed!—a little child might easily snap it. And look at the long bright point, made of the celebrated Damascus steel. Now the archer fits the arrow to the bowstring. His strong

arm bends the bow into a semicircle. Look! he does not take a steady aim, but thinks he'll shoot into that crowd of men. Twang goes the bow. The arrow hisses as it flies through the air; but the arm was strong, the bow was good, and the aim was high. So the arrow went beyond the band; and it might have fallen harmlessly into the ground. But see, here gallops a chariot! Two slaves, standing on the pole, drive the foaming horses. The warrior is clad in bright armour. Many a Syrian he has laid low with that long spear, now crimson with blood. He is hurrying to aid the band at which the archer has shot. The chariot-wheel passes over a stone; the warrior throws up his arm to balance himself. It is but for a moment. How quickly he lowers his arm again! Ah! it is too late now, for the arrow of the Syrian soldier has entered the open place in the armour, beneath his arm, and it is fast in his side! The horses are turned; the wounded man is carried out of the battle. As he is taken along, several of the captains come to his assistance. They have taken off his helmet. You now see who it is! No wonder they are anxious, and try to stop the blood. It is useless—the red tide flows on. The king becomes weaker and weaker, and just as the sun is sinking the wicked Ahab dies. A great king, who had set himself to disobey the Lord of hosts all his life long —who was proud, daring, and sinful—is killed by a soldier whose name even we do not know, and who never thought that the slender reed he shot would

enter the heart of the king, and gain the battle for the Syrians.

So we see what a great thing may come from a small cause. And it seems to be God's plan—to teach us how it is impossible for us to guide our own lives—that He has made all great things to come from little causes. Nobody can regulate and watch over every little thing he does all day long, and yet all the little things are so many seeds, they all help to make the harvest we shall one day gather; and when the Lord of the harvest comes, you and I, and all of us, will meet Him with our sheaves. Some sheaves will be gathered into the barns; and some, alas! cast into the fire: the good wheat goes into the barn, and the tares—the degenerate wheat—into the fire! Then how are we to be sure that all the little words and little things which we do by thousands, without thinking about them, are right and good; that if they are little beginnings, their endings may be like themselves—good and right?

One fine autumn day, before the corn was cut, a farmer was standing on the road looking over the hedge at his splendid field of wheat—

> "Which stood, like a golden ocean,
> Becalmed upon the plain."

A neighbour passed by. "Well, Farmer Johnson," said he, "it always puzzles me to know how it is that your wheat is always so much better than mine?"—"I really can hardly tell, Friend Stephen,

except it be, as I told you last year, that I steep my corn before I sow it."—"And so you did tell me; and I did steep my wheat last spring, and I don't see it's much the better for it."—"Ay, but neighbour, what did you steep the seed in?"—"Why in water, of course," replied Farmer Stephen; "what else should I steep it in?"—"Ah! friend," said his good neighbour, laying his hand on his shoulder, "that is not quite what I meant. Next year steep your seed in prayer before you sow it, and God will bless it, and give you a good crop."

So, my young friends, if you and I want a good harvest from all the little words we say, and all the little things we do, we must "steep the words and the things in prayer." I do not mean to say we must be all day long upon our knees; but we must learn to say continually David's prayer: "Set, O Lord, a watch at the door of my lips;" or, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength." And you remember what St. Paul tells us: "Whatsoever you do, whether ye eat or drink"—all the little every-day things—"do it unto the Lord." Try always to bear in mind—I am God's servant; I cannot do as I like, for I am not my own. I have a cross on my forehead, which the angels can see. I am one of the army which Jesus Christ commands, and all day long I ought to keep my eye on the General, to learn what I ought to do, and to get help in doing it. And who are the best servants? Not those who only think of the

chief things of their service, but those who are always thoughtful about little things. So God loves his servants to be careful in little things. For with Him nothing is little: all things are important. It is only such short-sighted, foolish people as we are who think some things very important and other things small and insignificant. But see how God works with little things! He created the world with a word. He only said, "Let there be light;" and all the wise men in the world have been unable to tell the beauty and the power and the value of that light, which one word of God caused to come. Eve only took an apple, and the whole world fell, and was ruined. God called for the drops of rain; and one came after another, until the world was drowned by rain-drops. Noah and his family were saved by such a simple thing as an ark—a great clumsy vessel, without a rudder and without a sail. Egypt was kept from starving by a slave-boy. Naaman, the great general, was sent to Elijah by a little girl, and healed of his terrible disease by only dipping in a river seven times. The soldier's arrow, shot at random, killed a great king. The chief apostle was brought to his knees by the crow of a cock. By the death of one, God saves us all; and for such a little, common, worthless thing as a thought He gives us the kingdom of heaven and everlasting life. "Believe and thou shalt be saved."

Solomon said very truly that, "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." What may a single word do!

There was once dining at a friend's house a gentleman who was, to say the least, careless about religion. After dinner the little daughter of the host came into the room. She was a pretty little thing, only three or four years old; and as she stood half-way between the door and the stranger, she looked quite a picture in her white frock and broad blue sash and light flaxen curls. The gentleman held out his arms, and asked her to come to him and give him a kiss. She at once obeyed; and as she sat on his knee, she looked up into his face and said, "Does you love God?" He was so surprised he could not answer. And again she asked, "Does you love God?" That little question asked by a little child was like the Syrian's arrow; it pierced his heart that hitherto had been cased in steel. The arrow left a wound, but the balm of Gilead healed it; and that man's sorrow was turned into joy—eternal joy—and the instrument was the word of a baby-girl. And if little words have such an effect, to what may the least act lead to?

A boy accidentally threw over a lamp in a stable. The blazing paraffine ran among the straw: the place was on fire in an instant. Up shot the flames above the wooden roof; they were caught by the stormy wind, then hurried from building to building; the very air became red hot; and in one night a great city—the Corinth of our times—was well-nigh destroyed. And there, in those five square miles of the smoking ruins of Chicago, the world may learn "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Yes,

we never know what may come of our least word or least act.

Then, my dear young friends, let you and me always be sure that no harm can come of what we say or do, by taking care that all our words are good words, true words, kind words, gentle words; and that all our deeds are such as Jesus would love, and the angels like to see us doing. Don't let us be selfish and cross, but always giving way to others; never doing things to please ourselves—for Jesus pleased not Himself—but let us be always trying to please those around us.

Then, whatever may come of our words or example, it must be good. God will give his blessing to it, and make us happy in being like his dearly loved Son here, and then receive us to his own beautiful home at last.

And as we look about us in heaven—the magnificence of the city, the splendour of the palaces, the glory of the place, the brightness of the people, the happiness of ourselves and of our friends, no more crying, no more trouble, no more sadness, no more night, no more sin, but glory, glory, glory, for ever and ever!—we shall say to each other, "Oh how wonderful God is, who can bring such greatness out of such meanness, and make such happy beings out of such poor, weak little children as we used to be on earth!"

FOOLS.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."—PROV. i. 7.

EVERYBODY in the world is either foolish or wise. If you and I went to the shop of a Hindoo, and there saw the man who owned the shop kneeling down before the stool on which he sat, to pray it to send him customers to buy his goods, and if we saw, as often we might see, the man put a little rice in a saucer, and place it on the floor before his stool, I think we should say, "What a silly, foolish man, to think the stool could be pleased with the rice, or send customers to his shop!"

Or if we went to Mecca, and watched the pilgrims, who had come hundreds of miles, kiss the "black stone" in the wall of the great mosque, and go home happy and joyful, because they supposed their sins had gone out of their hearts into the stone to make it blacker, I think we should say, "Foolish Mahometans, to be so silly as to think that a kiss could send away the sins of the soul, and a dead stone could become black with the sins of men!"

Or if we came nearer home—if we entered any of the churches in Spain, or Italy, or France, we should find, before a smartly dressed image of the Virgin, a piece of board held up by an iron rod, so as

to make a little table; into the board were driven many sharp pieces of iron wire, and upon some of them were stuck tallow and wax candles, and these were burning away. At the door of the church, generally inside the church, sat a woman selling the candles.

The foolish people think that when they pray to the Virgin Mary, she will be more likely to hear and answer their prayer if they put a burning candle before her image to remind her of what they had asked. I think we may say of them, "Foolish people!"

But if we come quite home, do you think we shall be able to find any foolish people here? or do you think we could find any foolish boys or girls, or men or women, in this church this afternoon? Let us see.

Did you ever hear of a queer old philosopher who lived in Athens; and while the great and the rich were building fine houses, Diogenes chose to live in a tub: and flocks of people used to come to the wise man's tub, not to laugh and make fun of him, but to listen to his words of wisdom?

Well! one day Diogenes lit a lantern and sallied forth out of his tub; and as he walked through the streets, he held the lantern in the faces of the people he met. They asked him "what he was doing," and he answered, "I'm looking for an honest man;" and I don't know that I ever heard he found one to his liking in all the city. David says, that "God's word is a lantern." Let us take the Bible, and go out and

see if we can find, by its light, who are wise and who are foolish. Its directions are very plain: here is one—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." I dare say you can hardly believe it, but there are some people who actually say that "there is no God." They will tell you that all the beautiful flowers, the wonderful animals, the glorious sun, the far-off stars, all came by chance! That this marvellous body of ours, so marvellous that although men have been examining it, and taking it to pieces for hundreds of years, yet no one has found out one of its many secrets; and yet there are men who will tell you that no one made us—we grew by chance. Don't you think the Bible is quite right in saying those men "are fools"?

When Galen, a great physician, was a young man, he was inclined to think there was no God. But he began to study anatomy, and after seeing the marvellous construction of the human body, the historian says, "He fell into a fit of devotion, and wrote a hymn to the Creator."

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Such men are called infidels, that is, "unbelievers;" or "atheists," that is, those who "have no God." If you ever meet one, you will find that he will ask you questions which human reason cannot answer, and which, he therefore thinks are unanswerable; and yet the infidel is very easily answered, if you are ready with your "word in season."

A poor man was returning from his church one

Sunday afternoon. As he walked slowly along the road, he was overtaken by a quick-walking, gentlemanly dressed young man, who spoke to him as he came up. "So," he said, "you've been to the church yonder, my good man, have you?"

"Yes, sir," said the old man, resting on his stick, and looking his questioner in the face.

"And what have you been there for?"

"To worship God," was the quiet reply.

"Now, can you tell me, for I am anxious to know," said the infidel, "how big or how little God is?"

"Yes, sir," answered the old man, "yes, sir. He's so big, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; and He's so little, that he can enter and live in my heart."

There are a great many of these "fools" who deny the existence of God; and, as in all other companies, some have been found more wicked, and daring, and blasphemous than others. So Voltaire, the Frenchman, Paine and Hume, the Englishmen, and Gibbon, the historian, are among the chief Infidels. Voltaire and Paine died in frightful remorse, and would have given all the world to have destroyed all their books. It is a silent proof how God can bring to nought the "folly of fools," to know that the very printing-press which printed Voltaire's books is used, or was used, to print Bibles at Geneva; that the very estate which Gibbon bought in Switzerland with the profits of his History is now in the possession of one of his descendants, who spends most of his income in pub-

lishing that very gospel Gibbon did his best to overthrow; and the first Bible Society in Edinburgh held its first meeting in the very room in which David Hume died. All I have to say to you, with regard to infidels, atheists, and sceptics, Fools, is this—Remember the words of Solomon, "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Don't listen to their questions; don't heed their suggestions: hold your Bible fast, and let no one make you doubt that there is a single word, from Genesis to Revelation, which is not a word from the true God to your heart; and if I speak to any here who are tempted by Satan to doubt, don't do the devil's work by telling others of your doubts, but go to some good man, of whose Christianity the neighbourhood is assured, and tell him, and God will give him a word of peace for you.

Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, says a great deal about "fools" in the two books he wrote—"Proverbs and Ecclesiastes." He mentions them a hundred times or more.

I cannot say all he said, but when you go home try to find all the verses in which "fools" and "folly" and "foolishness" are mentioned; and then you will be able to know if you are foolish or wise. Yes! it is not only infidels who are foolish, but alas! many professing Christians, many who come to church, are foolish—very foolish.

How many have come here this afternoon to offer what Solomon calls "the sacrifice of fools"? It is a very solemn thing to worship God. Perhaps if you could

only have your eyes opened, as Elijah's servant had when he was that morning upon the walls of Dothan, you would see round you splendid angels, all robed in light; and this church, which looks so empty above you, and the sky, which seems to have nothing in it, all filled with God's host. Many of them used to be here, and we know them well! All of them full of praise and worship; all of them bowing down low before the holy presence of the Lord. And we too are come with that "innumerable company of angels," that "cloud of witnesses," to the same Lord; but while our lips speak to Him our minds are not thinking what we are saying; and while we are kneeling before Him, our eyes are looking about the church; and while we are singing his praises, some only pretend to sing, and some think of the tune, and some think how their neighbours are singing, and some stand and don't sing at all: and all this is while we are close before the great God, with all his angels.

Was not Solomon right in saying that those who come to church only because it was Sunday, come without preparation, without thought, without prayer —come only "to offer the sacrifice of fools"? If the companion of fools is to be destroyed, what do you think will happen to the fools themselves?

The Lord Jesus once said that professing Christians were very like ten bridesmaids, who waited to accompany the bridegroom to the house of their friend whom he was going to marry. But for some reason or other he did not come as soon as these ten virgins expected.

It was the fashion in that country for marriages to take place at night. Here the law requires that marriages should be performed in the morning between eight and twelve, to prevent as far as possible foolish girls from marrying without the consent or knowledge of their parents. As it was night, the ten watchers had lamps to show the bridegroom the way. But they waited and waited till they became very tired, and all went fast asleep; and when the shouting, as the procession approached, awoke them, then it was that five of them, half of them, were found to be foolish; their lamps had gone out, and they had no store of oil.

You and I are like those virgins. We are watching for Jesus, the bridegroom. Our lamps are our Christian profession, our reading the Bible, our saying our prayers, our coming to church, our being kind, and loving, and obedient. But the best of us are nearly asleep: we are not half kind enough, not half loving enough, not half obedient enough; and as to our poor reading, and cold prayers, and half-hearted worship, it is sad to think of it. But God will forgive us, if only we have plenty of oil in reserve—if only we have his Holy Spirit—his grace; and He will give us his grace, if we pray for it. But if you try to live without his Spirit, just go on from day to day without asking God for help: then you have no oil in your vessel; all your little oil is in your lamp, and it will not last long. You are one of the foolish. Solomon said so, long, long ago. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

Last month I gave you a little prayer—"O God, give me wisdom;" and I was so glad to hear of a little boy saying it every night and morning. That little boy will become a wise man, for God always gives wisdom to any one who asks Him for it. To-day I will give you another little prayer. My text says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge."

Knowledge is not learning—information only; it is not history and geography, and Latin and Greek. But knowledge is that which teaches us how to live rightly, and make the most of both worlds. "The fear of the Lord" is the beginning of knowing how to live, and it is that which keeps one from trusting in his own heart like a fool. Here is the prayer which will help us to trust in God, and not in ourselves —to be wise, and not fools. A great and good king prayed it—

"O Lord, undertake for me."

Many is the time that that prayer has called down the help of God. When you are in any trouble, no matter how trivial, how insignificant, pray, "O God, undertake for me;" and if you get into the habit of running to God in little troubles, you will always run to Him in all your life, and for all your eternity.

Ah! don't despise the counsel. It is only fools who "despise wisdom and instruction."

And how does God give his wisdom and instruction? Through the commands, and counsel, and advice of your mother and father and teachers: so the wise king says, "A foolish man despiseth his mother, and

a fool despiseth his father's instruction." It must be a strange thing indeed if your good mother or your kind father, or anxious teacher, with all their love for you, and all their experience, gave you bad advice. Oh, no! always respect their counsel and advice, and you will be wise.

THE COMPANION OF FOOLS.

"A companion of fools shall be destroyed."—PROV. xiii. 20.

I WONDER if I could find a little boy or a little girl who loves to be alone, who likes to play alone and sit alone, and be in the room quite alone! I'm almost sure if I went round to each and asked the question, I should find not a single one who would say, "Yes, I am very fond of being alone." We all like companionship, and it is only the aged who seek quiet and retirement, and who will sit all the day alone and happy.

We must either have the company of our friends, or of our work, or of our books, we cannot bear to be alone. We all feel this so much that when we know of any one alone in the world we feel for them. Our heart is always opened to the orphan child, and good and kind people offer to be friends to the friendless.

During the noontide heat of an African sun, an English emigrant sat with his family in the shadow of his waggon, while they halted in the midst of a vast and silent plain. Solitude—a boundless solitude—extended far away around them. The sun glowed above: the sand, the scorching sand burned below! The lion lay panting in his shady den: the beasts of prey had sought the cooling river, or the depths of the dark forest, and all around the travellers there was neither sound nor sight of living thing.

Nature lay exhausted, and had dropped asleep like an infant in the heat of day. An object moving in the distance, and drawing yet nearer and nearer, attracted the Englishman's attention, and by-and-by the solitary of the wilderness stood before him—a boy in the grace of savage freedom, scantily attired in the skin of a wild beast, which hung from his bronzed and naked shoulders, and accompanied by an antelope, which licked his hand and trotted lovingly at his side. The child of parents who had either died or deserted him, without brother or sister, kindred, tribe, or companion, save the gentle deer. He told his story in a single sentence. Fixing his large black eyes upon the emigrant, he stretched out his naked arm: "Stranger, I am alone in the world!" The words would have touched any heart. The Englishman and his wife had compassion on the orphan boy, and took him with them to their settlement.

But is company always desirable? is it always good to have friends and playfellows? No, not always! That entirely depends on the character of your friends. Much better have no friends than bad friends. Better have no companions than ungodly companions; for the Bible says, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." So God's advice to you is this—Don't make friends of "fools," but do make friends of the "wise." For if a companion of fools shall be destroyed, a companion of the wise shall be saved.

But who are "fools"? Solomon, the wise king, speaks no less than one hundred and three times of

"fools." There are very many in the world; and it is no easy matter to keep out of their company. A few Sundays ago we tried to answer the question. We found the Bible said that all atheists and infidels were "fools." "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

Then we came into the church and sought for fools, for even they come to church. Solomon speaks of some church-goers "offering up the sacrifice of fools." He means those men and women, and those children who only come to church because it happens to be Sunday; or because other people go to church; or because they've nothing better to do. And these "fools" come without thinking that they are pretending to worship the Great King, and that most likely they are just before his throne; that in the blue sky, which seems so empty, there is God, and the host of angels, and the spirits of good people whose bodies sleep in the churchyard.

They never think of this; but they kneel down and pretend they are praying, but they are thinking of something else; and they stand up and pretend they are singing, but they are thinking about the tune, or how somebody else is singing.

Suppose that her Majesty sent you an invitation to go to see her at Buckingham Palace, and that she was so pleased with you, and loved you so much, that she said in the letter, which a queen's messenger, in his scarlet coat, had brought, that whatever you liked to ask of her she would give you. I'm sure

you would think a great deal about the honour the queen had done you. You would carry the letter about, and show it to all your friends; you would think again and again what you would say to her majesty, and what favour you would ask. Now I wonder what people would think of you, if when you received such a royal letter, and such a royal offer, you never cared or thought about it; and when the day came, you went to the palace perhaps a little late, and as the throne-room was reached, instead of fixing all attention upon her Majesty, you looked about you at the people who filled the room; and when you were led before the queen, the queen said, "So you got my letter. I am pleased you have come. Now what do you wish to ask me? I shall be glad to give you anything you like to ask." I wonder what the courtiers would say if they saw you, instead of listening to the queen, and telling her your request, turn your head away, and point to the dress of one of the ladies-in-waiting; or if they saw you looking down at your own clothes, or thinking about something else, so that you were paying no attention to the words of her Majesty;—would they not say—and rightly say—that you were very insolent, and that if you did it on purpose, you deserved to be sent to prison; and if you did not do it on purpose, that you could not know what you were doing—that you ought to be in an asylum, with the poor idiots?

And we are here to-day, not before Queen Victoria, but before the King of kings. And how many of us

have taken no notice of what He has said to us; and we have knelt down to ask Him many things; but we only spake with our lips—our hearts were thinking of other things; we did not care whether He answered us or not. Was not Solomon right in calling such people, Fools? Fools to be insolent to God; fools to have such an opportunity and not to use it!

But there are other fools of whom I wish to warn you. Solomon says, "Fools make a mock at sin." Fools, sin lightly, think little of sin—fancy it is no great harm to tell a lie, or to say a wrong word, or to do a disobedient thing, or to get into a passion. Ah! how little they know! Sin is the most awful and most terrible thing in all the universe. It was sin which spoiled our world. It was only doing one act of disobedience, no worse than when you disobey your father or mother—just simply doing what God told Adam and Eve not to do—only taking some fruit which was pleasant to look at, and very good to eat; and yet because of that sin, death came, and thorns, and weeds, and thistles grew, and the whole beautiful earth was changed. There would be no hell—no grave—if it were not for sin. There would be no sorrow—no tears—if it were not for sin. And even worse than this, sin is cruel and heartless. And why? Because sin wounds and hurts your best Friend. And who is your best Friend? Your father? your mother? No; little perhaps as you think it, you have a Friend, who is nearer to you, and more with you, and loves you far more, than your father or mother.

"Friends are dear, but Thou art dearer;
Satan's near, but Thou art nearer;
Closer far than friend or foe,
Better known than all I know,
Thou art near, O Lord.

"Jesus, Jesus, let me name Thee,
O'er and o'er Thou wilt not blame me.
'Tis my greatest comfort here,
Just to feel that Thou art near,
That Thou art near, O Lord."

Ah! no one loves you like Jesus. For what greater love can a man show than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends? He laid down his life for you! And how did his life pass from Him? It was from his wounds—his hands, and feet, and head, and side! And who gave Him the wounds? Not the Roman soldiers only; but He tells us Himself that "He received his wounds in the house of his friends."

It is sad enough to be wounded, but to be hurt by those who pretend to love us—oh! this is cruelty!

You have all heard of the great Roman who first led his legions to Britain—Julius Cæsar. Like all prosperous men, he had many enemies, and at last they plotted against his life.

There was then in Rome a great good man, who was the best friend of Cæsar. Brutus was a man who loved his country, and he thought that Cæsar was becoming too powerful for the good of Rome; so he joined the conspirators, and sought to take away the life of his friend. One morning Cæsar came into

the house of parliament and took his seat, when Cimber knelt down before him, and while pretending to kiss his toga, really held him down to his seat by the cloak. Then Cassius stabbed him in the neck; then Casca and then all fell upon him. Cæsar was a brave man, and was defending himself against his murderers; but when he saw Brutus—his dear friend Brutus—with a dagger in his hand, his arm dropped, he folded his robe around him, and cried, "And you, Brutus!" allowed himself to be stabbed to death. It was the ingratitude of Cæsar's friend which made the deepest wound, and went furthest towards Cæsar's death. Nothing is so wounding as the unkindness of a friend; and yet you and I wound our best friend when we do wrong; when we sin, we hurt Jesus. The cruel nails did not hurt Jesus so much as the disobedient act, or the wrong word, or the angry passion of any little boy or girl here to-day. And yet, although sin wounds our Friend, although sin has done all it has done, yet there are some who "make a mock at sin," and think it is nothing. Surely they are "fools;" and those who are their friends, and love their company, will soon begin to think lightly of sin too, and then they will soon commit sin; and instead of hating, and dreading, and praying against sin, they don't struggle against it, and try to resist wrong thoughts and wicked passions; so "the companion of fools is destroyed," for "the end of sin is death." No God, no heaven!

Then I say to every boy and girl here; first, shun

bad companions, if one of your playfellows ever says a bad word, or tells you something which is impure, keep out of his way,—let that boy or that girl see that you cannot bear to wound your best Friend; and when you hear one of your schoolfellows telling a lie, at once come forward and speak the truth: if you are silent, you share his lie, and you become "a companion of fools." And remember, that a great many joining in doing a disobedient act, or laughing at a bad word, or "backing up" a lie to escape punishment, does not make the disobedience, or the word, or the lie any the less sinful, any the less wounding to Jesus.

It is no excuse to say "others did it, as well as you." It does not make a murderer any less guilty or any less likely to be hanged, because there are many other murderers in the world. It is a sad sight to see many doing evil, because our Friend must be receiving many wounds.

And next to shunning bad company, be sure you set a good example yourself. If it is a sad thing to be a "companion of fools," it is much worse to be "a fool." If it is a ruinous thing to follow a bad example, it is a far worse thing to set a bad example. Remember, you can never tell what harm you may do by even a word. I remember a boy at school who often said he wished he had had his hand cut off rather than have had the conversation of one of his schoolfellows poured into his ears. It is easy to keep a glass of water pure, but one drop of ink will darken it for ever. It is quite

true that the "companion of fools" may leave their company, and seek to be friends with the good and wise; but although you may cease from sin, and although God will forgive any and every sin the moment you ask Him, yea, forgive you freely and for ever, yet He does not promise to take away the memory of the sin; and the more you learn to love Him, the more and more will you hate yourself for the sins you remember, for the wounds you have given your best Friend.

Yes, you may draw the nail out of the board into which it has been driven, but the hole it made will be there for ever. And once follow a bad example and do wrong, you will make a sore place in your heart which will give you sorrow, perhaps for years. Therefore, only let those of your schoolfellows who are good be your friends, and then you will never be led to do that which will make you unhappy, and you will never be "destroyed" because you were "a companion of fools."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

"God heard the voice of the lad."—GEN. xxi. 17.

THE day had been very hot; the sun had burned for hours in a cloudless sky, and nature seemed exhausted; and now, in the sultry afternoon, she lay asleep! Not a sound was heard, not a breath of wind rustled the dry grass, or tossed in clouds the light sand dust. Almost as far as the eye could reach a wilderness stretched on every side. No tall trees cast a pleasant shade; no springs of water or running brooks made the cool grass grow up. All was sand; while here and there a stunted shrub, in spite of drought and sand and heat, managed to exist.

It was about noon when a woman and a boy began to cross this wilderness. The appearance of the woman told at once she belonged to a better rank than the wandering tribes who sometimes encamped in the desert. Indeed, the colours of her silken scarf, her angular ear-rings, her jet-black hair, her dark olive skin, showed that she was an Egyptian; and as she evidently wished to cross the wilderness towards the south, it seemed as though she was returning to Egypt, for Egypt lay in that direction.

The boy was about fifteen. He seemed very tired, and so footsore that he limped as he held his mother's hand and walked at her side.

"Isn't there just one drop of water in the gourd,

mother? I'm so thirsty! And I can hardly walk any longer."

"Alas, Ishmael! we drank the last drop when we finished the bread, as we rested at the edge of the wilderness, and now there is no hope of water; this is the wilderness of Beersheba. I remember it well years ago. We crossed it when Abraham was coming from my country, and brought me as a maid to Sarai, and then we could find no water."

But they had not gone much further before the boy sank down on the ground, and crawled out of the sun into the shade of one of the juniper trees, whose thick, clammy branches rest upon the sand.

Poor Hagar was in despair. Ishmael had teased little Isaac, the son of her mistress Sarah, and because of that, Abraham had been obliged to send her and her boy away.

Early in the morning they had left the patriarch's encampment on the plain of Mamre; a gourd of water and some bread was all the provision they had taken; and with this they set off to walk to Egypt, where Hagar hoped to end her days with her own people.

And here they were, not a quarter of the way, in the wilderness of Beersheba with no help near, with not a morsel of bread, nor a sip of water!

No help near, did I say?

I wonder if Hagar called to mind a day, some sixteen years before, when she had been ill-treated by her mistress, and fled from her; her intention was then to return to Egypt. It was a long way—one

hundred miles or more! She had walked all day long, and at evening she was sitting at the side of a spring of water. Her face was covered with her hands, and the tears were trickling through her fingers. She was quite alone; all round her was the wilderness—the wilderness of Shur. She thought she was lost, when suddenly she heard a kind voice call her name. It was one of the angels of the Lord, who had been sent to help her.

I wonder if now she thinks, as Ishmael is dying under the juniper-tree, that the angel will come. Perhaps she thought of it, but did not like to ask God to send her help, because Ishmael had done wrong: he had been unkind to the little baby, and there is not much excuse for a boy who is not kind to a helpless little one. And perhaps Hagar thought that now Ishmael was being punished, so she did not pray to God.

But oh! how good and kind the Lord is! "He doth not deal with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities."

So as Hagar was watching her boy from a distance, and sobbing as if her heart would break, for she could not bear to see him die, again she heard the angel's voice, "What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not," said the kind messenger. "For God hath heard the voice of the lad." And God opened her eyes, and there was a well of water quite close to her, which she had not seen, and she ran and filled the gourd, and took Ishmael the water; and he drank, and soon revived,

and lived to become a great man, the prince of a nation.

So you see that God is so kind and good, that He is always listening to the cry of those who are in trouble; and whether it is a little bird, cold and hungry in its nest, or whether it is a little boy or girl crying because they are in pain or sorrow, or whether it is a father or mother in sore trouble and grief, it is all the same to the good Lord; He is always ready to hear and ready to help.

You know we never can learn so well about God as He can teach us Himself; and there is a place in the Old Testament where He tells us about Himself: it is the 34th chapter of Exodus, and there at the 6th and 7th verses God tells us what is his character, what He loves, and what He does not love; and one thing He says about Himself is that He is "merciful;" but the old Hebrew word He used means more than that—it has a beautiful meaning; it says, God has a "heart for misery," just as if I might say of one who loves music and can play well, that she has an ear for music, or if a boy can draw well and use his paint-box well, we say he has the eye of an artist; just, then, as music is delightful to the one, and as beautiful pictures please the other, so misery attracts God. He has a heart for it; wherever it is He feels He must come; must come to see what is the matter, and how He best may help.

I am quite sure that there is not a little boy or girl here who ever cries, perhaps because of a disappoint-

ment, or from pain, or even out of passion, or dislike to do lessons, but God comes near that boy or girl, to give them that which will make them cease crying. For the crying tells of a heart full of misery, and God has a great feeling for any one in misery. I do not say that He will always take away the cause of the trouble. He does not come and make the pain cease, or He will not always gratify the wish, or take the lessons away. But He does far more than that, He gives power to bear the trouble without crying.

St. Paul, his faithful servant, had a great sorrow; his eyes were so sore and painful that he could hardly see. So three times he asked God to relieve his misery. God was there, quite ready to help his suffering servant. And He gave him help, but not as St. Paul expected. He did not make his eyes better but He gave him strength to bear the pain and inconvenience. And St. Paul was much happier, because he knew then he was bearing that which God thought was best for him; and if we always can be sure that that which we are doing and suffering is best for us then we are satisfied, and to be satisfied is to be happy. It is in this way that God can turn sorrow into joy, so that his people can live above their troubles, and, as David says, They can sing songs when it is dark.

But I do not want to speak so much about prayer, which is the usual way people take to tell God of trouble, because I hope to preach to you about the Lord's Prayer; and every month I shall take one

of the short sentences which compose it. But I want you to believe and know that God is always listening for the cry of trouble; that when you feel sad and sorrowful God is anxious to make you happy, and is then, if possible, closer to you than ever. And does your sorrow last long? Not often; but some way or other you get out of your trouble, and you are happy again; and so it is with us all; very few of us are in trouble long, because God takes us out of our sadness. But how few thank Him and believe He does it! They think that because what they feared never happened, or because a friend just helped them at the right time, or because the doctor's medicine took away the pain, that it was not God's doing! It seemed so natural, so simple, they never thought God's great hand did it!

But how did the angel save Ishmael's life? How was the boy's terrible thirst quenched? God did not make the rain descend upon the wilderness; He did not make a jet of water spurt out of the stem of the juniper-tree. No; it was very simple—He "opened" Hagar's eyes, and then she saw "a well of water" not far from her; it had been there all the time, only she had not seen it. So God's help was close; it only needed Him to show it.

I wish everybody would only believe this. God has often and often said it, that whenever a difficulty or trouble comes upon us, there is always "a way of escape"—a "way out of it;" but we will not believe Him; and we are filled with trouble and anxiety and

dread, instead of just "waiting" patiently until God "opens our eyes," and shows us how very easily we may pass out of our difficulty.

When the children of Israel came to enter the Promised Land, they found they must cross the River Jordan, and that seemed impossible, for the river was flooded, and nearly a mile wide. God told them to wait. No doubt they talked of boats and rafts and bridges; but all their talking and planning ended in nothing, and most of them did as Moses told them: they prepared food to carry with them, as if they had nothing to do but just to walk over the flood as if by a bridge; and when the right time came, the priests were told to take the Ark up on their shoulders, and walk straight into the swollen river. But as soon as ever their feet touched the water—that was soon as ever their difficulty was really hindering them—then the great river divided, and the people entered into Canaan as if there was no Jordan at all.

Then, my dear children, although you have no serious troubles yet, some day you will have, and then remember not to be anxious, or even uneasy, because at the right time, it may be just when things seem at the worst, God will help you, and show you the "well of water" close to you.

Oh! what a happy thing to make yourself quite sure of this! If only you can be certain that you will, somehow or other, get through all the difficulties of your life, you will be always cheerful and happy.

Ask your father or mother, when you go home, if ever they had a trouble they did not manage to get through? and ask them how often when they dreaded some sorrow, and were full of anxiety and terror for days, or weeks perhaps, fancying it was coming upon them, they found it never came at all, and they might just as well have been happy, and not made themselves miserable with imagining and fretting and fearing what proved to be nothing.

Do you remember the saying of the Lord Jesus, "Take no thought," don't be worried, don't be over anxious; "Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." It will be time enough to cry out when you are really hurt; it will be time enough to say you are dying of thirst when you are really in the wilderness, and not a drop more water in the gourd. Then you may cry, and God will hear your voice, and show you a well of water, of which, if you drink, you shall never thirst again.

Whenever I go to the City, I always stand at the corner of the Bank of England for a minute or two, watching the crowd of busy men hurrying everywhere. What thousands of cares they carry! how many anxieties; how many a heart is being crushed, and many a brain giving way under a load of business. What wealth is pouring along! what power! Then I look at the Royal Exchange. It is pleasant to see the London sparrows, though they are a little black and grimy, chirping on the massive cornices, as free and happy as possible, above the din and awful hurry

of the great city. The aching hearts and anxious faces on the pavement beneath, are nothing to them. They have no cares, no anxieties. They seem to know what the great letters mean, which are cut in the stones on which they hop—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." God keeps the sparrows, and they are happy. I wish the busy City men would watch the sparrows, and read the great City text.

But the sparrows and the text are not the most attractive things about the Exchange, and I am sure if you looked at it, you would think as I do—that the weathercock is the most singular and curious thing about the building. It is not like any other weathercock in England, or, I should think, in the world; for there, twisting on the pinnacle of the spire, is a monster grasshopper: and I'll tell you how it came to be there.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, a woman, with a little baby in her arms, was trudging along a country lane. I am sorry to say it—because we never like to hear of a mother not loving her baby—that the woman had determined to leave the baby boy behind her. Presently, after looking this way and that, to see that no one was watching her, she climbed over a gate into the field, and wrapping the baby in its little shawl, she laid it down in the grass, so gently as not to awake it, and then—never even looking behind her—she climbed over the gate again into the lane, and went on her journey.

The baby soon woke, and began to cry; and it

cried for a long, long time. And at last, tired, and hungry, and hot with the sun, for it was a fine summer's day, it was wearied out, and dropped off to sleep again. "But God had heard the voice of the lad," and see how simply He brought help for the little one.

By-and-by, down the lane came a school-boy. He was whistling away, as happy as ever he could be; he had come out of school, and was going home. He lived at the farmhouse a little way further up the lane. Now he gathered a few primroses, now he scampered after a butterfly, now he had a shy at a bird; but just as he came to the gate over which the woman had climbed, he heard a grasshopper chirping away so loudly, that the boy sprang over the gate to catch him; and there was the baby, fast asleep. Far more pleased than if he had caught a hundred grasshoppers, the boy took up the little fellow, and ran home with his prize. The kind farmer's wife, although she had many children of her own, at once determined to keep the little orphan who had been saved from death by a grasshopper.

Years passed away, and the baby became a strong boy; the boy grew to be a man; he went to London, and became a merchant. God blessed all he did, and he rose to be the most noted man in the City. Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, and often did she send for Sir Thomas Gresham—for the little deserted boy had become a knight—to consult him on the great affairs of state.

Just three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Exchange. The queen came to dine with him, and to lay the first stone; and there upon the topmost pinnacle Sir Thomas placed a grasshopper, and there it is to-day, to tell the busy toiling City, and to tell you and me, when we go to see the City, that Almighty God will hear the infant's cry, and can save a valuable life by even such a little thing as a grasshopper.

So it was that "God heard the voice of the lad."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Our Father, which art in heaven."—MATT. vi. 9.

THERE is only one place in the Bible where God tells men his own character, what kind of a being He is. When Moses was hid in a cleft in a rock, the Lord passed by, and a voice proclaimed his nature. You will find the wonderful words in Exod. xxxiv. 6-7. To me almost the first word is the most beautiful. God says He is "merciful," but the Hebrew word—for the Lord did not speak in English, Moses could only understand Hebrew,—the Hebrew word means, "having a heart for misery,"—just as you may say you have an eye for drawing, or an ear for music. You love drawing; you love music. So God is drawn to misery; God has "a heart for misery." He feels for people in misery, and his whole desire is to take them out of "the mire and clay, to set their feet upon the rock, and order their goings."

If God were not opposed, if only everybody would do as He wishes them, there would not be a single tear shed in the world. We should all be as happy as the birds who sing in the sunshine. Some day it will be so. God has told us that He will come for us and take us to a world where everybody does just as He pleases, and then "He will wipe all tears off all faces, and there shall be no more crying nor sorrow;" for

there will be no sin, and it is only sin that brings sorrow. But perhaps you wonder why it is that the great God should be so anxious that everybody in our world should be happy. The reason you will find in the two first words which begin the Lord's Prayer. God is "our Father;" and if it had not been that his own Son Jesus Christ said so, I hardly think we could believe that God could be "our Father." Hear how Daniel the prophet describes Him: "The Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool. His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him, thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him;" and in many parts of the Bible you may read descriptions of the awful majesty of the Lord God. And yet it is He, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords, whom his Son Jesus tells us to call "our Father."

It was a great holiday in Rome! The emperor was going in state to the capitol. His ivory car was drawn by eight milk-white steeds: thousands of Roman soldiers lined the streets, and thousands of citizens crowded to see the sight. The procession gradually wound up the hill, amid the clamour of the trumpets and the shouts of the people.

Just as the emperor's car was approaching the great Temple of Jupiter, and the emperor was sitting, as only those great Romans could, scarcely deigning to notice the plaudits of the crowd, a little boy managed

to run between the soldiers into the empty space between them and the ivory car. Every one was too surprised to bring him back, for the boy ran on towards the great emperor; and how the crowd hurrahed! as they saw the emperor order the horses to stop, and the boy to be lifted into the car, for the boy was his own little son! There was no other boy in Rome who dare have approached the great emperor, and there was no other boy in Rome whom the emperor would have lifted into his chariot; but we neither wonder at the boy nor at the emperor, just because the boy was the son and the emperor was his father. Why, if you met your father, would you not run to him to be with him, and hold his hand or walk by his side? And would your father send you away, or take no notice of you? You know he would be as glad to see you as you to see him. And when you are all at home with your father, is he not always trying to make you happy? Did you ever know him really set himself to make you miserable? Perhaps sometimes he was obliged to punish you, but did he then look pleased and happy? did not a sad expression of grief pass over his face? Did you ever see your father look so sad and so sorrowful as when he was forced to punish you? Ah! your father loves to see you happy; your grief distresses him, your pain he feels, and your disobedience grieves him more than you can tell!

I wonder if you ever asked yourself whether God or your father loves you most? Perhaps you think no one

can love you more than your father or your mother; but although they both love you as much as ever they can, yet God has a larger heart, and can love you, and does love you, far more than either your father or your mother.

If only I can make every little child in this church believe this (and every grown-up child too), I shall have done the work God gives me to do—the work He sent his prophets to do—the work He wrote the Bible for—the work his Son Jesus came to accomplish. All nature, all grace, every voice God has made, and every tongue God has taken into his service, all combine to say, "God is love; God loves you." Yes, indeed, God has proved, in every way that He can, that He loves you. Look what He has done for you. He gave you the life which brought you into this world; He it was who arranged that kind people should keep you and care for you; He has given you a happy home; all your pleasures come from Him, and every single thing that you have his good and kind hand gave you.

But when the Apostle who loved Jesus the most wanted to tell the greatest proof of the love of God, he wrote, "God so loved the world" (you and me), "that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life"—gave Jesus Christ to die on the cross!

Far away, on a snowy plain, in Russia there stands a tall, white monument. On one side of the square

stone upon which the tall pillar stands is the word "Errick," and on the other is written, "What greater love can a man show than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends?" That monument was built by the great lord who lives in the castle you can see in the distance, about a mile down the valley. Some winters ago, when the snow was on the ground, and all was white and glistening, the lord and his young wife and their little baby boy went to spend the day with a neighbour, at his castle some five miles away, just over the plain. It was a bright starlight night when they returned home, driven in their sledge by Errick, their old servant. The bells were jingling merrily on the necks of their four beautiful horses. They enjoyed the clear moonlight and the frosty air.

They had just left the wood which skirts the plain, when suddenly the horses started. "What's the matter, Errick?" asked the lady.

"Nothing much, my lady; there's nothing to fear."

Still the horses were going very fast; and she noticed her husband loosen the case which was strapped in front of the sledge, where she knew pistols were always kept. Her heart almost stopped, and her face paled as white as the snow over which they were gliding, as she guessed the cause of this fear; and then she heard what the frightened horses had long been hearing—the howls of the wolves. They were being pursued by a pack of hungry wolves!

Already they were in the middle of the plain, and she could see dark specks upon the white snow a mile behind them. How she clasped her baby boy to her breast, and muffled him in the furs! how she prayed that they might reach the village before the wolves could overtake them! But no; the wolves came nearer and nearer. The foaming horses literally flew along; but the wolves still came nearer and nearer. Now they could hear the savage, hungry brutes panting, close behind them. Suddenly her husband stood up, and fired his pistols. Two wolves rolled over in the snow; and in an instant they were torn to pieces, and eaten by the pack; and again they galloped on, and came near the sledge. Then Errick cut the traces of one of the horses. The wolves leapt upon him, and while they were tearing him to pieces the sledge flew nearer home. But on they came again. Another of the horses was cut from the sledge, and again the wolves stayed to eat. And now they must all die, for they cannot spare another horse, and the wolves are close upon them. Yonder are the lights of the village! Yonder is their home! Three more minutes, and they are safe; but it cannot be. The foremost wolf has his paws upon the back of the sledge, when old Errick turned round, and, looking his master and mistress calmly in the face, said, "What greater love can a man show than this, that he lay down his life for his friends?" Then he sprang out: on whirled the sledge. They heard two pistol shots, then the long howls of the wolves.

The minute they spent in tearing good Errick to pieces had saved the lord and his wife. The villagers rushed out, but Errick had long been in another world. The wolves slunk off into the forest, leaving only the clean-picked bones of the faithful servant. The lord raised the monument on the place to tell the world the wonderful devotion of love which made Errick sacrifice his own life to save those whom he loved.

But Errick's love to his master and mistress is nothing to God's love to you and me. Errick had received many kindnesses from them: they had kept him and loved him for years, therefore Errick owed them love. But God owes us no love. We have never done anything to please Him; we have only done things to displease and vex Him; and yet, in spite of all this, He sent his "dearly beloved Son," the Son whom He loved better than Himself; He sent Him to live a sad and weary life, and then to die the most cruel of deaths, and all this because God loves us. "God so loved the world."

No father can do more to prove his love than God has done. Therefore, my dear children, when you see that text, "Thou God seest me," think it tells you of a Father's kind eye bent down upon you, smiling to see you good and happy, and, I had almost said, full of tears, but, at least, full of pity, to see you sorrowful and sinful.

But perhaps you say, How is God my Father?

What does the prayer say? "Our Father;" not

my Father, but *our*. Ah! the whole secret lies in that little pronoun "our."

You are one, but who is the other? who is praying with you? Perhaps you are alone in your bedroom, and still you say "Our." The other who is praying is Jesus. You know He "is entered into heaven, and there He ever liveth to make intercession for us." He stands before God the Father, and takes you by the hand, and as you pray He prays with you, and God is delighted to grant anything He asks, and therefore you get an answer.

But now here is the great point. For whom do you think Jesus intercedes?

For his friends! For those who are more than friends—for those who are part of Him—his members—as much and as truly a part of Him as your hand is a part of you. And how can we become one with Jesus? You, my children, can just as easily understand it as any of us, for no one can in the least comprehend it. All I know is this, that God says, "If any one will believe that Jesus Christ is my Son, and came into the world to take away his sins and save him, that then my Holy Spirit shall join that soul with Jesus Christ, and they shall become one"—absolutely one; so much so that St. Paul could say, "The life I now live in the flesh I live by Christ's faith; and when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, then shall I also appear with him in glory." And if you read your Bible, you will find this is the secret of everything else. It is because we become one with

Jesus Christ that we become sons of God, like Jesus Christ is. God is our Father, and loves us like He loves Jesus; and whatever Jesus has is ours; and one day we shall be like Him, far above the angels and archangels; we shall be like the Son of God, the Judge of men, the King of heaven.

No wonder when St. John saw into heaven he was astounded at a crowd of beautiful beings all clothed in dazzling white—so astounded that they at once attracted all his attention, and he asked "Who, who are these?" What must he have felt when he heard they were men and women and children who had been born on the earth, and had been adopted by the Spirit of God into the family of God, and all made one with Jesus?

This is how God is your Father, and this is why you say, when you kneel down to Him, "Our Father," Jesus's Father, my Saviour's Father, and my Father.

We ought, every one of us, to be so happy because of this. How can we be hurt—what can do us any harm—if God is our Father? And oh! how delightful to leave this earth, and go into the palace of the King our Father—to be his son or his daughter, and live in splendour and glory and peace! Why, we ought to be happy all the day long, and never cease our joy.

There was once in a German city a poor shoemaker, whose name was Hans. Hans used to sit at his door on his low stool, hammering away and mending his shoes. Above the door there hung a starling in a cage, and if you had watched Hans and his starling it

would have puzzled you to know which was the happier. The starling now whistled, now said one of his words which he had learnt from the street boys, and was always jumping about from the bottom of his cage, over the sticks and over again. And Hans, too, he was always singing and having a kind word to everybody who passed.

One day there was a finely dressed young man walking down the street: he had black hair and dark features, he was very handsome; but you might easily have told, if you had seen him, that he was a Jew.

Hans was singing away, and the starling was whistling, and both of them seemed so pleased and happy that the young Jew stopped and said to Hans—

"You seem very happy and merry, my good man."

"Yes, sir, and so I am," giving his shoe another whack with his hammer, and held it a little away from him with the other hand to see how his work looked —"yes, sir, and so I am; and why should I not be? The sun is shining, and my bird is whistling; why should I not be happy and merry?"

"But, said the young man, you seem to work very hard, and to be very poor."

"Poor," said Hans, "poor—how do you know?"

"Why, you look like it; but perhaps you have money in the bank, or some of these houses in the street?"

"No, sir," replied Hans; "I've a wife and seven children, and I support them all; and yet I'm not

poor, for I'm a king's son," said the poor cobbler, looking up smilingly into the stranger's face.

"Ah!" thought the young man, "the poor fellow's out of his mind, and that's why he's so happy."

A week or two afterwards the Jew happened to go down the same street again, and there was Hans sitting at his work. Thinking he would please the poor idiot, as he supposed Hans to be, he doffed his cap, and said with a bow, "Good day, your royal highness!"

"Good day, sir," replied Hans. "I know what you think—you fancy I'm mad; but come and sit down by me and I'll tell you how I came to be a king's son, and how you may be one too."

Then Hans told him about God loving us, and Jesus dying for us, and the Holy Spirit striving to enter into our hearts to make us God's own children.

"Where did you learn all this?" asked the Jew.

And Hans took out his Bible and said, "Here is the book which tells me all about it."

The Jew went home; he bought a Bible: he read it —he believed it. The Holy Spirit came, and called him to be "a king's son;" and he became a missionary to his brethren; and he went from town to town, to tell how that God is our Father, who loves to see us happy, who longs to save us, and who will gather us (if we only will let Him) to his own home in heaven.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Hallowed be thy name."—MATT. vi. 9.

I WONDER if you ever thought what your words meant when you said to the good and loving Father, "Hallowed be thy name."

To hallow means to make sacred. Let thy name be made sacred. Let all people think reverently and speak very solemnly when they say the name of God. Is that what you think you pray for when you say this petition? But I am afraid if that were all you asked for, it is not much; because you do not often say the holy name, except on Sunday; and I am quite sure you never use it irreverently,—you never take it in vain—you never swear. Yet even to say his great and holy name very reverently would be no small thing to do.

I remember once when living in France I met in one of my walks a priest. We got into conversation, and soon began to speak of the common salvation. I well remember how his silent reverence reproved me, for every time we spoke of Jesus he quietly lifted his hat.

I know some people bow when they hear His name in church; and if I were sure they were all bowing in heart, and not just because they wished to be different to other people, as I fear some do, what a beautiful

sight it would be. Oh! that we all of us had the reverence for the Lord's name which the French priest had!

But if you had lived amongst the Jews in the time when the Lord Jesus was on earth, you would have perhaps thought it quite unnecessary to teach a Jew to pray "Hallowed be thy name," for surely it were impossible for any one to treat with more reverence the holy name of God than the Jews do. A Jew will not tread on a piece of paper, lest by any chance the name of God might be printed on it; and one of the names of God, his name Jehovah, the Jews would only pronounce in their worship, and that not more than once or twice a year.

There was once a learned Hebrew scholar who wished to know the exact pronunciation of the great name, so he called upon a Jewish rabbi to ask him to teach him how to say the word. He found the rabbi very poor indeed: after a little conversation, he confessed that he had had no food that day, and had no money to buy any with. The gentleman told him his errand, and offered him money if he would pronounce the word. Again and again he urged the Jew; but the rabbi only said, "I dare not, sir, I dare not."

No, the Jews of the time of our Saviour did not take the name of God in vain by using it lightly or speaking it irreverently. Therefore our Lord must have meant something more when he taught them to pray, "Hallowed be thy name."

I have no doubt you have often noticed, or have

been told, that all the names in the Bible have meanings. Jesus means Saviour: Peter means a rock; Esau, red; Sarah, a princess. And if you carefully look at the meaning of the name, you will find that it generally describes the character of the person. This is almost universally the case in the Old Testament. You remember that when Jacob had cheated his old blind father, and wronged his brother, that Esau said, "Is he not rightly named Jacob?" or supplanter, one who thrusts himself into another's place: "hath he not supplanted me these two times?"

And when you come to think that whenever the Lord called any one to be near Him, and to do work for Him, He generally changed their name, it must show, that if with a change of character there was a change of name, then the name told the character.

In God's own most holy name—the name the poor rabbi would not pronounce—there are three letters; and when God put his own Spirit into a man, he generally placed in his name one of these three letters. Abram he made Abraham; Sarai, Sarah; and perhaps the best example I can tell you is Joshua, the leader of the Lord's people. When he was the minister of Moses he was called Oshea; but when God elected him to succeed Moses in the leadership of Israel, he told him "he would put his Spirit upon Him;" and to show that He had done this, the Lord took two of the letters of his own sacred name and put them into Oshea, making it Jehoshea, or Joshua; and the Greek of Joshua is Jesus—the name his own dear Son took

when he came to live here as a man. So you see the name means the character.

And now you will understand what Adam did when all the animals came to him in the garden of Eden. He did not call them just any names he liked; but being "alone," he examined the character of every single animal to see if there was one which would do to be a companion—a wife—for him; and when he found out the character of the animal, he gave it a name which expressed its character; and if you and I knew the language Adam spoke, and the names he called the animals, we should not have to read natural histories of birds and beasts, but his names would give us a better description than any of the books we can buy nowadays. And when he had searched them all, he found none of them "meet" to be a "help" for him.

I will only tell you one more example to show that the old names were in truth the characters.

After the Flood, you remember the descendants of Noah lived upon the plain of Shinar: they became very wicked, and they determined no longer to worship the "true God;" but they said, "Let us make us a name." That is, let us make us a god—an idol—whose character shall be what we like. For their hearts were so evil, that they did not like the pure and holy character of God; but they wished to be governed by a deity who would love their sin, and not hate it and punish it like Noah's God. It was to this idol of theirs they built a temple, the Tower of Babel;

and they believed that if Noah's God should send another flood, if they ascended to the top of their idol's tower, he would preserve them from being drowned!

I think I have said enough to show you that in Scripture the name and the character are the same thing. So if we say, "Hallowed be Thy name," we mean, "Hallowed be Thy character," "Do not let Thy character be spoilt—be marred."

Let us have a word about character. Of course you and I and everybody in the world have got a character. And how do people know our characters? By watching our behaviour, listening to what we say, and seeing what we do; and this is the only way we have of learning the character of people, because no one can look inside us, and there read what is in our mind; no one can look down into our hearts, and find out whether we have kind hearts or not; and no one can see our spirits, to learn whether we are happy and bright, or cross and dull and sour.

Now the Lord Jesus said that God, his Father, was "a Spirit;" so we can never see Him, to find out his character, any more than we can tell one another's characters by looking inside our bodies to find out our spirits. But we must learn God's character just in the same way as we learn each other's characters—by the words that He says, and by the things that He does. In the Bible we find his words, but where do we see his acts? I look out into creation. There are the mighty worlds, to

which our earth is but a speck of dust. There is the blazing sun, so great and vast,—so many times larger than our world, that if you spent the whole six weeks of your summer holidays in doing nothing else than counting, you would not be able, even then, to count the number of earths it would take, all put together, to make an orb as large as the sun; yet with what ease did God make the sun. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made." The wonders of creation tell me that God is wise, that God is mighty, that God is all-powerful. But I cannot hear Nature say anything about his mercy, or his love, or his hatred of sin, or his longsuffering. All this I must learn in the Bible. But what is the Bible? Only words after all, and you know words without deeds are not worth much. Is there no place where we can see God's words, God's character, shown forth? There are some passages in the Bible which seem to tell us that the angels learn God's love and mercy by watching the work of salvation which God carries on amongst men. You remember how that the lid of the ark was the mercy-seat, and at each end of the mercy-seat was a golden cherub, with his wings stretched over the ark, and his face bent down, looking always upon the mercy-seat, as if he would see the Lord God best there.

I want you to look at a very remarkable verse, which teaches us a great deal. St. Paul wrote it in his second letter to the Thessalonians, the tenth verse. It there says that God shall come at the end

of the world, and shall gather all the good people about him: for what purpose?—to be "glorified in his saints, and to be admired" (by the angels and arch-angels) "in all them that believe;" if the holy beings in heaven, that day, wish to see God, they will look at us, the redeemed, the saved children of earth, who then will have all been made perfect—made like the Lord Jesus Christ. There are many verses which tell us of this: we are called "temples of the Holy Ghost;" God is said to "dwell in us;" and the day upon which Jesus Christ will come is said to be the day of "the manifestation"—the shining forth of the sons of God; as if, that day, the dark outside of us were taken off, and the glory of Almighty God, who dwells in the hearts of those who love Him, will burst forth, and we "shall shine as the stars in the firmament of heaven."

But, my dear children, some people make a great mistake; they fancy that heaven is something which we shall enter when we die; but heaven really begins here. We enter heaven before we die, or we shall never enter heaven after we die. This is why the angels come and watch us now, because in those who love the Lord they see the Lord's goodness and kindness shown. So St. Paul, after he had told the Thessalonians that when the Lord Jesus came they would shine with God's glory, said. This is why I pray for you night and day, that God may think you worthy of this great honour, and may now give you grace to do his will and his

work; "that the name" (the character) "of the Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you."

This, then, is what you pray for, when you say, "Hallowed be Thy name."

You say, "O my Father, grant that to-day I may be like Jesus Christ; that I may speak kindly and gently as He would; that I may love everybody, and please everybody, and be obedient, and do all I have to do as well as possible, and never get out of temper, but always be patient and cheerful."

For that is what Jesus did, and in doing so He "declared the Father." He so exactly did everything as God wished, that we learn the character of God by learning the character of Jesus Christ.

Now have you not got two names? What is that first name of yours called? Your "Christian name." The heathens have no Christian names, but you have; and whenever you hear your name, when you hear "John," or "Peter," or "Edith," or "Annie," you ought to remember that you were given that name when you became "a Christian," when you undertook to show forth the character of the Lord Jesus and live like him: you are the representative of Jesus.

This evening when the sun has gone down, and the night hath spread her darkness over us, look up above you, and think that not far up there is a golden ocean of sunlight, bright and dazzling; but you cannot see it. Why? Because it needs something upon which to shine. Soon the moon rises; she "walks in the brightness," as Job says, and she herself becomes

bright, and everybody then knows there is sunlight where she is!

The Spirit of God fills our world; but no one can see Him or know He is there, unless He can find some heart to shine against; and when He finds a willing open heart, then that heart begins to make the boy or girl, or man or woman, do, and think, and say just what the Spirit of God wishes; and the angels above, and the people about, begin to see what God is, from the way in which the Christian loves, and helps, and lives, and works.

Try to remember, then, whenever you hear your Christian name, that that name is a call to you to show forth the character of God; you must "hallow," and not spoil and show a false reflection of his name, his character. A cross, too, was put upon your forehead when you were a little baby, and had your Christian name given to you. It was only a cross in water and soon dried up; but it left a mark, a bright cross, which, though I cannot see, the angels can see.

There was a little boy once who knew this; and little Willie had heard that, when he was good and obedient, his cross grew brighter and brighter, and the angels loved to look on it: nay, do you know I've heard it said that the angels' faces, as they watched the cross, brightened as it brightened; that the cross threw out such a wonderful light, that when it shone upon the angels, even only a little, the holy ones glowed with wondrous beauty.

It was always a pleasure to Willie to make the

angels bright; and whenever the dark spirit came and tempted him to be disobedient or cross, or to do something he knew he ought not to do, then his mamma would say, "Oh! Willie, don't spoil your cross: what will the angels say?"

You have all crosses, and all angels round you. Your work and my work is to keep our crosses bright, by doing as Jesus would have us do, by praying the prayer, and living the prayer, He taught us every day to pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Thy kingdom come."—MATT. vi. 10.

THY kingdom come. Perhaps it is the shortest, but I'm sure it is the prayer we shall longest pray; for we shall never cease praying, "Thy kingdom come."

When the Lord Jesus does come to be King of all the earth, we shall not, even then, know all God's kingdom; but we shall long to learn all the glory and power of the great King; so we shall pray in heaven, "Thy kingdom come," and perhaps go on praying for ever, and always being answered as we learn more and more of God's kingdom. But we shall never know all, because God's kingdom, like Himself, is infinite; it has no boundaries; there are no mountains which close it in; there is no ocean which makes its shore. God is not like an earthly king, who rules, as far as the sea this way, and to the mountains that way; whose dominion only stretches over so many miles of land. The mightiest monarch who ever lived on earth, never governed the whole world even. It may be true that Alexander the Great cried because there were no more people left for him to conquer; but he knew nothing of India and China, nothing of America, and very little of Africa. There was plenty for him to do if he had only known it. But what was

the kingdom of Grecia, or what the kingdom of Persia, with its 120 provinces, or what the empire of Rome, with its military road which was 4,000 miles long, or what even is the dominion of Queen Victoria, upon whose empire the sun never sets, in comparison to the "kingdom of God"? He not only rules all the world, but all the worlds. Look up into the sky when the stars come out; how many they are!—hundreds and thousands. Those stars are all suns, like our own sun; and, most likely, they all have worlds going round them as our sun has. What hosts of worlds are in God's kingdom!

Nor is this all. The stars we see are only a few, a very few, of those which God numbers and calls by their names. Just as, when you stand in a forest glade, the leaves upon the trees around you are only a very few of the millions of leaves in the forest. So, no doubt, there are as many stars beyond our sight as there are leaves upon the trackless forest trees, and God's kingdom stretcheth over all.

But what a great King God is even in the earth! See how He takes care of all his creatures!

Think how difficult it is to feed even a few thousand people. When the soldiers were pretending to fight battles last month upon Salisbury Plain, many of them were almost starved to death; because the people whose duty it was to supply food to the regiments, although they did their best, yet they could not send sufficient. I know one officer who had nothing to eat but hard biscuits for three days. But think what the

great King does? He feeds a thousand million people every day. If there were five dining-tables placed side by side, stretching all round the world, all the people in the world would hardly be able to sit down to meat, and yet the great King is so wise and great that He fills the tables three times a day, and not one little child in the great crowd is forgotten; and more than this, He feeds all the animals, and provides them all with warm clothing for the cold winter, and teaches them all how to live and keep themselves from harm. Then why should we pray, "Thy kingdom come"? Surely all is his kingdom now! Can He be a greater and a wiser King than He is?

We pray for his kingdom to come, because, although all the good and kind things which happen upon earth are done by Him, yet there is an evil being, who now is the prince of this world, and does all he can to make us sin, in order that grief and trouble may come upon us because of our sin. And the Bible tells us that one day the Lord, the King, will come to the earth and bind the evil prince with chains, and cast him into a prison prepared for him and his angels. Then there will be no more sin, and, because there is no sin, there will be no more sorrow, and "all things will become new and happy." No flowers in our conservatories are as beautiful as those which will grow then in the fields. Our hothouse fruit is nothing to that which will grow wild then; and the farmer will not have to plough and harrow his land, for the joyful earth will yield her increase unasked;

and the whole world will be like the garden of the Lord, even the garden of Eden. Is it not a beautiful thing to think of? Do you not long for the time to come?

Do you not feel as if you could pray very heartily, "Our Father, Thy kingdom come"? But stay. It will be a very happy day for some; but so terrible will it be for others, that the Bible calls it "that great and terrible day of the Lord." God's word says that, "All nations shall wail;" that men shall hide themselves in the caves and among the rocks; and they only will be happy who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus, who long to see the earth filled with kindness and goodness, peace and religion. For that day everything will be "holy;" even upon the very bells which jingle upon the necks of the horses will be written, "Holiness to the Lord;" and nothing except holy things and holy people will be kept in "the kingdom" when it comes. Oh! don't pray "Thy kingdom come," unless you long and love to be good, and kind, and obedient; unless you love to be holy; for if God answered your prayer and came, you would be "cast out"—out of the kingdom, into darkness and woe.

And yet I don't say you are not to pray the Lord's Prayer, but you must give another meaning to "Thy kingdom come;" for God, as He listens to your prayer, looks into your heart, and there learns what you mean by the words you are saying. When you speak to any one, you tell what you want by words. Your

friend hears your words, and so understands your request; but very often you cannot exactly say what you want, or the words you use have not the same meaning to your friend as they have to you; so that while you mean one thing, he thinks you mean another.

You remember the mother of James and John once came to the Lord Jesus with a request that her two sons should sit "one on his right hand, and the other on his left," when He became a king. And Jesus told her she did not know for what she was asking; or He might have said, "You do not know the meaning of the words you use." She thought she knew what she was asking for; but Jesus knew that she was asking for far more than she at all thought. So He did not grant the request; and God only gives those who come to Him what they intend to ask for, not what He knows their words may mean. And therefore I am careful to tell you all you pray for when you say, "Thy kingdom come."

You see the Saviour did not teach us to pray, "O our Father, take us to Thy kingdom—take us to heaven;" but He taught us to pray that heaven might come to us; and once He said to the people about him: "The kingdom of God is within you"—in your hearts; and St. Paul told his hearers that the kingdom of God was not a glorious city, with streets of gold and gates of pearl, and lit up with the blazing light of the glory of the Lord; but he said, the kingdom of God was three things, "righteousness,

and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and if you have righteousness—no sin, and peace—no discontent, no bad conscience, no future fear, and joy in the Holy Ghost—no gloom, no sadness, no ruffled spirit—then heaven is in your heart, and your heart is in heaven. This is why Jesus said that the Son of man was in heaven. He was righteousness, because He had never done a wrong thing; He was at peace with God, for God loved Him, and He loved God; He was at peace with everybody, because He was kind and gentle to everybody; and He had the joy of the Holy Ghost, because He was full of the Holy Ghost. So He was in heaven, always in heaven—always happy, though "the man of sorrows" (they were other people's sorrows, not his own). And this is what you ought to pray for when you say, "Thy kingdom come." You ask God to send righteousness, peace, and joy into your heart. That is, you ask Jesus to come and be King of your heart, and live and reign within you; for you can have no righteousness without Jesus, no peace without Jesus, no joy without Jesus. Jesus now stands close to you. "Behold! look! I stand at the door and knock." Do you never hear a voice inside you saying, Don't be angry, don't be cross, don't be disobedient, don't do that wrong thing. That was the voice of Jesus; He was knocking; and if you listened to the voice, and kept down the bad temper—if you at once obeyed, if you resisted the temptation—you opened the door, and Jesus came into your heart, and became your

King. And He will remain your King as long as you resist the devil, and strive to be holy; and when He is there, the kingdom of heaven is within you, and you become one of those who wait for the manifestation of the sons of God,—that is, you wait for the day when the glory of King Jesus will be seen bursting out of you, and then you will "shine as the sun;" and because you have prayed the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," and had it answered, a golden crown will be put upon your head, and you'll be a king. Ah! it is wonderful to think of: you will be a greater king than any now on earth; and what a thing to live for! how we ought to train ourselves, and never forget, "I shall be a king with Jesus some day."

When our own good Queen was a little girl, her father, the Duke of Kent, died just a week before her grandfather, King George III.; and because her two royal uncles, George IV. and William IV., had no children living, she was heir to the crown. It was only an earthly crown, which she must leave to her son some day; yet how carefully was she trained for the high honour. The Baroness Lehzen was appointed her governess, whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Salisbury, and the Bishop of Lincoln assisted to educate her. Everybody round her tried their best to make her worthy of wearing a crown.

Her father died when she was only eight months old. It was a terrible grief to the widowed duchess; but all things are best where God's hand works. The

good mother devoted all her energies and care to bring up her princely daughter that she might be a good woman; and all this because she was to wear a crown. What a great thing it is to put on an earthly crown!

On the 20th of June, 1837, William IV. died. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the chief nobility hastened to Kensington Palace, to tell the Princess Victoria that she was Queen of England. Soon the premier, Lord Brougham, the speaker of the House of Commons, and the Lord Mayor arrived. The hall was filled with the nobility and power of England, all gazing on the pale and pensive countenance of the modest girl —queenly in her child-like loveliness! Then a herald cried:—"We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is the only lawful and liege lady, and by the grace of God queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith;" and all then shouted, "Long live Queen Victoria!" when the young queen, overcome with uncontrollable emotion, threw herself into her mother's arms and wept. So great a thing is it to put on an earthly crown.

But how much greater is it to be crowned in that kingdom which is an everlasting kingdom—the kingdom of God! Only believe: believe that you are a sinner, that God is your Saviour—believe that He is your own dear Father, though He is the great King —and you shall have a crown placed upon your brow; nay, the crown is waiting for you; the gold is

wreathed; the jewels are clustered; all is ready. Look to it; hold it fast, that no man take it. Nay, who shall snatch it from the least and feeblest child here? for has not Jesus said, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."
MATT. vi. 10.

GOD gave you and me religion to help us to live every day as He would like us. He never meant us to put our religion away with our Sunday clothes, and take it out next Sunday; but just as in heaven the people wear white garments, which the Bible tells us mean "righteousness" and "goodness," so God wishes us to wear our religion all day long, and make it help us to do all our work. And perhaps this is one reason why the Master taught us to pray, "Thy will be done on earth," just after "Thy kingdom come." It is a very joyful and pleasant thing to think about the kingdom coming. One day the dear Saviour will come with all our friends who are with Him, and all the good and kind people who have ever lived, and He will be a king upon earth. That will be a happy time for those who love the Lord Jesus, and watch for His appearing. Jesus knew that those who loved Him would long for Him to come, and that they might perhaps wish for it and wait for it so much that they would be unfitted for their every-day work.

When you were about to have any great pleasure which you had talked of for a long time, when the day came, how impatient you were; you could do nothing.

If you had to go to school, you could not think of your lessons: your mind would run away to the pleasure you were so soon to enjoy; you just were fit for nothing till the hour came for you to start. It sometimes happened that among the early Christians a story spread that "the Lord was to return" by next Easter-day. They always thought that he would come on Easter morning. So none of the early Christians went to bed on Easter eve, but dressed in their white robes. They waited for the Master, and sometimes they were so sure that He was coming that they gave up their work for months. They would say it was no use working, for now that the good Master was coming they were all to be "kings and priests on earth, and reign with Him." They forgot that the Lord taught them to pray, "Thy will be done on earth," as soon as they had said, "Thy kingdom come,"—taught them that they were just to go on with their every-day life, and to do the work it was God's will they should do; that God would have everything done well and in order; that even the Master, when He was coming a great conqueror from his grave, was in no unseemly hurry, but He had time and thought carefully and neatly to wrap the grave-clothes up, in which he had been bound. And surely they ought to have remembered the parable, in which the king went away for a long time, and he called his servants and gave each of them his work, and told them "to occupy" till he came—to work till he came; and He also said, "Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he

cometh shall find so doing." And yet the Bible often tells us to "watch for the Lord's return." We are to work and watch, and live as God hath placed us—watching and praying.

There was a poor old man who lived in a little cottage. He was so palsied that he could only sit in his chair and let his hands and knees shake; and his head, too, used to totter. You would have thought that so afflicted he must have been very miserable. So thought a kind gentleman who happened to pass the cottage-door, and in he turned to say a word of comfort to the poor old man

"Well, my friend, how do you do?"

"Oh, I'm waiting—waiting."

"Waiting?" said his visitor; "are you waiting for me?"

"No, sir; I'm waiting for my Master to bring my crown."

"To bring your crown?"

"Yes, sir; I shall be a king."

"How do you know that?"

"Because He said, 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'"

The old man, though he could not work, yet he was doing God's will—he was suffering the affliction God sent. He was doing just the very hardest thing anybody ever has to do. He was doing cheerfully something he did not like. We are all cross-bearers. Jesus said, "If any man be my disciple, let him take up his cross daily and follow me."

Follow Him; that means, bear the cross like He bore his. He did not grumble, and fret, and cry, and make everybody round Him miserable; but He was patient, and even happy. "He opened not his mouth." You know what a cross is. Anything which makes you cross is a cross; and if you would be a disciple of Jesus, you must never be cross, but patient and willing.

I suppose if I went round and asked each of you what you would like best during your whole life, you would answer, "I should always like to have my own way." For all your trouble, and the reason why you sometimes are angry and cross, and perhaps even cry, is just because you could not have your own way; you were not allowed to do what you liked; you were forced to follow somebody else's will, and not your own.

The good old man was obliged to sit in his chair because he could not walk; he could not hold a book, for his hands shook so. He did not wish to be palsied It was not his will that he was so afflicted. Who ever wished to be ill? But it was God's will; and yet he was not cross and angry, he did not cry, but his face was bright and peaceful, as often he would say, "I am waiting! waiting!"

And now shall I tell you what makes everybody happy who does God's will, although it may be the will of God to give them great trouble?

Perhaps you never thought of a very remarkable thing told us by St. Luke and St. Mark about the Lord Jesus. There never was in heaven or in earth

any one who loved to do God's will more than He did. He said once, "That he came not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him;" and it was the one great pleasure Jesus had to do God's will. He knew it was God's will that He should suffer the dreadful agony of being crucified; and yet, when the time came that He was to go to Jerusalem to die, did He try, like Jonah, to disobey God and not go to Jerusalem, but to go by ship somewhere else? or did He go along the road weeping and downcast? No! St. Luke says, He "steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem;" so steadfastly, indeed, that some of the Samaritans, through whose villages He passed, were angry that He would not stay with them, and told Him, if He was not going to stay, He should not even stop to rest.

Then St. Mark tells us how they walked upon the road; he says, "Jesus went before them." He went so fast, with such a wonderful expression in his face, as if He was so anxious to reach Jerusalem that He almost ran. The disciples were so astonished at his appearance, that St. Mark says, "they were amazed, and as they followed they were afraid." And what was drawing Him to Jerusalem? Did He love to die? Was the agony in the garden of Gethsemane pleasure to Him? Oh! no! He said, "I have a baptism to be baptised with" (a baptism of blood), "and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." Then what made Him long to reach the city? It was because He delighted to do "the will of God." All the joy of

the Saviour was in doing his Father's will. And all those who try to follow Jesus, love to do God's will; and this is why they are happy in doing it, because they know that whatever God wills is best for them. God loves you far better than even your father or mother; and far better than you love yourself. He is always trying to make all things work for your good; and if you will only just believe and trust Him, you will one day see how kind and good He has been to you.

There was once a little boy who had no mother, and his father was taken ill and was dying. Just before he died, he called his little son to him, and he said, "Peter, my dear little son, God is taking me away, and you will be left to work for yourself. You'll be very poor; but whatever happens to you, whether good or bad, always think, 'It comes from above.' Everything comes from above!" And so his father died, and little Peter went into the streets to try and get a living. It was very windy weather; and as he was passing some scaffolding, a plank blew down and struck him on the shoulder, and knocked him down. A gentleman kindly ran and helped him up, and Peter said, "It comes from above." "Yes," said the gentleman, "there's no doubt of it." Peter meant one thing, and the gentleman another. However, he was not hurt, and on he went. He had not gone very far before the high wind blew part of the roof of a house down into the street, and the slates fell on three men who were passing and killed them. If the plank

had not fallen upon him and delayed him, he would have been just where the men were, and would have been killed too; so thought Peter, "It comes from above."

One day a gentleman sent him to carry a note; it was into the country, and as he was going he fell into a ditch and lost the letter; as he got up, covered with mud, and quite wet through, he said, "It comes from above." He went back and told the gentleman, who was very very angry. A few days afterwards, the gentleman came to him and gave him three guineas. Because if Peter had delivered the letter it would have done great harm, and now the gentleman was very glad it had been lost. So Peter said again, "It comes from above." And now that little orphan boy has grown into a man, and he is a rich manufacturer in Birmingham; and of all his wealth and prosperity he says, "It comes from above." He always loves to think everything that happens to him is "God's will," and therefore it must be right. Oh! my dear children, let us try to do as little Peter did; and believe that whatever comes to us, whether we like it or not, is the best for us because it is God's will; and when something befalls us, which makes us sad, and cross, and unhappy, let us be cheerful and pleasant, and say, "Why should I be unhappy? it is not God's will; and am I not to do God's will as the angels do it?"

But how do the angels do God's will? Isaiah saw angels round about God's throne, who had six wings; with two they covered their faces, with two their feet, and

two were spread out ready to fly. They were ready to worship before God's face, or ready to obey his will and carry his message to distant worlds; and it would be just as much pleasure for the angel to go as to stay. When the Lord Jesus ascended in heaven, no doubt all the angel host came to meet Him, and it was a great day in heaven, for the King entered his city; and yet those two angels who talked to the disciples as they were gazing up into heaven, were just as pleased to be on mount Olivet as if they had been in the great procession of the King!

And if God sent two of his great angels to the earth —one to govern a kingdom, and the other to guide and keep a little child—both would be happy; and the guardian of the little child would not say, "Oh! I should like to do something greater than just look after this little one;" but the angel would be quite content, because he was doing God's will.

Now, my dear children, when you say the Lord's Prayer, in the morning, by your bedside, remember all through the day that you prayed God to help you to be as obedient as His angels; to be as good a messenger as the bright ones who stretch their wings, ever ready to speed away with the commission of God. But perhaps you say, "Yes, I always would do whatever God wanted me at once; but how am I to know what God wills me to do?" The voice of God speaks to you through the voice of those whom you ought to obey—your parents, your teachers; and if you really want to do the will of God, and be as

obedient and as ready as the angels, then you must obey at once and with pleasure. No doubt in this week (and very likely before to-day is over) you will be told to do something you don't like to do; perhaps you know you must do it, so you turn to go away very slowly, and, with a countenance like Cain's—"fallen"—you look displeased; and perhaps to-night, after tea, when nurse comes for some of my very little friends, mamma will have to say two or three times, "Now, Willie—now, Mary—nurse has come; give me a kiss, and run off to bed;" and even then, perhaps Willie, or Mary begs to "stay up" a little longer, and cries because bedtime has come.

Oh! I wonder what your bright angel (for there is one close to you)—I wonder what he thinks? If you could only hear him, I think he would say, "What! cry and be unhappy, because it is God's will that night has come, and you should go to sleep; cry because you don't wish to obey? Oh! I fear you can never be an angel; for all our pleasure is just to do the will of our Master."

Let every one of us try, for one week, not to pray the words only, but live the prayer; and whenever we have anything disagreeable to do—an unpleasant task, a hard lesson, a duty we are not fond of, a message we do not wish to carry, an errand we don't want to run, when the sour feeling comes up—think of the happy angels, think of the eye of God, think of the example of the Lord Jesus, and say, "I will be happy and cheerful, and do my work pleasantly,

for it is God's will." And who was it who said, "To obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams"? That means, to obey is better than to come to church—aye, even better than to pray; and to listen to what you are told is better than singing hymns and pretending to be religious.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—MATT. vi. 11.

GOOD Bishop Latimer, who was burnt by Queen Mary at Oxford, used to say that this petition was "God's storehouse." From this our Heavenly Father invites all his family to come and take what they need. Out of the seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer, this is the only one in which we ask for anything for the body; all the other petitions ask for blessings for the soul. Six for the soul, one for the body. In the days of the week, there are six for the body, and one for the soul. So the Lord's Prayer makes the balance.

There are some people who hardly like to pray to God to give them food and clothes; and never, in their prayers, thank God for either. But those are people who never knew what it was to have no food, who never felt what it was to be hungry, and who always had clothes to put on. We never know what our mercies are until they are taken away; and we never praise God for his goodness as we ought, until we feel how good He is to us.

You are all well and happy here to-day. No one is crying with pain; no one is in great sorrow and suffering. And why is this so? If Satan had his way, you may be sure that there would not be

one of us as we are; we should all be in pain and trouble; but it is only because God is good and kind that we are happy. Then how thankful we ought to be to Him, and praise Him for his loving kindness, and remember that everything that makes us comfortable and happy comes from Him.

But because we have health every day, and clothes every day, and food every day, we come to think that we ought to have these things, and that, somehow or other, they belong to our lives, and just come to us naturally. We never think that the great God gives us from his own hand all these things. I do not mean to say that, as He once did to his servant Elijah, He sends an angel with our food; but He so preserves and keeps nature by laws, that He allows all living things to be fed from the earth. You come down to breakfast in a morning; how many of God's laws have been working to give you your breakfast! The earth has grown the corn: the tumbling water turned the mill-wheel which ground it into flour. Vast numbers of little plants, as they grew in the dough, breathed out gas, which made the bread "rise." Then the baker put the loaf in the oven: and what heated the oven? You say the coals in the fire. Yes; but the heat which comes out of the coals is nothing more nor less than the sunlight which shone upon the forests, long ages ago, whose wood now makes the coal; and if God's sun had not been shining millions of years ago, we should have had no coal. Your cup of milk came from the

cow; but how wonderful the power which can turn green grass into white milk. And everything else—the coffee, the sugar, the butter—all are produced by wonderful laws, which God not only made, but He watches over and keeps them going.

How wonderful a Father God is! Every morning one thousand million people get up hungry, and needing their daily food. If all these people were made to sit down, they would fill both sides of five tables running round the earth at her widest part; and yet every day there is food for all,—the five tables are filled, and not the least child is overlooked. And then God has to provide every day for all the animals. The young ravens cry, He hears them; the little ants have his attention. He takes care of all! O wonderful Father!

I should not be so much astonished if all the children of the great Father were good and loved Him. But only a very very few think of Him or pray to Him; and yet He feeds them all—the bad as well as the good. Perhaps some day the thankless and bad will know how good He has been to them. Let us hope that they will. So, my dear children, when you sit down to breakfast or dinner, think that the table is part of the great table all round the world, upon which the angels are placing food, and you will say your "grace" more reverently. I know that your father worked for the money which paid for all the things on the table; yet Who was it who gave your father strength and health and opportunity to

work? was it not God? So we must always go back to God, and say that our daily bread is the gift of God.

There is another singular thing about this petition. It is not only remarkable because it is the only one which asks anything for our bodies, but there is no other petition which asks God to "give," and this is all the more notable because there is no other being who can "give." Satan cannot give, the world cannot give, your best friend cannot give. They only can lend, because if death came you could not carry anything away with you; you would have to leave all that had been given you at the grave side! But perhaps you say, "The food God gives me I cannot take away either, because only my spirit will go to Him when He calls me; my body will remain here." But what has the food done?—made your body grow, and your body will rise again at the last day, and live for ever and ever; so that though for a little while you and your body will be separated, yet one day you will have your body back again—the body which God's food made; so you see you will take that which God gives with you into the other world—it will be your own for ever. What the Bible says is true. "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance," without taking back; when He gives, He gives liberally, and gives for ever. He never asks for his gifts back again.

But what I hope to teach you this afternoon is, that all that reaches you is from the hand of God,

although it may seem to come to you just in the ordinary way. He is the happiest who sees God's hand in everything, and hears God's voice everywhere; so whenever we have prayed a prayer, we ought always to watch for the answer, and, when it comes, we are sure that God's hand brought it.

When I was at college, I knew a young man whose parents were not well off, and could not afford to give him much money; so he used to take pupils, and read hard at the same time. Instead of going home in the long vacation, he would live in college that he might work; and he told me that once, when the long vacation began, all his pupils went to their homes, and he had no money; indeed, when he got up one morning there was nothing for his breakfast. However, he knelt down and prayed God to give him his "daily bread." Then he went out to walk in the gardens. A gentleman, one of the officials of the college, whom he had never spoken to, met him, and asked him if he did not take pupils. "Yes," he replied. He then gave him the name of a young gentleman, whom he taught all the long vacation, and so got his daily bread; but he used to tell me, whenever he saw the bursar, he always thought of him as one of God's messengers sent with the answer to his prayer.

Look again at the short prayer; it is very simple; it only asks God just for bread—not for cake, not for good things, but only for that which is necessary; and it does not say, give us bread for all next week, but only for to-day—our daily bread. God would have

us feel that we are always dependent on Him. The children of Israel must have well learnt this. Their bread would not keep over the day; at night, when they went to sleep, there was not a particle of food in all their host. One million in a desert without a mouthful of bread; and yet they slept without any anxiety, for they knew that next morning the manna would lie round about the camp—the daily bread. So God literally carried them in his hands; for if He had forgotten them for two or three days, every one of them would have died of hunger.

And we are all like the children of Israel, dependent on God, and He has promised to give us "food to eat, and raiment to put on." Jesus said, "Therefore take no thought" (don't be anxious), "What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" and if God knows that we want, He is always anxious to supply all our need, and how wonderfully He does it sometimes!

Bishop Gobat, who is Bishop of Jerusalem, was once travelling on a missionary tour in South Africa. By some mischance they had lost their way; for days and days they traversed the trackless wilds, but nothing stretched before them but the rolling plain. Their provisions were all but exhausted, and unless they could find the way to some settlement, they must perish with hunger. But, alas! their escape from the wilderness seemed hopeless. At length, one morning, they rose up and ate their last food, and the bishop gathered

them all round him; they knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, and when he came to this petition he stopped, and said very earnestly, "Give us this day our daily bread." They rose from their knees, and began their journey. They had not ridden half an hour before they saw a black speck upon the plain, far away near the horizon. As it came nearer, they could make out that a man on horseback was approaching them. That man brought a wonderful answer to their prayer. He said he had been sent by his master, a Dutch boor, who had a farm some miles away, to seek for some lost travellers. The bishop asked him how he knew that there were travellers lost upon the plain. The man replied he could not tell how his master knew; but he said he felt sure that there were! and so certain was the Dutch farmer that the lost travellers would be brought to his settlement, that he had tables spread and food prepared for them. This was the way God answered their prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." God had not forgotten the good missionary; but as soon as they really wanted food, he prepared it for them. This is quite true, for Bishop Gobat told it to the Bishop of Nelson, who told it to me.

God never gives before the right time. The river Jordan did not divide until the feet of the priests who bore the ark really touched the water; and God says to you and me, "I do not promise to give you to-day food for to-morrow, but I shall only to-day give you to-day's food: you shall never actually want, for at

the right time I will provide." So the proverb says, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." It was this blessed truth which Abraham cut with deep letters into that rock on the top of mount Moriah, when he chiselled the words, "Jehovah-jireh"—"The great Lord will provide;" and you remember when Moses wrote the account, he added, "as it is said" (as people say) "to this day, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen;" that is, when we are in the hill of difficulty, the way of escape shall be seen.

Always be sure that God never forgets us; He knows all our wants. The Lord Jesus is not a high priest who cannot be affected with our sufferings; He feels what we feel, and knows best how to help us. Trust Him—trust Him—and although the help may not come in just the way we expect it, it will come in the best way for us.

So it was with the little boy about whom I am going to tell you.

The tall steeple of one of the London churches looked down on crowded streets and alleys, and watched like a kindly sentinel over the thousands of sleepers who rested within sound of the chimes. At the very top of a house, close to the steeple, was a garret, where lived a widow and her little son Willie. Thousands slept, but though it was late—very late, the widow was not asleep, though she was tired and weary; still she stitched on at her work. A small handful of fire was fading out in the grate, and by the light of the thin candle you could see the face of a

little boy. His bed was straw, and only a patched counterpane covered him; it did not keep him warm but he scarcely knew now whether he was warm or cold. Hunger and fever had made him look so old. His eyes were fixed upon his mother. He stretched out his hand, and said in a low voice—

"I'm very hungry, mother."

His mother said to him, "To-morrow, Willie dear, we'll have some bread. I shall finish this work by the morning."

"To-morrow! to-morrow!" said the dying boy, "didn't I pray God this morning, 'Give us *this* day our daily bread'? Has God forgotten me? does He know how hungry I am—and you, too, mother? Why to-morrow? Didn't He say this day, and I said 'Give me *this* day my daily bread'?"

Then he lay quite still, so still that his mother put down her work just for one moment to look at him. The dulness had gone from his eyes, and a bright look was in them as if he saw something which gave him great delight. A change had come over his face. The poor widow had seen that change more than once in her sad life: she knew he was dying.

He felt her arm lift him up. "To-morrow, mother, to-morrow!" The clock in the steeple was striking eleven o'clock. Is it to-morrow yet, mother?"

"No, darling, it's only eleven."

Then he lay quietly, his thin hands clasped together, and his eyes, bright and happy, fixed before him. The chimes rang the quarters; all else

was silent, except the poor mother's sobs and Willie's short breathing.

At length again the chimes began to tell the hour: it was twelve o'clock. The boy turned his eyes towards his mother. "Mother, it's to-morrow!" and he died before the great bell had told his tale. God had taken him to give him that day his daily bread. O what bread! O what a feast! "For there they hunger no more, neither thirst any more!"

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."
MATT. vi. 12.

PERHAPS you will better understand the meaning of the Lord if you read what St. Luke says, "And forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." In the Prayer-book we always say, "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." So "debts," and "sins," and "trespasses" all mean the same thing.

Now, if you repeat the seven petitions of the prayer, I wonder which you would think the most important.

1. "Our Father which art in heaven."—May I be made Thy child, O great God, who liveth in heaven.

2. "Hallowed be thy name."—May I always behave myself like the child of so holy a Father.

3. "Thy kingdom come."—Make my heart Thy throne, and every other heart in the world.

4. "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."—Help me to obey Thee as cheerfully and as readily as the angels do.

5. "Give us this day our daily bread."—Provide for me and all my friends those things which are necessary for our life.

6. "And forgive us our sins, as we forgive our

debtors."—Make us clean and pure that we may go to heaven.

7. "And lead us not into temptation."—And keep us from falling into sin again.

I think you will say that the most important of all the seven petitions is the sixth, "Forgive us our sins." Let anything happen to us, rather than that we should die without God forgiving us! Let anything happen rather than we should appear before the great white throne with all our sins to answer for!

If it were not for sin, how happy we should be. We should never be afraid of death; for the sting of death is sin. If there were no sin, death could not be terrible; but we should long for death to take us to a blessed country and a happy home. But all our sins make us afraid of meeting God; and it is that fear which makes us tremble when death seems to come near, so we pray "Our Father, forgive us our sins."

Evidently the Lord Jesus was thinking about forgiving sins all the time he was teaching his disciples the prayer, for, as soon as ever He had finished, He talked to them about having their sins forgiven. "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," stood so far above all the other petitions, that when He had done He only thought of it, and went on to say "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses."

And no wonder He thought most of this, for this was

the reason why He had come down from heaven, to live and die on earth just that He might be able to ask his Father to forgive us our sins. He was the "Lamb of God," who was "to take away the sin of the world." Now, my dear children, I cannot tell you why it was that the great God could not forgive us our sins unless his own dear Son died a cruel death; but I am sure that God is so good and so kind that He never would have allowed such a Son as the Lord Jesus was to die on a cross if there had been any other way of forgiving us. Nobody in this world ever did know why it was. The Bible says this puzzles the angels, and they are always trying to find it out; and perhaps when we have lived in the other world a long time we may be able to understand it. But now you must just believe it, and believe that God is in real earnest—very, very anxious to forgive us our sins—so anxious that He "gave his only-begotten Son," the best, the holiest, the dearest love his heart had; He permitted him to live a sad life, and die a sad death, that He might be able to say to you and to me, "I forgive thee thy sins." Oh! there's nothing in the world He loves so much as to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." He longs to say it to everybody in the world. Then perhaps you may wonder why He does not say it. Because there are two conditions —one before and one after. The one before is, "You must believe that what He says He means; that He only can forgive you your sins, and that when he says He will, He will and has."

It is a very simple thing to do, a very cheap price to pay for such a great benefit—just to believe that what God says is so.

Once, when the children of Israel were in the wilderness, there came among them a number of snakes, which bit them; and the bite was so poisonous, that those who were bitten soon were in great pain and died. In their distress, the people cried to Moses, and he prayed to God. And God told them to make a serpent of brass, and put it high up upon a pole, so that all the people could see it. And Moses sent criers all through the camp, to tell the people that if any one who was bitten would only look at the brazen serpent, he would get better.

I've no doubt that many of them said, it was much better to put herbs upon the bite, or to doctor the wound in some way or another; that it was ridiculous to think that just looking at a piece of brass would stop the swelling, and ease the pain: they were not such simpletons as to believe it; they knew better than that. So they groaned away in their tents, and died. But there were a good many who "looked," and as soon as their eyes caught the brass snake glittering in the sun, even though they only just could see it through the mistiness of death, the pain ceased, the swelling began to go down, and in a little time they were as if they had never been bitten; only there was a scar left, to remind them of their sin, and God's wonderful goodness. And those who loved God, and had faith, as they

looked at the scar in after years, might have said with a good man, who lived many a year after that time, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." For it was just the same faith which healed the dying Israelite, as he looked at the brazen serpent, which takes away our sins when we look at Jesus Christ. In both the healing comes just because we take God at his word, and believe what He says is true.

One morning a missionary, in the north of India, received a message from an old chief that he wanted to see him. Abdool Messee was an old man, who in his young days had been a great warrior; and at the very end of his life had become a Christian. He was quite blind; his black hair was now as white as wool; the strong man was weak and feeble, bent down with the burden of years.

When the missionary entered, he found the dying man propped up with pillows. His breathing was short and quick; and he saw at once the end was near. But the old chief's face was calm and full of peace.

"Well, Abdool, are you happy and ready to go?"

"Yes, sahib, yes. I'll tell you a dream I had last night. It has made me very happy.

"I thought I was upon a vast plain, which stretched away to the foot of some mountains, which rose up dark and rugged out of the plain. Beyond the mountains all was light and splendour; the light was so bright that it threw the shadow of the mountains,

dark and broad, far over the plain. I thought that, if I could only cross the mountains, I should be in the land of happiness and peace for ever. I hastened on; but as I approached the mountains, they seemed to rise higher and higher, and to become more rugged and steep; but the light burst out over their peaks, and the glow was so splendid that the shadow was as dark as night. I was afraid of the shadow, and my heart was burning and longing to be in the land beyond. At length I reached the foot of the mountains. The precipices were steep and rugged, yet I tried to climb them; for hours I toiled, with bleeding hands and feet, always slipping back as far as I ascended. At last I found it was impossible for me to cross the mountain; and I sat down upon the plain, and wept.

"As I was gazing, through my tears, at the brightness which was beaming over the top of the rugged cliffs, my attention was caught by a glistening ruby drop hanging from a cloud above the mountain. I watched it narrowly, and at length perceived that it was a drop of blood. It hung quivering for a few moments, and then fell. Oh! my happiness when I saw the mighty mountain, with all its rocks and crags and steeps, sink into the earth as soon as ever the drop of blood touched its brow; and I was in the land of light and glory!

"The mountain, sahib, was my sins, and the drop of blood was the 'blood of Jesus Christ, which taketh away the sins of the world.' God has taken away all

my sins, because I believe in Jesus; and I shall soon be in heaven." And so he was.

You perhaps may think it a very strange thing that God should have made this the condition of his pardon, that we should believe his word. Why should He not have said, "I will pardon all those who do something very great, very noble; those who give up themselves to great pain, great self-denial; who give their money to the poor, and to build churches." But then if He had said so, how ever would the poor people, and the weak, and the sickly, and the little children—how ever would they have been able to work, or suffer, or pay for the forgiveness of their sins? No; God, in his great mercy, chose out the only one thing everybody in the whole world, without exception, can give. Everybody can give God his heart, his mind, his affections; everybody can say, "Yes, Lord, I believe that Thou hast forgiven me my sins, for Jesus Christ's sake."

In all parts of the world people are very anxious to have their sins forgiven, to have all the wrong things they have done overlooked; so that when they go into the other world they will not suffer punishment. I saw, in Japan, a very high volcano; it rose up from the seaside 13,000 feet; its summit was covered with snow, which lay, in an unbroken sheet, far down its sloping sides. The Japanese think their beautiful mountain, Fuji-yama, so sacred, that those who climb to the top will be received into heaven. The pilgrims wear a long white garment, something like a surplice;

and as they reach one station after another, they write upon their robe its name. They have to climb many, many weary days; and at length, with torn hands and feet, they once more reach the valley, and return happy to their distant homes, thinking they are safe for heaven.

In China I found the people kept a kind of reckoning with Heaven: every wrong thing they did they wrote down, and put against it a certain number of marks. Then, at the end of the year, they made a piece of road, or built a bridge, or dug a well—this counted ten; or gave a piece of ground for a grave—for this thirty of the bad marks were rubbed off; and by this means they hoped to have their sins forgiven.

In India the Hindoos make long journeys to sacred places. Some of them fast for days; some torture themselves. When I was at Bombay, it was very hot. You could not bear to sit in a room without a great fan (a punka) was kept swinging all the time from the ceiling. In church there were long rows of punkas, pulled by ten men, always waving to and fro. In the day-time it was almost impossible to walk, the heat was so intense; and yet, at the side of one of the roads, there was a man who was surrounded by half-a-dozen fires, which he kept burning all day long, hoping, poor fellow, that for the torment of his body God would forgive the sin of his soul.

When I came near to Arabia I saw steamships crowded with Mussulmans, who had saved their money

for years that they might pay their passage to Mecca to kiss the sacred stone, which is black with the sins of all those who kiss it; for they believe the sins leave the soul and then enter the stone. Near Suez there was a long caravan, a string of camels and pilgrims on foot, crossing the burning desert; they had been to Mecca, and were all returning to their homes in Egypt, quite sure that when they died they would go to heaven, because they had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and had kissed the stone in the wall of the great mosque. So much will people do and suffer to try to give peace to their conscience and believe all their sins are forgiven.

Oh, how we ought to thank God that He has taught us so differently; that He has put our pardon so close to every one of us that the least child here can stretch out his hand and take it; for He has said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

So much for the condition which goes before forgiveness: now for the condition which follows. If we do not forgive others who have been unkind to us, who have done us an injury, God will not forgive us. But perhaps you'll say, If God has once forgiven me, he will never go back from his word: once forgiven I shall always be forgiven. A great many people say that. Those good people, but not very wise people, the Plymouth Brethren, will not say the Lord's Prayer because they say they are forgiven, and therefore they need not pray "Forgive us our tres-

passes," when God has already done it. But our Lord Jesus spake a parable about this.

There was once a man who owed a king a very large sum of money—nearly £2,000,000. One day the king asked him to pay off his debt. But the servant said he had no money to pay it with. So the king commanded his officers to put him in prison, and then to sell his wife and children for slaves, and his house and land, and furniture, and all that he had, and to bring the money to the king. When the poor fellow heard this, he fell on his knees and prayed the king to have mercy upon him—"Lord, have patience with me and I will pay thee all." The great king had such a kind heart that when he saw his servant in such trouble "he was moved with compassion," and knowing the man could never pay him, he just said, "I forgive thee it all." The soldiers untied the cords which bound his hands, and he went out a free man without a shilling of debt.

He had not got out of the court of the palace when he happened to meet one of his fellow-servants who owed him £3. Now what do you think he did? Was his heart so full of joy that he ran to him and said, "Oh, my friend, have you heard what the good king has done to me? I owed him £2,000,000, a sum I could never have paid, and he has forgiven me all. Is he not a generous, noble master? And now I feel so light-hearted and thankful that you need not think about paying me those £3. He has forgiven me £2,000,000, surely I may forgive you £3"? Any

one would have thought he would have said this; but he did not—"he laid hands on him and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest;" and his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and used the very same words to him as he had said to the king only a few minutes before, "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all." But he was not moved with compassion, but sent for the police, and had his fellow-servant taken off to prison till he should pay the £3. Of course, everybody in the palace knew about it, and they all said what a shame it was. At last some one told the king. And what did he do? Did He say, "He is a wicked and cruel man, but as I have forgiven him I must not punish him for the debt he owed me"? No! but the king sent for him. I can fancy how quickly the officers ran, and how tightly they would bind his arms behind him with cords, and with what pleasure they would drag him into the king's presence. "O thou wicked servant," said the good king when he saw him, "I forgave thee all that debt because thou desirest me; shouldest not thou have had compassion upon thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? Away with him to prison, and tell them to torture him till he has paid me all my money." So the king, who had once forgiven the debt, now casts the servant into prison until it is paid—that is, for ever. Well may you and I always be praying, "Forgive us our sins," and always be trying to forgive those who have injured us. And if there be a little child here—or any up-grown person—who has

any feelings of hatred or anger against any one, don't ask God to forgive you your sins, for He will not do it. You must try to think kindly of every one, or you need not expect God to think kindly of you. If you hope to be forgiven, you must be forgiving. The Lord Jesus even forgave the men who cruelly murdered Him. God will never require us to do that, and even if He did we ought to do it.

Now, my dear children, I say to you and I say to myself, when we kneel down and use the Lord's prayer, and come to this petition, "Forgive us our debts," because we "forgive them that trespass against us," let us pause and ask, "Is it true, do I, have I forgiven everybody?" And if I remember someone whom I've not forgiven, I had better rise up from my knees, and either tell them I forgive them or determine to do so; and then kneel down again and say with a good conscience, and some hope of God hearing me, "Our Father, forgive me my debts, for I've forgiven my debtor."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one."—MATT. vi. 13.

HOW careful everyone is who wears a white dress or white gloves not to touch anything which is likely to soil them; for we know that when once dirtied they will not be fit to wear again until they have been washed and made white, for no one likes to wear dirty things! This carefulness is something of the feeling which would make everybody pray this last petition of the Lord's Prayer. For when we have all our sins forgiven, when our soul is clear and clean and pure, so that if then we died, and went into God's presence, we should not be unfit to mix with the holy ones who are robed in white and splendour, we naturally dread to have sin come again on our souls, and spot our garment, and make us again unfit for the assembly of the saints. So we feel forced to pray, now that Thou hast forgiven us our trespasses, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." But perhaps you would not have said, "Lead us not into temptation;" but you would have said, "Do not let us sin," "do not let us fall," "do not let us do wrong." Here is the wisdom of Jesus! He knew if his people went into the neighbourhood of sin,

into temptation, they would be sure to go nearer and nearer until they sinned!

You know the most important part of anything is the beginning. As you begin, so you generally go on. This is why the Word of God is so emphatic, "They that seek me early shall find Me." Children who begin to love God shall love Him for ever; and those who begin to disregard the things of God, who begin to be careless about religion, begin to leave off saying their prayers, begin to dislike reading the Bible, begin not to care to come to church, those are the children who go on and on in the way that turns from heaven, and at last reaches destruction. Nearly everything depends upon its beginning, just as the plant depends upon the seed: of what kind the seed is, of that kind will be the plant. So always and everywhere, as a man soweth, so will he reap; and as a child begins, so will the man go on, unless some mighty power take hold of the traveller and drag him upon another path. This is why the verse is true, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and he shall not depart from it when he is old." Make a good beginning, and the rest will follow in the same good way.

Begin the day well, with good resolutions, fixed determinations to be obedient and kind and industrious, with a word of prayer to ask God to be with you and help you all the day, and you will find that day will be a happy day, because it had a good beginning. But if we begin to do wrong, if we only turn

our face towards sin, if we enter into temptation, we shall fall into sin, as surely as the boat which is caught in the sweep of the whirlpool will be drawn into the gulf at the centre!

Do you remember what it was which ruined Lot? You will say it was because he, a good man, had no business to live in such a wicked place as Sodom; but he was ruined long before that. The day which saw him fall was when "he pitched his tent toward Sodom:" he went into temptation, and he came out of it with his life only; all his property and some of his children were in the blazing city yonder; his wife—he dare not look behind him,—but he had ceased to call for her: he knew she was dead! And there the old man, with nothing in the world but his two daughters, stands, a monument to prove that God can deliver the godly out of temptations; and all his trouble came because "he pitched his tent toward Sodom." Throughout the Bible you will find how careful God is to warn his people from the neighbourhood of sin. He says, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." When false Christs appear, and people say, "Lo! He is here," or "Lo! He is there," then we are not told to judge for ourselves, but we are not to go "out to see," lest what we shall hear or what we shall see will do us harm, even if we are not persuaded to become followers of the false Christs.

There are a great many people in the world who will tell you that it is good to know all you can—you gain experience; that a young man should see the

world, and then he would come to know that, after all, the things of the world are not so pleasant as they appear to be, and of his own will he will give them up, and become sober, and perhaps religious. Ah! when I hear people talking like that (and I often have) I think of a story I heard of Niagara; and when I was there, and saw the stream rushing down the rapids before it leapt into the fearful gulf, I felt how true it might be.

One day, some people on the bank, a little way above the falls, saw a canoe in the middle of the river being carried down fast, fast towards the cataract. At first the canoe seemed empty; but as it began to toss to and fro in the rapids, an Indian could be seen asleep at the bottom. Running along the bank, they shouted to awaken him. At length he seemed to hear and lifted up his head, but alas! either stupified with "fire-water," or overcome with fatigue, he laid down again. On, on the canoe was hurried, nearer and nearer the brink; just then the breeze wafted the roar of the cataract up the river: the quick ear of the Indian told him his danger; seizing his paddle, with every stroke for life, he urged his canoe towards the bank; but it was useless. Standing erect, as the canoe bent over the edge, with one wild yell he was swept into the awful gulf beneath.

So many a youth, sailing upon the waters of life, has permitted himself to be carried into the stream of temptation; at last he sees his danger, but it is too late to turn; and when he would have given his heart

to God, he found he could not, for his heart belonged to Satan and to the world!

A judge was once passing the sentence of death upon a prisoner before him. He said, "Young man, if I had listened to my evil companions, and kept with them as you did with yours, I should not have been sitting here, but long since I should have been in gaol."

The wise king, many ages ago, said, "The companion of fools," as well as the fools, "shall be destroyed."

But I want you to look a little more closely at the word temptation. What does it mean? You know it is a very useful thing, in finding out the meaning of words, to go to the Latin or Greek word from which our English word was made, and so we learn the original meaning. Well! the word from which "temptation" comes is a Latin word, which means "to try." It is in this sense the word is used in Genesis, where it says, "And God did tempt Abraham," that is, God did try Abraham to see if his faith was strong, strong enough to do everything God told him. What a "trial" it was, to take his son Isaac, a young man twenty-five years old, his only son, his son he loved more than all the world besides, to plunge a knife into his heart, to see him bleed to death in pain, and then to burn his body on an altar. What a terrible temptation for Abraham! How he might have said, Surely the voice which told me was not the voice of God, the kind, the loving God! I cannot,

I will not, obey! He would not wish me to do such a cruel thing. But no; he showed that he believed God and loved God, even above his son: and when he was "tried" he was found faithful. This is just what God is doing to you and me all day long. He is "tempting" us, "trying" us. All our life is one long "temptation." But we must remember what St. James says, that "God tempts no man with evil." God never tempts us to do wrong; but He has so arranged our lives, that we constantly find ourselves in places where we have the opportunity of doing wrong. But we are never forced to do wrong. Just see how you are tempted all day long. You wake in the morning when you are called; you know that you will have only time enough to wash and dress, and kneel down to say your prayers, if you get up at once. But something in your heart says, Oh! you are so tired; just lie still five minutes longer. It is hardly light yet; besides, it's a very cold morning. Then the other voice says, No! get up now: you will not be less tired in five minutes; there will not be any more light; and it will not be any warmer. Get up, or you will be hurried and have no time for prayer. You can obey which voice you like—lie still, or get up. It is God "tempting" you, and as you act, so you obey God or the Evil one. Then in your lessons all day long, the two voices are speaking. One says, "Work away, do your best, don't waste a minute, make it perfect." The other whispers, "Why do you work so hard? Others don't; it is not necessary. There, that

will do!—you know it quite well enough; never mind a mistake or two." So your lessons are God's temptation. Every day you have to obey somebody. You are required to do things you do not like. The good spirit says, "Do it quickly, do it cheerfully: the Lord Jesus loved to obey, set a good example." The other voice says, "Don't do it; and if you're forced, be as slow about it as possible, show you don't like it, be independent; the others will think all the better of you." So obedience is God's temptation.

So also is our conduct to those around us.

The Holy Spirit says, "Be kind, be generous, be unselfish; if you are not treated well, return good for evil; try to set a good example; never say an angry word, or an untruthful word, or an impure word." While the other spirit is always prompting you, "Don't go out of your way: he never helped you. Why be kind to her?—she is never very kind to you. Why give it away?—keep it for yourself. Don't bear that,—say something cutting back; be angry, and he'll be frightened and not dare to meddle with your things again!" All these things are God's temptations.

Oh that we could only see our good angel—the dear, kind guardian who is always near us! Oh, if we could but see his smile of pleasure when we do what the Holy Spirit whispers to us! And if we could but see his look of sad distress and sorrow when we turn the wrong way, we should never, never grieve Him! But no doubt you will say, if all life long we are in

temptation, why should we pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one."

The Lord Jesus evidently taught us here to pray God not to allow us to be placed in strong temptation. Just as we dread any great trouble, we say we cannot bear it; so we pray that God will not permit us to be placed in positions where we are strongly tempted to sin, or where our besetting sin is very much tried. But if in his good wisdom He sees it to be fit for us to be so placed, then we pray Him not to give us over into the power of the evil one, but to help us and deliver us!

Ah! my dear child, Satan, or one of his evil angels, is very near you even now; he never leaves you, always trying to make you do what he knows God dislikes and hates. He finds evil in everything, and presents it to you. You cannot be alone but he tempts you. I heard of a boy once who found himself in a room where many beautiful ripe pears were spread out to keep. Satan said in his heart, Take one—they are not counted; look how good they are, and just one out of so many cannot matter; no one will know —no one sees you. But something told the boy to run out of the room at once, and so he did. God "delivered him from the evil one." He was afraid, he said, for though no one was there, he should have seen himself steal.

Remember, the evil one goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Always ready *to tempt* you to sin, that he may separate you

from God, and make you miserable like himself. You cannot get out of his way entirely; but there are places where you know he is. There you should never go! It is of no use to pray, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil," and then go with that companion who will make you do what you ought not, or who will speak to you of things you ought to blush to hear.

Prayers are of no use if they only come from the lips. If you are not in real earnest about them, so that all day long you are trying to practise what you pray, God will never hear you. If you want to be kept out of the power of the evil one here, and escape out of his terrible kingdom of darkness hereafter, you must watch that you do not go where you are tempted to do wrong, as well as pray "that ye enter not into temptation."

THE RESURRECTION.

"We shall all be changed."—1 Cor. xv. 51.

LONG, long years ago, Easter Sunday was the happiest, brightest day of all the year. Very early in the morning the people used to come out of their houses, and meeting each other in the streets, looking so glad and happy, they said one to another, "He is risen, He is risen!" And the children, dressed in white and holding flowers in their hands, would gather in groups and look at the morning sun; for they thought, or fancied, they could see a lamb in the bright, bright sun.

Many things made Easter so glad a time. I don't quite know why, but the first Christians who knew St. Paul, and St. John, and St. Peter, the Christians who read the letters written to them on parchment which we read printed in our Bibles and call the Epistles, never went to bed on Easter-eve, but all stayed to sing hymns and pray; for they expected that before the sun rose on Easter morning the Lord would come—the dear kind Master they had heard John speak of, and often tell how good and blessed He was. And they had listened to Peter's account; and many of the other disciples had talked about Jesus and told them what He said and what He did; and how that, one day, when He was *walking* with them down the hill towards Bethany,

where Martha and Mary and Lazarus lived, he stopped, and looked very kindly and lovingly on them, and lifted up his hands and blessed them; and while his hands were lifted up, He rose from the ground—rose higher and higher; so calmly and so quietly He went up that it seemed quite natural that He should be in the beautiful blue sky. They all watched Him; his face was turned towards them, and his hands were still lifted up blessing them, when there came a bright cloud, and He entered it, and they saw the good Master no more!

It all was so sudden, so unexpected, that there they stood gazing and gazing, and would have waited there a long while, and ever after might have expected Him to come as often He had done when they were met for worship, or when they were fishing on the lake. Only a bright one came out of that cloud, and told them that they never should see Jesus again until He came on the clouds, as they had seen him go! Came as a great king in splendour and in glory! The disciples were very happy, and returned to Jerusalem full of joy: not, I suppose, because the Lord had ascended, but because they thought He would soon return. Then for the triumph, then for the crowns, then for the beauty of the great Messiah King!

But days passed, and weeks went, and months, and soon the winter came round, and then the spring, and with it the passover time. The Christians by that time believed that He would come on the morning of Easter-day. They were so sure He would come that

they gave up their work, shared with their friends their money; for they said, the Master was coming in a few days, and no one would want either money or work then, and all that anybody had to do was to "prepare to meet Him."

This was the reason that Easter-day was such a happy day with the early Christians. But eighteen hundred Easter-days and more have passed and gone since the apostles wrote to the Christians to tell them "the Lord was at hand," that "the day of the Lord drew nigh," that "the time was short"—yet He has not come! But He will come. It may be to-day. You may look up at the snowy fleecy clouds, and think that perhaps behind them is Jesus, surrounded by vast hosts brighter than the sun; and many there you know, for the Lord is to bring with Him those who sleep "in Jesus." Whether He comes to-day or not, you may be sure of one thing, that the people who live on the earth when He comes, the people who then will be walking on Blackheath, will as little expect Him as we do. He will come suddenly, as a thief in the night; and no one expects the thief when he breaks into the house.

And perhaps you ask, What shall we do when He comes? I cannot tell you everything, but I know that, in the words of my text, "We shall all be changed;" and if we love Jesus, and love his appearing, and die before He comes, then, when He does come, we shall rise up out of our graves with new bodies—"we shall all be changed." When Jesus

rose, was He changed? Yes, very much changed. His body seemed the same, for He showed Thomas his hands, and the nail-marks, and his side; there was the wound where the spear of the wanton, cruel soldier had entered. The wound was open, for He asked Thomas to "Thrust his hand into the place." And yet, was it not strange that the deep cut did not bleed? He was not a spirit, a ghost, but He had a real body. He said to them once, when they were frightened as He suddenly appeared to them, "Handle me and see: a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." And also He used to eat and drink with them. But, in spite of his having the same body, He was very much changed. You remember that Mary, who loved Him so much, did not know Him when she saw Him close to the sepulchre. Even Peter and John did not know him. John felt sure it was the Lord, yet he could not be certain by looking at Him; and neither he nor Peter durst ask the stranger, who was standing by his fire of coals on the lake bank, if He were Jesus.

When his five hundred disciples, who all knew Him well by sight, met Him on the mountain near Capernaum, and although some strange holy feeling made them all bow down and worship, yet we are told "some doubted"—doubted if it were Jesus, for He was changed. He must often too have walked through the streets of Jerusalem, but no one seems to have recognised the great Teacher; and we do not read of any one seeing Him after his resurrection who knew Him,

except those who loved Him, and to them He was not known unless He "showed Himself unto them;" and this was because his body, while it was in the grave, was changed—it was wonderfully altered—altered as our bodies shall be when "we all shall be changed."

The body of Jesus could do things our bodies cannot. If the door of the room be locked, and all the windows fastened, you can not get into the room, because your body is solid and the door is solid, and one solid cannot pass through another, like light does through glass. But that changed body of Jesus could pass through doors. St. John particularly tells us that when they were all assembled and the doors were shut, for fear of the Jews, that Jesus suddenly came and stood in the midst! He entered that room just as easily as the angel did, who went into Herod's dungeon to awaken Peter. So when we are changed our bodies will become more like our minds, and be able to go as our thoughts do, where we like. Jesus walked when He wished; for He walked to Emmaus, and over the hill to Bethany: but he could pass from place to place without walking, and appear suddenly here and there, vanishing away when He liked.

What a wonderful thing it will be, when we all are changed, to be able to go wherever we choose, without journeys and railroads and steam-ships! Now our heavy bodies, which prison our souls, chain us to one place; we send our thoughts to distant places, and then we think we are in the well-known scenes: we dream only to wake and find we are not! But when

the day of the redemption of the body comes, we shall be changed, and our new bodies will not then hold back and keep down our souls, but will be just as light and spiritual, and be able to move as quickly, and help the soul to go about God's creation and gather garlands of praise to deck the altar of Almighty God.

For aught I know, we shall be able to leave our earth and visit the planets and stars, to learn the great wonders of God in them. For when the time came that the Lord Jesus was to be received up, no bevy of angels came down to fetch Him, and bear Him up in their hands to God; but He wished to go, and He went! the resurrection body, by its own power, rose up to obey the wish of his soul. This all seems very wonderful. If our bodies are ever to do all that the body of Jesus could do, and more wonderful still, that after men have laid in their graves long long years, and crumbled into dust, that when God calls, those graves shall open, and beautiful bodies rise out of the dust—wonderful, that at that day the churchyards and cemeteries, now so still and silent, shall be the most crowded places! And how can it ever be that the heart of Richard the Crusader, which was brought to England in a leaden box, can go back to the Holy Land and find the warrior's body; or how shall the dust of the martyrs rise—those whom the Romans threw to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, and were eaten up by the lions; or how shall good Latimer and Master Ridley, how shall they get back their bodies—

the bodies which were burnt at Oxford, and went away in the smoke and flame? No one can tell; but you may be sure that God has preserved and kept all the particles which built up the bodies of his people, and at the right time they shall come together, just as Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones saw the bones rattle together: a skull came from yonder, and an arm from yonder, and a finger-bone from yonder—every bone to his bone; and the valley was no longer strewed with bones, but skeletons lay full length; their eyeless sockets staring up into the heavens, all listening for the next command of God. So shall it be at the resurrection of all the dead: never mind how, "the dead shall rise," and you and I shall have new bodies, beautiful bodies.

We need not be so astonished at this: there are many as wonderful things happen before our eyes. A stranger, from another world, walked through a garden one day, and there he saw a caterpillar eating a leaf, and he said to the caterpillar, "What a poor, miserable thing you are! You have no eyes; you cannot see the beautiful world and the glorious sun. The birds may all sing sweetly, but their notes are all lost to you; you cannot hear them, for you have no ears. You have no strength, for you have no bones; and to touch you, you are cold and disagreeable; and what a life you lead! Eat, eat, eat, all day and all night; and when you have finished one leaf, you are perfectly miserable until you can crawl to the next! Poor wretched worm!"

But the caterpillar said, "All you say about me is true enough. I do lead a very low, poor life, and all I can do is to eat: but it will not be always so. Some day I shall leave this bush, and rise a beautiful butterfly, to flit from flower to flower in the sunshine, and suck the beads of nectar-honey from the hearts of the scented blossoms."

And the stranger smiled to think how foolishly the caterpillar spoke. It is quite impossible, thought he, that such a wonderful change can come.

Some days after, the stranger again walked in the garden. There was the bush, but no caterpillar. He was passing away, thinking some bird had picked the worm from the leaf, and carried it to its nest, when he heard a voice, which he recognised as the caterpillar's voice. But he looked and looked, but he could see no caterpillar.

"Here I am, here I am," said the voice.

"Where are you?" said the stranger.

"Why, here in this curled-up leaf."

With a gentle touch the stranger opened the leaf, and there was a hard brown thing, very like a piece of dead stick.

"You see," said the same voice, "I'm worse off than when you last pitied me: now, I can neither move nor eat, you think I'm dead; but soon I shall have my resurrection, and fly in the sun."

And the stranger laughed outright,—"Fine notions, my friend, you've got, to be sure! And pray, what do you call yourself now, for you're not a caterpillar?"

"I'm a chrysalis now," answered the voice. "And," added the dead-looking chrysalis, with a tone of great content, "I shall be a butterfly soon."

"Will you, indeed?" laughed the stranger. "Nothing more unlikely; you must be mistaken. I should like to see you."

"And so you may," answered the voice from the curled leaf, "so you may, if you're here in time."

It was hardly three weeks after, when so it happened that the stranger passed the bush again. He had seen so many almost incredible things in his short stay on our world, that he had quite forgotten the chrysalis and its boasted resurrection; when the tiny voice again called him, and he remembered the caterpillar. Looking for the curled leaf, there it was, but far more open now. The dry, brown shell had cracked, and a creature was making its way out into the air.

"You see," said the voice, "my resurrection has come;" and one beautiful wing, covered with brilliant colours, was unfolded, and then the other. For a moment, the butterfly, astonished at its new life, rejoiced in the sunshine; and then, spreading its wings, flitted away to enjoy its wonderful existence!

And the same great Creator, who can cause a butterfly to come from a crawling caterpillar, can, just as easily, command a body to arise out of the grave, as much more wonderful and glorious than that which was buried, as the butterfly is more beautiful than the caterpillar.

But come with me, and look into the grave where Jesus had been laid!

It was very early on Sunday morning, just as it began to be light, that the angel of the Lord descended, and rolled away the stone; and in silent derision he sat on it, as if that stone could keep in the Lord of life! Now look in. What do you see? The clothes in which they wrapped his dear body all strewn about. No!—they were there, but all wrapped up and put neatly; and the napkin, which was about his head, in a place by itself. Who had wrapped them so neatly? The Lord Jesus. He was in no hurry, no confusion, when He rose. And why, think you? Because He had been rising all his life, and the rising from the grave, that morning, was only one of his many risings; and it came quite naturally to Him. He was not flurried and excited, but He stepped out of his tomb as if He had done so many times before!

Do you remember what St. Paul says? "I die daily;" then He must have risen daily too. And what does the Prayer-book say, when a little baby is brought to be christened? We pray, "O merciful God, grant that the old Adam in this child may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in him." Then, at the end of the service, it says, "Baptism represents unto us our profession, which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him; that as He died, and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness: continually mortifying all our evil and

corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living." The Resurrection at the last is only part of a great change. You and I must change every day, rise every day, or we shall not rise out of our graves to be with Jesus. Rise above ourselves! Not let our angry passions master us, but rise up to be gentle like Jesus. Not let our wishing to do as we like always lead us, but rise up above selfishness and live like Jesus, to please everybody but ourselves. Not being disobedient and naughty, but rise above all that, and live to love to obey; and every time you try to be good, and keep down the temptation not to do what you know is right, you have a resurrection, you rise, you are changed. And if your spirit is changed, there is no doubt about your body. That will change just like the seed changes when it is sown in the ground, and in time becomes the tall stalk and beautiful flower. So everybody will rise; but only those who have changed spirits will rise to live with Jesus. Rise, to happiness—to blessedness—to joy.

THE END.

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